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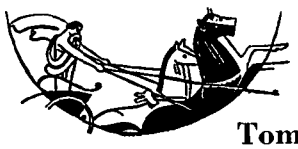

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JUNE, 1928 VOL. LXVII, NO. 4

The BOOKMAN

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In the Bookman Office

Contributors to this Issue

Several of WILLIAM COTTON's caricatures have appeared in THE BOOKMAN during this last year. As we have said before, caricature is only a hobby with Mr. Cotton, whose true vocations are portrait painting and mural decoration.

EDWARD D. MCDONALD contributed an article to THE BOOKMAN last autumn on the early work of Norman Douglas. Mr. McDonald's fruitful researches in the lesser known aspects of contemporary authors are the by-products of his bibliographic work in connection with the Centaur Press series of bibliographies, to which he has contributed the studies of Theodore Dreiser, D. H. Lawrence, and Norman Douglas. In reply to a question from us as to why he did not, in this month's article, quote Dreiser himself on the existence of the disputed books, Mr. McDonald wrote:

"What I say about the non-existence of those rumored early books, 'Studies of Contemporary Celebrities' and 'Poems', came to me recently out of Russia, from Dreiser himself. But I had previously determined that they could never have had any corporeal existence—persistent oral rumors and even written statements to the contrary notwithstanding."

DOUGLAS GOLDRING, English man-of-letters, was for several years associated with Ford Madox Ford on *The English Review*, and has now followed in the footsteps of his older compatriot by visiting New York, enjoying it, and making copy out of it. Mr. Goldring's latest novel is "Façade", and was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN last month.

Doubtless GLENWAY WESCOTT is known to all BOOKMAN readers through his books, "The Apple of the Eye" and "The Grandmothers". "The Grandmothers" was the latest Harper prize novel. His next book will be a collection of short stories, related in theme, to be published in the autumn under the title "Good-bye, Wisconsin!" Mr. Wescott paid a brief visit to this country during the winter, but has returned to the town in the south of France which has been his home for several years, Villefranche-sur-mer, not far from Nice.

As we recorded last month in connection with his essay on Proust, ANGEL FLORES has been appointed the official English translator of the works of Ramón Gómez de la Serna,

Herbert Gorman, from a woodcut by Zadig

a distinguished Spanish author whose fame has spread outside his own country in recent years, but less in English-speaking lands than elsewhere. We hope to present soon, in addition to further translations from his published works, a series of papers written especially for THE BOOKMAN by the original and inexhaustible pen of Ramón.

(Continued on page VIII)

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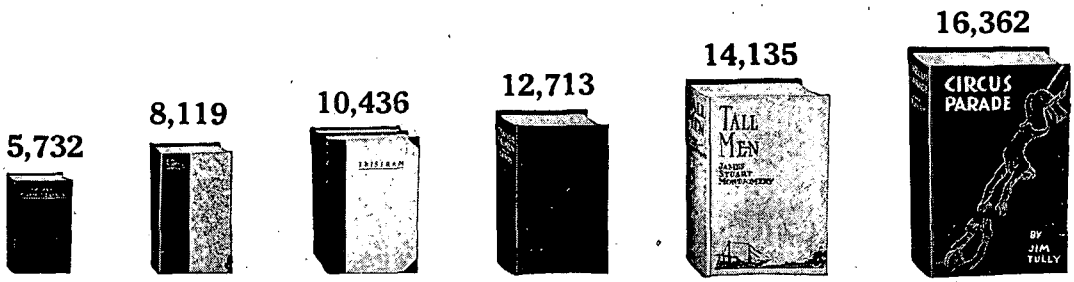

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CARL VAN DOREN, Editor-in-chief of the Guild Editorial Board, one of America's foremost critics; author of *Contemporary American Novelists* and many other "books about books;" formerly Professor of American Literature at Columbia University; Literary Editor of *Century Magazine* and *Nation.*

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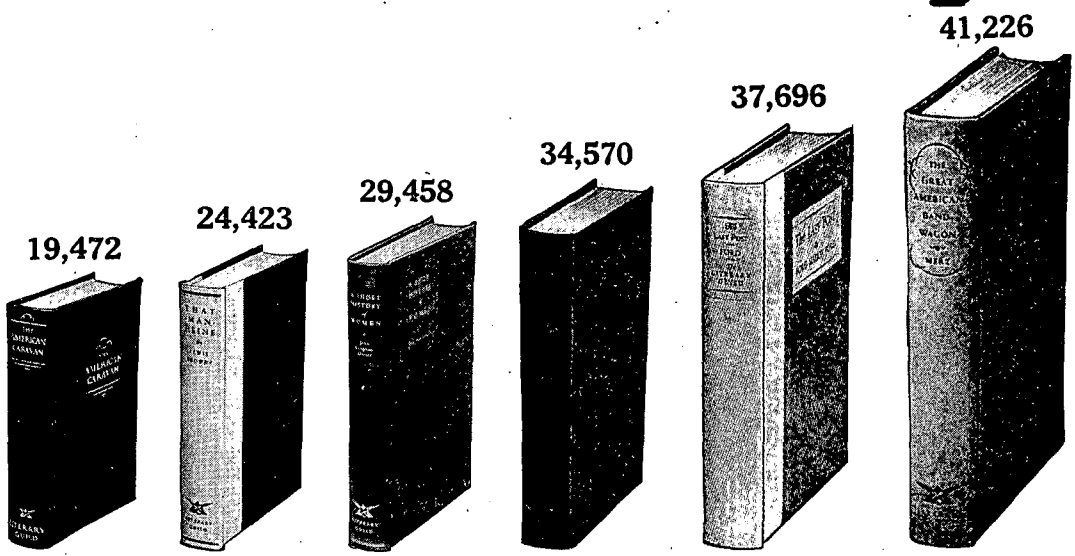

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(Continued from page IV)

It is not always remembered that JOHN DRINKWATER, whose poetry has appeared before in THE BOOKMAN, entered literary work from quite a different field: membership in a large English insurance company. He founded the Pilgrim Players, now the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and began there his career as a dramatic writer. Previously he had made a reputation as a poet. His first plays were in verse, and then his prose dramas followed, "Lincoln", "Robert E. Lee", "Mary Stuart", "Oliver Cromwell".

The decade during which WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS was editor of *The Atlantic*

John Drinkwater, by Nosmis

Monthly, covered by this month's selection from his correspondence, was a rich one both for Howells and for that great magazine. During this time Howells rose to the position of equality with the foremost literary figures of the period, in his own country and in Europe, which he maintained to the end.

These letters are the second of a series of selections from the correspondence of William Dean Howells which began in the April BOOKMAN and will be continued at intervals during the next few months. The explanatory notes for THE BOOKMAN, and the selection of the letters from the complete collection, have been done by HERBERT S. GORMAN, critic and author, who has just sailed for Europe on a vacation from his editorial connection with the *New York Herald-Tribune's* "Books".

Next season the complete Howells correspondence, edited by his daughter, Mildred Howells, will be published in two volumes, under the title "Life in Letters of William Dean Howells", by the Doubleday, Doran Company.

By the time this number of THE BOOKMAN has reached its readers FORD MADOX FORD will once more have crossed the Atlantic to stay awhile in his favorite American city; although Mr. Ford believes—as witness the title of his latest book, "New York Is Not America"—that it is scarcely an American city at all. In the January BOOKMAN Mr. Ford wrote a commentary on the unfinished story by Joseph Conrad which we published, "The Sisters". At that time Mr. Ford told us of a number of points about Conrad's style which a re-reading of the early story had made him want to treat, but limitations of space did not then permit. The matter has been put into a separate paper, which we present in this issue.

MISS ELMIRA GROGAN came from Georgia to New York city, where she has been engaged in literary and journalistic work as a free-lance. Just recently she left for a visit to Elberton, her native city. BOOKMAN readers will remember her article on Arthur Rackham in the Christmas number.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS wrote, a number of years ago, a little book on Anatole France which most discriminating readers thought to be the best on its subject, and one of the best of its kind. It is doubtful if even

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the flood of publications which have followed the death of Anatole France have resulted in sounder or better informed discussion. Last year Mr. Shanks published another discriminating study in French letters, on Flaubert. The little paper which we present in this issue is a report of a curious turn which one of his excursions among Flaubert's writings took. In a forthcoming number we shall present an essay on Baudelaire by Mr. Shanks.

TROY PERKINS, a recent graduate of the University of Kentucky, is now living in Lexington. In answer to our request for personal information, Mr. Perkins wrote that his lack of fame made him self-conscious when he was treated as though he were already an "author", and gave us only the meagre facts above.

With this issue ERNEST BOYD becomes the dramatic critic of THE BOOKMAN. Writing on theaters has not recently been among Mr. Boyd's activities; in fact he has not done theatrical criticism since the lamented death of the old *Freeman*. Since that time he has gained further experience of stage matters as a translator and adapter of several plays produced in New York. Mr. Boyd is, of course, well known to BOOKMAN readers through his informed discussions of the literatures of various languages, by his trenchant, individual criticism, and more recently by the "imaginary portraits" that have appeared here and elsewhere.

Robert Benchley, recently our dramatic critic, will continue to write for us. A paper by him will appear in the near future. Before long we shall be able to make an important announcement concerning work by Mr. Benchley to appear in THE BOOKMAN.

JOHN FARRAR'S contribution to this number, under his department-title, "Anonymously", will be the last that he will make as a regular monthly collaborator in THE BOOKMAN. Some time ago Mr. Farrar told us that his new duties as a partner in the huge publishing merger, the Doubleday, Doran Company, were making it difficult for him to allow himself to be counted on for a monthly article. But we persuaded him to try to round out at least a year of the "Anonymous" papers, through which he has been addressing the thousands of friends who continued with THE BOOKMAN when his editorship ended last August. He now reports that he will have to give up writing for some time, and so we regretfully announce the end of his department.

We are pleased to be able to tell our readers, however, that we have exacted a promise from Mr. Farrar to return to his BOOKMAN audience as soon as his other duties permit. He spoke of several subjects which he wishes to treat before long, and particularly does he want to write of his friend Walter Carver—his "favorite author at the moment"—at the time his first play was produced.

THEODOR SCHEEL came to caricature by the surprising route of bicycle-racing. It was only after he had won cups and medals as a member of The St. Louis Cycling Club that he became interested in drawing, through some rough sketches he did for the cycling-club magazine. He attended the art school of Washington University in St. Louis. After drawing for newspapers in that city he came to New York three years ago, and has had much success with his caricatures of celebrities and near-celebrities.

MISS MARJORIE SHULER is the first woman to win THE BOOKMAN'S News Story contest. Her first newspaper work was on the staff of the Buffalo (N. Y.) *Express*. On leaving there, she took charge of field publicity for the National American Woman Suffrage Association during the last two years of the federal amendment campaign, and was one of five women invited by Vice-President Marshall and Speaker of the House Gillette to be present at the signing of the amendment. She has described her political experience in three books. For six years she has been a member of the staff of *The Christian Science Monitor* as travelling correspondent, in which newspaper appeared her story on Lindbergh's mother, MR. JULIAN HARRIS'S selection for the prize story for March.

(Continued on Page XV)

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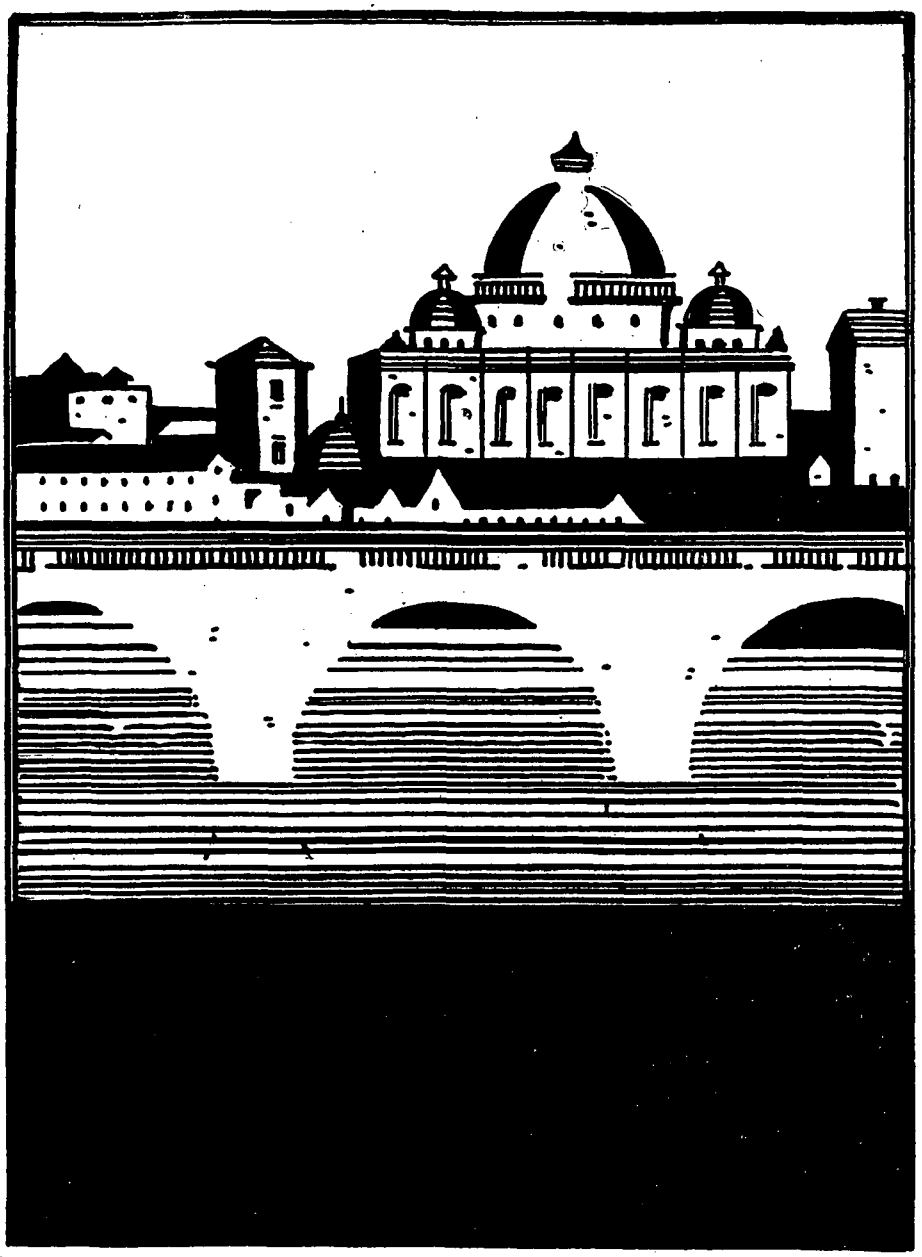

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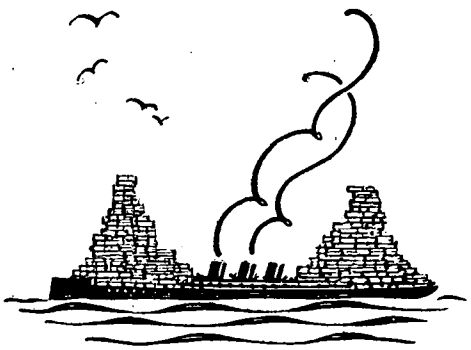

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Before me, a notary public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Seward B. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the president of the Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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Managing Editor, Dorothea Brande, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City;

Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: The Bookman Publishing Company, Incorporated, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Seward B. Collins, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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(Signed) SEWARD B. COLLINS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Thirteenth day of May, 1928. JACOB S. FUCHS.

Notary Public.

[SEAL]

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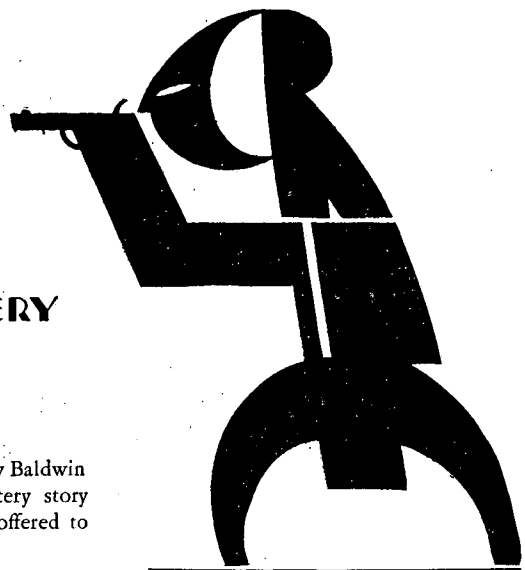

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Lee Simonson, in the May issue.

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(Continued from page X)

UPTON SINCLAIR has asked us to insert this note before our summary of "Boston":

"The account of the Plymouth trial of Vanzetti, given in this ninth chapter "Boston", has been made from the narratives of a number of witnesses and eye-witnesses. It has been checked by several persons who have made the record of the case a study for seven years; also by several pamphlets, written during the time of controversy over the case by persons who had access to the record, and whom I believe to be reliable. I omitted every statement concerning which any question has been raised, and I believe that my account is just and accurate. But the reader is entitled to know that there remains a possibility of error in detail, owing to the fact that the one existing transcript of the record was not accessible to me. This transcript was produced under highly suspicious circumstances, as my narrative points out, and it has many gaps. Nevertheless I would have consulted it, had it been available."

Summary of the previous instalments of UPTON SINCLAIR'S *"Boston"*:

Cornelia Thornwell, wife of a former governor of Massachusetts, a widow at the age of sixty, after forty years of sheltered ease feels free to do what she wants, regardless of her conventional family. She begins life anew at Plymouth as a working woman, and while boarding with an Italian family meets Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who talks to her of his ideas. He has a taste for poetry and is idealistic and revolutionary in social questions.

When Cornelia has been in Plymouth a year she is recognized by her grand-daughter, Betty Alvin, who absorbs some of Vanzetti's ideas. On returning home she shocks her parents. Cornelia's refuge is discovered. When America enters the World War, Cornelia and Betty align themselves with the pacifists, and Betty, coming from Radcliffe to live with Cornelia, is included in the government surveillance of pacifists. After the Armistice, Betty and Cornelia are arrested for participating in a suffragist parade. Vanzetti, who has lived in Mexico during the war to avoid military duty, returns to Plymouth. Betty is sent abroad by her parents with a cousin, but, once in Hungary, Betty goes to work and the cousin marries a playwright.

When Betty's Red sympathies are discovered by her employers, she leaves for Italy, where Cornelia, at the urgent request of the Alvins, joins her, finding her under the protection of a French communist writer and a young American investigator. While Cornelia and Betty are abroad, news reaches them of the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti for alleged participation in a hold-up and double murder at South Braintree.

On the afternoon of April fifteenth the paymaster of a shoe company took the week's pay-money, about $16,000, and accompanied by a guard started to carry it from the office to the factory, some two blocks distant. While passing another factory two foreign-looking men who had been lounging by the railing suddenly drew guns and opened fire. One victim died at once, while the other died the next day. The murderers picked up the cash box, and at the same instant an automobile came rushing up the street, slowed down, and the two bandits sprang in and drove away, shooting at bystanders as they went. Investigators, in interviewing witnesses, found that there was considerable disagreement as to the essential details.

At the same time, Coacci, an Italian anarchist sentenced for deportation, is being sought by Federal authorities for jumping bail. The immigration officer, in company with the Chief of Police of Bridgewater, a town which had likewise suffered from bandit raids, finds Coacci at his home. Stewart, the chief of police, is suspicious of Coacci's desire to be sent away at once, but when he returns with another officer he discovers that Coacci has already been deported. But a man named Boda is found at the house, and is likewise viewed with suspicion, but when his arrest in connection with the murders is decided on, he, too, has fled. Through a a trap he is caught, in company with Sacco and Vanzetti. These two refuse to clear themselves, for fear other innocent men will be involved.

Cornelia and Betty hurry home from Italy to aid Sacco and Vanzetti.

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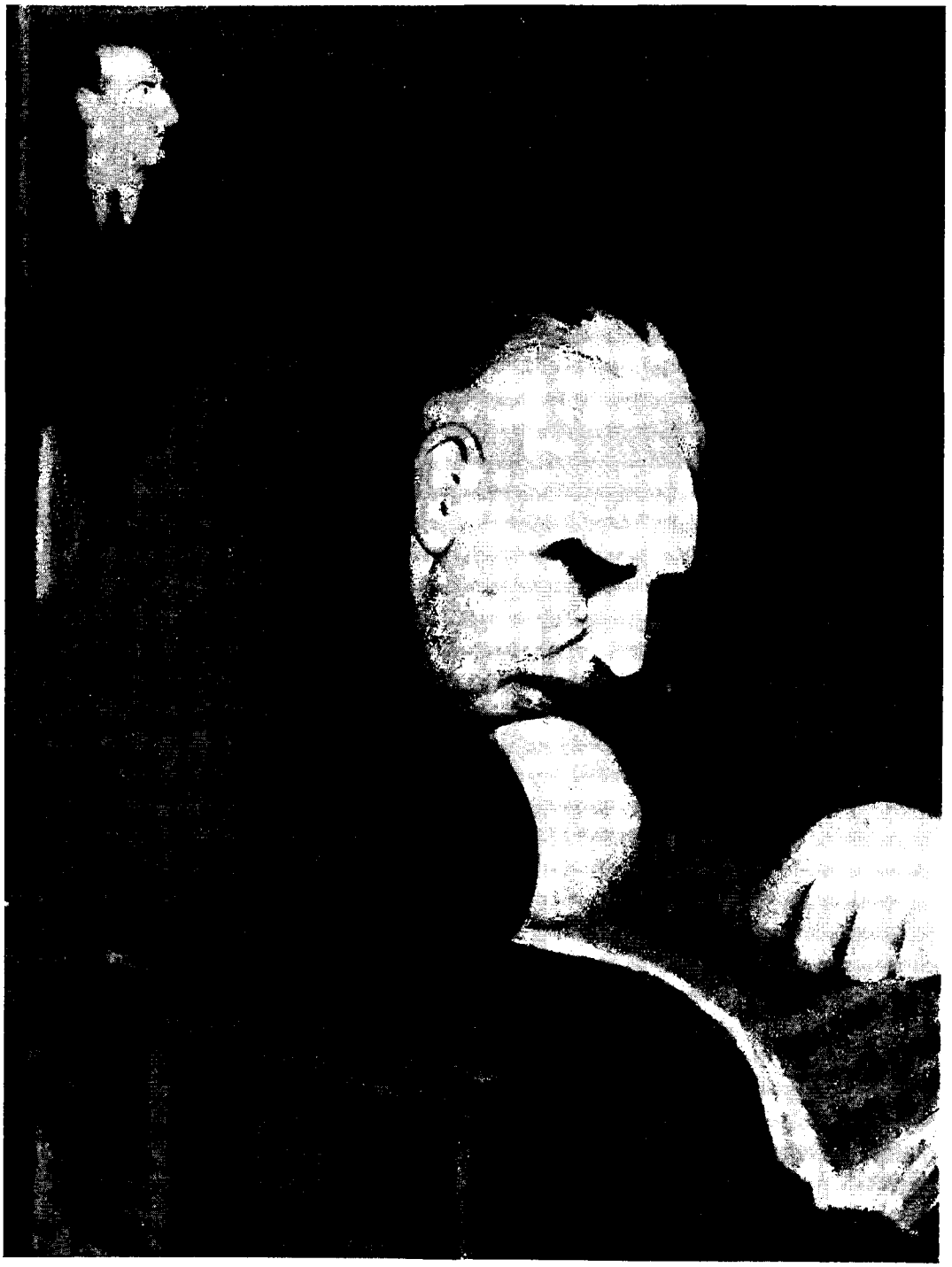

Grief of Mr. Dreiser at the thought of all the beautiful stories he hasn't the time to write.

Caricature and text by William H. Cotton

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JUNE, 1928 VOLUME LXVII, NO. 4

The BOOKMAN

DREISER BEFORE "SISTER CARRIE"

By Edward D. McDonald

SOME day or other the literary historian, one is led to suppose, will get around to the case of Theodore Dreiser. That day may be far off—there are so many less irksome cases on the docket. Besides who knows better than the literary historian that if judgment be suspended long enough there will finally be slight need of judgment? After all, what better than time to take care of these vexatious matters? In the end, of course, the literary chronicler will scarcely funk the whole case *re* Theodore Dreiser. His passion for completeness, for inclusiveness, will at last triumph. He will have the case called, view it solemnly, and find it not altogether lacking in interest.

When all this comes to pass, though my gifts of prophecy are the poorest imaginable, I think I can foretell one issue in the case of Theodore Dreiser which will surely engage the historian of letters. It will be the chronology of Mr. Dreiser's writings—or, as the historian will probably put it, the peculiar distribution of Dreiser's major periods of productiveness. And when the recorder of literary phenomena finds himself thus engaged, the judicious, however much they may dislike doing so, will have to admit that the old codger has for once in a way put his finger on something not quite usual. For there can be little doubt that the chronology of Theodore Dreiser's chief literary performances is really extraordinary. Whether it became so through inner necessity or outward circumstance will be hinted at below.

In any case, we know what we have: an amazing first novel in 1900; four more novels between 1911 and 1915; and then another, thus far the last, in 1925. Three widely separated periods, yet in one way fatefully alike. "Sister Carrie" withdrawn in the face of a hostile press—never really published at all; "The 'Genius'" banned in the summer of 1916, after a year of complete immunity; "An American Tragedy" pounced upon by the Hibernian Dogberrys, 1927 variety, of Boston. The third leg of my analogy is a bit wobbly because for some little time all books, and by no means merely Mr. Dreiser's, have been under suspicion in the metropolis of the Bay State.

Nevertheless the plain fact is that in each of his most significant creative periods Theodore Dreiser has fallen afoul of the censorious. The result: calm and dispassionate consideration of his work has in these important times been largely impossible. Disinterested critical discussion, when it might, if ever, have been helpful, usually withered away in the blight of controversy. In one respect, at least, the effect of all this has

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been obviously detrimental to Theodore Dreiser's work. For it must by this time be clear that his six novels are essentially of a piece. No signs anywhere of a new phase, of significant change, or even of shifting emphasis. For these things one must have a look at Mr. Dreiser's minor canon with its experiments in the short play, sketch and story. There is then, in the last analysis, every reason for believing that the Dreiser novels could, under happier conditions, have been written in more closely contiguous blocks of time—in fifteen years, say, instead of twenty-five. These years with their losses are gone. They are known not to return, but the historian will have to deal with them none the less. More propitious times have followed. After all, even in Boston the recent revivals of the tragicomedies of 1900 and 1916, with Theodore Dreiser in the rôle of Satan's imp, fell flat and were booed not only from the gallery but from the dress-circle as well. Elsewhere larger, if less piquant, signs of change are not lacking.

Since the appearance of "An American Tragedy" in December, 1925, exactly a quarter of a century after the abortive publication of "Sister Carrie", the literary career of Theodore Dreiser has become a subject of the most intense interest, not only in America but more especially in England and on the Continent. Here at home "An American Tragedy" has practically completed the process of winning over or reducing to silence all of the critics who as late as a few years ago persisted in minimizing the importance of Mr. Dreiser's contributions to contemporary fiction. Abroad —where from the first Dreiser has had rather easier going—this novel, acclaimed in every quarter, came to vindicate those who over many years had maintained their faith in that ponderous, brooding, groping creative force out of which very early had come "Sister Carrie", and much later "Jennie Gerhardt", "The Financier", "The Titan" and "The 'Genius' ".

It would seem, therefore, that the time has arrived when some effort should be made to supplement the meagre existing historical surveys of Theodore Dreiser's literary career by looking into that career a little more curiously, a little more first-handedly, than has heretofore been the fashion. Of brilliant *ex parte* critical estimates of Mr. Dreiser's major work, or of able appraisals of his personality, there is indeed no lack. But, strange as it may seem, as matters now stand the sources of information concerning the details of Mr. Dreiser's literary history are chiefly, one might even say exclusively, three. These sources, after more than thirty years of extremely varied literary activities by Mr. Dreiser, are: Mr. H. L. Mencken's lengthy essay in "A Book of Prefaces", published in 1917; Mr. Burton Rascoe's "Theodore Dreiser", in the Modern American Writers Series (1925); the autobiographical accounts which Mr. Dreiser has provided in his "A Traveler at Forty" (1913), "A Hoosier Holiday" (1916) and "A Book About Myself" (1923).

In their separate ways all of these things are admirable. They are, indeed, indispensable in any attempt to get at the core of the Dreiser mystery. But just as surely are they, as minute literary history, sketchy and unsatisfactory—and they are so for the following reasons. Mr. Mencken's essay, which is chiefly critical, was written to expose the stupidity, the asininity, of what he called the Dreiser bugaboo, which at the moment seemed especially horrific on account of the amatory piracies of that spurious genius, Eugene Witla. In the achievement of this particular end Mr. Mencken does unquestionably, as Mr. Rascoe points out, adduce some important historical testimony concerning Theodore Dreiser's career. But, like a good sportsman, Mr. Mencken does not beat all of the bushes. He leaves some game behind, as will be seen in a moment. Mr. Rascoe, too, is passionately preoccupied with the Dreiser bugaboo, even though by 1925 it had begun to leak a little sawdust. On the historical side of the study Mr. Rascoe admits to leaning on the Mencken essay. And both of these writers, in turn, derive much of their information from Mr. Dreiser's frank and revealing autobiographical volumes. Now it so happens that in none of these books does Mr. Dreiser concern himself

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with the details of his literary career. The first two deal with special episodes in Dreiser's life, when for a time he was free to enjoy certain periods of leisure. "A Book About Myself" is devoted very largely to the author's journalistic career. So much for what we now have.

The purpose of this present article is to supplement the above semi-historical surveys by directing attention to the very considerable body of writing which Theodore Dreiser has accomplished under his own name, and outside of newspapers, during the three years immediately preceding the publication of "Sister Carrie", his first novel, in November, 1900. In the accounts of Mr. Dreiser's career which are listed and discussed above I can recall only one direct reference—"Sister Carrie" excepted—to the literary, as distinguished from the journalistic, activities of these years. This single reference is by Mr. Mencken, who asserts that in 1898 Dreiser sold a short story (presumably his first) to *Ainslee's Magazine;* and that he disposed of four more stories in 1899. There is some reason to believe that Mr. Mencken is in error in both of these statements. But let us begin with what seems to be the beginning.

In November, 1897, the *Metropolitan Magazine* published, as by Theodore Dresser, an article entitled "New York's Art Colony: The Literary and Art Retreat at Bronxville". If this was the work of Theodore Dreiser—and I have every reason for believing that it was—then here is one of the first, if not the very first, magazine articles to be published under Mr. Dreiser's own name, or, as seems more likely, under a name which Mr. Dreiser, following his brother Paul's example, may have once considered making his own. On the other hand, typographical errors were not entirely unknown in 1897. But speculation aside, it is certain that between November, 1897, and November, 1900, Theodore Dreiser did contribute to various American magazines more than forty articles and poems, chiefly the former. My direct knowledge stops with forty-two, but there may be others which my investigation has failed to reveal. In any event, before the appearance of "Sister Carrie" the name of Theodore Dreiser must have been well-known to readers of *Ainslee's, Metropolitan* and *Cosmopolitan.* It was also known, but probably less familiarly, to readers of *Munsey's, Harper's* and *Pearson's,* since to these periodicals Mr. Dreiser contributed less frequently.

That Theodore Dreiser, before the publication of his first book, had something more than an ordinary journalist's reputation can be shown in another way. The first volume of "Who's Who in America" appeared in 1899. Among the notables listed in this compendium of curious achievements was Theodore Dreiser. In addition to giving the usual biographical details, Mr. Dreiser wrote himself down in part as follows: "Journalist-author; editor *Every Month,* musical magazine, 1895-7; then in special work for *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* contributes prose and verse to various periodicals. Author: Studies of Contemporary Celebrities; Poems".

It will be noticed that his write-up, as well as sundry succeeding ones, supports the belief that Mr. Dreiser was in 1899 a magazine writer of some prominence. This was certainly the case. One might also assume that at the time the above sketch was written Mr. Dreiser was the author of two books, entitled respectively "Studies of Contemporary Celebrities" and "Poems". This was certainly not the case—and thereby hangs a tale. Even to this day people haunt second-hand book shops in search of "Studies of Contemporary Celebrities", by Theodore Dreiser. A vain quest if ever there was one. I know, of course, all about the aged book-sellers who have seen the book, and who remember exactly what it contained, to wit, racy low-downs on Jake Kilrain, Cipriano Castro, John L. Sullivan, P. T. Barnum, Wilhelm II and other turn-of-the-century celebrities. Still I say no such book exists or ever has existed. It was projected, but that's all. Bibliographical myths die hard. Of the one which has grown up around "Studies of Contemporary Celebrities" let us say merely that it has at last been scotched.

If one is determined to read Theodore

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Dreiser's accounts of the celebrities of the nineties one must, I fear, consult the files of the magazines listed above—and possibly others like *Ev'ry Month and Piano Music Magazine,* a journal I have never been able to see for the years in which Mr. Dreiser was editor. There is no other way. One must read the early Dreiser poems in the same manner. There never was a book by Theodore Dreiser called "Poems", nor any thought of one. The two captions now under discussion, hardy perennials though they were in the early years of "Who's Who", referred not to books, but to certain of Mr. Dreiser's youthful periodical writings, the nature of which I shall now reveal.

As has been said, by the time "Sister Carrie" was got into type Theodore Dreiser was already the author of over forty periodical contributions. When taken together, these writings, on the basis of subject-matter, fall handily into certain major classes. The most numerous class, consisting of twelve articles, has to do principally with painters and sculptors, the cartoonist, Homer C. Davenport, being thrown in for good measure. Here, for example, are to be found such titles as "The Art of MacMonnies and Morgan", "The Work of Mrs. Kenyon Cox", "The Sculpture of Fernando Miranda", "The Art of Irving R. Wiles", "Karl Bitter, Sculptor", "The American Water-Color Society", "A Painter of Travel"—this being an account of the artistic endeavors of Gilbert Gaul. Done according to a set and rigid formula, these articles are without exception fully illustrated by photographs of the artists and of selections from their work.

The next most numerous division of Mr. Dreiser's youthful strivings is what might be called the industrials. In this group we find, among others, the following captions: "The Chicago Packing Industry", "The Making of Stained-Glass Windows", "The Trade of the Mississippi", "The Railroads and the People", "Fruit Growing in America", "The Town of Pullman", "Scenes in a Cartridge Factory", "The Making of Small Arms". The last two titles "date", being obviously repercussions of our valiant attempt to make the world safe for Cubans.

The third division is devoted to haunts and homes and a few less secluded places—as, for example, the Harlem Speedway. Here are to be found such things as "The Haunts of Bayard Taylor", "The Home of William Cullen Bryant", "Edmund Clarence Stedman at Home", "Historic Tarrytown", "The Treasure House of Natural History"—this last being an illustrated account of the numerous wonders to be found in the New York Museum of Natural History. There are a few other titles of like sort.

In the fourth group of Mr. Dreiser's early periodical writings we meet with a few additional celebrities—not artists this time. Instead we are introduced to two statesmen and two authors. The former are presented under the following captions: "Champ Clark, the Man and His District" and "The Real Choate", an account of none other than Joseph H. Choate, sometime United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The writers are "The Real Howells" and "The Real Zangwill". Even in the early years of his career Mr. Dreiser was asked by various editors to contribute articles to one sort of series or another. His paper on Zangwill was, in fact, one in a series of papers which, in 1898, appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine* under the general caption "Studies of Public Characters". Is it altogether fantastic to suspect that Mr. Dreiser may have derived from such a series the notion of gathering some of his periodical stuff into a volume to be called "Studies of Contemporary Celebrities"?

Two other classes of Mr. Dreiser's youthful serial contributions remain to be described. One of these is composed of poems; the other of miscellaneous articles which could not be fitted into any one of the four classifications given above. The poems can be disposed of quickly enough. Conventional in form, undistinguished by original thought or fine feeling, they are totally unlike those striking, often remarkable, free-verse impressions which Mr. Dreiser lately gave us in "Moods, Cadenced and Declaimed". Mediocre magazine verse in a twilight period of American poetry—that's all. The miscellaneous articles, on the other hand, are rather more important than any that have thus far been referred to. Among

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them is an interesting paper entitled "Birth and Growth of a Popular Song". Here we are told that "the words of 'On the Banks of the Wabash' were written in less than an hour of an April Sunday afternoon, and that the music did not require a much longer period". To this place, too, belongs a curious historical account of the harp, an account which is accompanied by photographs of numerous New York society women posturing variously beside their beloved instruments. There is also an archaeological study called "Human Document from Old Rome".

But after all one must go farther than these three titles to discover the special significance of the writings I have classified as miscellaneous. One must go to a sketch which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, December 8, 1900, and which years later found its way into "The Color of a Great City" under its old title "Whence the Song". Related in spirit to this are two other sketches, "When the Sails are Furled: Sailor's Snug Harbor" and "The Log of an Ocean Pilot". The former appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine*, December, 1898; the latter in the same journal, July, 1899. In these three sketches, so far as I know, is revealed for the first time something of the authentic Dreiser, more particularly the Dreiser of "The Color of a Great City". This, I take it, is authentic enough. In the exactly thirty-nine other pieces of writing which fall within the scope of my direct knowledge, one looks for this Dreiser in vain. In his place one finds a seemingly successful and complaisant journalist who on a moment's notice is prepared to provide magazine readers of the late nineties with the sort of pabulum they must somehow have found nourishing.

However, it is to be observed that this curious anomaly did not long persist. The year 1901 marks a change in the character of Mr. Dreiser's periodical writings, a change so decided as to be generally startling. Perhaps "Sister Carrie" and the fateful turn of events which attended its publication had much to do with this metamorphosis. At any rate something cracked, and, beginning with 1901, Theodore Dreiser in his occasional writings is distinctly on the up-grade, his tongue less and less in his cheek. No more eulogies of real or spurious celebrities; no more pilgrimages, camera in hand, to the haunts and homes of the famous; with certain lapses excepted, an end also to the catch-penny recitals of the mysteries of cartridge factories, stock-yards and glass works; over, too, is all palavering about the railroads and their benevolences; the glory has departed from the Chicago drainage canal, the Harlem Speedway, historic Tarrytown, and all such wonders of the world. This much is certain: so far as periodical writing is concerned the authentic Dreiser, the Dreiser of "Sister Carrie", emerges definitely with 1901, and whatever he may have done anonymously in his Grub Street labors, in his editorial work for Street and Smith and the Butterick publications, he never again, except momentarily, sank to the horribly respectable unrealities of '98, '99 and, strange to tell, the year of "Sister Carrie" itself.

And now for a glance at 1901 and 1902, to see what Theodore Dreiser published in these years which evinces a sharp upward swing in his periodical writings, and which in some slight way warrants comparison with "Sister Carrie". In January, 1901, Mr. Dreiser was in *Pearson's Magazine* with an article entitled "Why the Indian Paints His Face". He was in *Ainslee's*, in February of this year, with an account of Delaware's blue laws; and in April he contributed to *Pearson's* series, "The Story of the States", an historical sketch of Illinois. For the purpose in hand rather thin picking—though the article on the Indian is still spoken of with respect by anthropologists.

Later in 1901, however, Mr. Dreiser published in rapid succession two stories and two sketches which are typical of his best work in these forms, and which are now familiar to every reader of "Free and Other Stories" and "Twelve Men", still one of the most important Dreiser books. The stories appeared in *Ainslee's*. So far as I am aware, they were the first short stories by Mr. Dreiser to be published in any magazine. The stories were these: "The Shining Slave-Makers" and "Nigger Jeff". The title of the former was altered slightly before its inclusion in "Free". The sketches of this

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year were: " A True Patriarch" and "Color of To-day". The former appeared in *McClure's Magazine* for December; the latter in *Harper's Weekly*, December 14, 1901. Many years later both of these sketches were salvaged for "Twelve Men", where "Color of To-day" may now be read under the title "W. L. S."

By 1902 Theodore Dreiser's career as a facile magazine writer was about over. For this year I have been able to run down only one pot-boiler, "The Knowledge of Weeds". To this time belong also two authentic and characteristic prose studies, namely, "A Doer of the Word" and "Christmas in the Tenements", later reprinted in "Twelve Men" and "The Color of a Great City" respectively. Both 1903 and 1904 were seemingly unproductive years, though the well-known "A Mayor and His People" belongs to the former; a few indifferent poems to the latter. In 1905 Mr. Dreiser began his appearances in *Tom Watson's Magazine*. To this curious messianic journal he contributed, in 1905 and 1906, at least six typical prose studies. Nothing further need be said here about these contributions. Mr. Dreiser refers to his connection with *Watson's* in the preface to "The Color of a Great City", which is the only one of his seven volumes of collected material in which he does not assiduously avoid all hints whatsoever as to the previous publication of the selections that make up the various books. Which proves that even so great a virtue as reticence may under certain circumstances become a sizable vice.

Now, making an end—chiefly by means of a few restatements and comparisons—I should like to suggest what quantitatively Theodore Dreiser's entire career as a magazine writer has thus far been, in order that the mere bulk of his periodical writings before "Sister Carrie" may be the more clearly perceived. The quantity of this early work, as compared with the later, has been sufficiently indicated. I do not for a moment pretend to have run down all of his periodical contributions in any section of his career, not to speak of the more than thirty years which make up the whole of it. I know too well the almost insurmountable difficulty of compiling, unaided and in limited time, a complete bibliographical inventory of Theodore Dreiser, who over a generation has had his pen in almost every conceivable sort of ink-pot. After diligent search in four large libraries I have been able to list approximately one hundred and fifty periodicals contributions by Mr. Dreiser between November, 1897, and September, 1927. That is the extent of my knowledge, and upon it the comparisons which I shall suggest are based. Fortunately the essential soundness of these comparisons is likely to be unaffected by omissions from my list; for such omissions, it is safe to assume, are about equally distributed over the various periods of Mr. Dreiser's career, and they would thus tend to cancel one another.

In any case, using certain of Mr. Dreiser's novels to divide his literary career into significant periods, I am enabled to provide figures for some interesting comparisons as to the approximate number of the Dreiser periodical contributions in these periods. The periods, with the contributions that belong to them, follow: November, 1897, to the publication of "Sister Carrie", November, 1900 (three years), forty-two contributions; November, 1900, to the publication of "Jennie Gerhardt", October, 1911 (eleven years), thirty-three contributions; October, 1911, to the suppression of "The 'Genius' ", August, 1916 (five years), sixteen contributions; August, 1916, to the present (eleven years), sixty contributions—a total of one hundred and fifty-one for Mr. Dreiser's entire career. By comparing these dates and figures one can see, in the flash of a Pennsylvania cinema-kiss, that the three years before "Sister Carrie" were quantitatively much more productive of magazine publications than any other period of equal length in the literary career of Theodore Dreiser. However Mr. Dreiser may now, in retrospect, view these years of a dying century, he must have seemed to the contemporary writing world rather an up-and-coming young fellow. And at the moment he was being tapped for the first volume of "Who's Who in America" it is difficult to believe that he could have been in entire disagreement with this impersonal view of himself.

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A TRIP TO NEW YORK

By Douglas Goldring

FOR a good many generations the trip to New York has marked a definite point in the career of the successful English writer, but since the war almost every English man and woman who earns a living by writing, whether successful or the reverse, has crossed the Atlantic at the invitation of enterprising publishers or lecture agents in the hope of making good. New York has become the principal art center of the world, and the aid of American money enables writers and artists in every civilized country to pay their bread and butter bills and to carry on with their jobs. No wonder we flock to it.

When, filled with apprehensions, I set foot in the New World for the first time, I found the air full of rumors regarding the success or failure of previous literary visitors. So-and-so "went down awfully well"; Such-and-such "made a complete flop"; X and Y "cut no ice at all". As I listened, I seemed to see the whole thing in terms of a gymnastic display. There was the vaulting-horse and the long line of stripped athletes, awaiting their turns. The competition starts. Some clear the horse with the utmost ease amid the plaudits of the onlookers, and are borne off to banquets by their backers. Others fumble their take-off, fail to get over, and retire, blushing with mortification, to hide their diminished heads.

It all seemed very embarrassing, and "success" or "failure" seemed to have very little to do with the actual literary merits of the competitors but to depend upon the tricks of quite another trade.

Looking back at my own recent experiences I can see that I made almost every kind of initial error. To begin with, I travelled cheaply in a big ship, instead of more cheaply still in a slow "cabin class" boat. I was assured that *knights* travelled by the cheaper boat. On the other hand, Llewellyn Powys and Alyse Gregory were going "tourist third" in the *Mammoth,* and my old friends Louis Wilkinson and his wife were going down to Southampton to see them off, and this, in my innocence, struck me as a good enough reason for some additional expenditure. It was a mistake, of course. If you arrive on a slow boat carrying few passengers, the interviewers find you with ease; whereas, if you arrive on a monster travelling "tourist third" they search for you in vain. Those pearls of wit and wisdom which would doubtless have delighted the American public—my first impressions of America—were lost irrecoverably. The small posse of pressmen who came to look for me never found me.

I think perhaps I saw more of the real America on board the *Mammoth* than I was destined to on land. The passengers were of every imaginable origin. There were Czecho-Slovaks, Russians, Poles, Alsatians, Italians, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Spaniards, Portuguese and Jews and Jews and Jews. Anglo-Saxons could not have constituted as many as ten percent of them. The majority of those I encountered found difficulty in speaking English, some had hardly a word. But I shall never forget, when, on our last evening, the ship's entertainer, after an informal concert, struck up "My country 'tis of thee", the fervor which all these people of such diverse racial types put into the singing of their national anthem. Its words were, I am convinced, the only words of English that many of them knew. Any expression of genuine emotion is impressive, and the emotion here was genuine enough. "Poor devils", one thought; "after the slums of Central Europe and age-old oppressions and degradations, what America must mean to them!"

The *Mammoth* did not predispose me in favor of American liners. In fact, ever since one of the seamen who omitted to turn up at boat drill through mere disincli-

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nation to attend volunteered the information that there "ain't no discipline on this ship", I never felt really safe aboard her. It took me three days to get a cablegram sent off; and the general slovenliness of the service, the indifferently-cleaned decks and air of confusion prevailing contrasted with anything I had experienced before of ships and their ways. The cabins were unprovided with bells, and if you asked a question no one semed to know the answer. The food, however, was excellent. Any drinking done on board was done in the cabins, and I shall never forget the look of shocked amazement on the steward's face, at our first luncheon in the dock at Southampton, when I asked him for a corkscrew in order that Louis Wilkinson and I might have a farewell drink together before the ship sailed. A corkscrew was produced at last, shamefacedly, and the whisky opened. The feeling of abject sinfulness and guilt which I had in thus openly drinking spirits before the eyes of American citizens—even in English waters and within a hundred feet of English land—was astonishing. When the steward said he wanted to see me *afterwards,* I felt like a schoolboy who has been summoned ominously to the headmaster's study. Evidently it was going to be a "dry" voyage, and there was something in this prohibition after all. It *was* dry—outwardly. But I fancy that most of the cabins were private speak-easies and that more liquor was really consumed on board, in furtive and uncomfortable circumstances, than would have been consumed in an English ship of the same size.

I was heartily thankful when the voyage was over; and I don't know when I have set foot on land with more relief than I did on my arrival in America. After waiting for nearly an hour with my fellow-unfortunates listening to the heartbreaking sobs of a wretched woman who had failed to satisfy her examiners and was presumably to be sent to Ellis Island I came before the eagle-eyed officer. Luckily, up to the present, I have never come within the clutches of the Law. But had I actually been (a) an anarchist, complete with bomb, arriving with the firm intention of overthrowing by force the government of the United States, or (b) an active and determined bigamist, I do not believe I could have felt more guilty than I did during the officer's inquisition. He seemed convinced that I was one of these English white trash who creep into the United States on false pretences, with no intention of ever leaving. However, with the moral support of the kind Powyses to back me, I was at last allowed off the ship.

Heavens, how glad I was! The air was so tonic that my spirits rose from deep depression to boundless confidence. I had hardly deposited my luggage in my hotel and stepped out into West 44th Street before I met Ernest Boyd, looking precisely as he looked when I saw him last in Dublin. The brown beard, the brown clothes, the genial cynicism, the imperturbable independence of outlook, the incorrigible hospitality—all were there, as I remembered them.

"Drop in tonight," said Ernest. "Mencken and some other people are coming round." From that moment my memories of New York consist almost entirely of parties. As I am one of those misguided people who think sociability is an end in itself and consistently put pleasure before business, I disinterred from my pockets not those solid letters of introduction to important people who "might be useful", with which I was amply supplied, but a quantity of cards handed me by boon companions in Juan-les-Pins or Montparnasse or in one of those secret and mysterious London pubs which have their international ramifications, which had this sort of message scrawled on the back of them: "Dear Ted. This is Douglas Goldring. He's a good fellow, Dick". The world, as we all know, is a small place and birds of a feather flock together. Those of the New York birds I encountered, who belonged to my sort of nest—which, alas for me, is not a literary one—received me like a long-lost relative. The charm of American hospitality has been written about too often to need any further description here. What I was chiefly conscious of was saying over and over to myself: "Good heavens, it's all *true!*" All would have been enchanting but for that

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menacing gymnastic performance. Sooner or later I should have to line up, under the eye of my publishers, and enter the competition. While I was enjoying myself and putting off the evil day a youthful rival with a name sufficiently similar to mine to give reviewers and paragraph writers an opportunity of confusing us leapt into the limelight. In a word, the electric Louis Golding took the field with *brio,* while his blond and Anglo-Saxon *confrère* was dining in speak-easies with his pals, still awaiting the signal to start off.

Perhaps it was fortunate for me that, thanks to the interference of a *deus ex machina* in the shape of a boy bearing a cablegram, the signal never came. A family bereavement dragged me hastily back to Europe and put all thoughts of "ice-cutting" out of my head. Looking back at my hectic weeks in New York from the mellow tranquillity of Provence, I find it difficult to disinter from my recollections much that seems distinctively *American,* except its architecture, and the extraordinary feeling of excitement and of buoyant confidence which the atmosphere of the place produces. In saying this I only confirm what has been said a thousand times before. New York undoubtedly makes Europe seem depressingly "hard-boiled".

Of all the great international centers I have visited, New York is the only one in which the American tourist is conspicuous by his absence. One searches for him in vain. For the rest, I never saw a city so indifferent to the minor details of its appearance. (The poorest European town would have too much civic pride not to do something with Washington Square and other open spaces.) I have never seen such traffic jams; nor such a vast consumption of the more potent and noxious forms of alcohol; nor such spontaneous friendliness and sociability; nor such readiness to listen to proposals and to judge them on their merits. I was never in a town before where the tempo of social life was so rapid, nor in one in which the process of pulling down and rebuilding was so continuous. And I never, in recent years at all events, have felt so rejuvenated and so energetic as I did in New York. The charm of London, and indeed of Europe, is, I suppose, largely to be found in that strong "sense of the past" which is always bound up with the life of the present and dominates our ideas of the romantic. New York has, to a heady and intoxicating degree, the "sense of the future", and I found it romantic in a way which I have to admit that I did not believe possible.

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THE WHISTLING SWAN

By Glenway Wescott

HUBERT REDD sat staring at the piano in his mother's home. A chromo of St. Cecilia—face upturned toward a cluster of angels, unsuitable tapering hands on the keyboard of an invisible instrument—had always hung above it. It was an upright of western make, the varnish slightly blistered long ago, the middle C and G below it chipped; no new damage had been done while he had been abroad. Probably it had not even been touched; his mother had kept it in tune, she said, because she had faith in her boy and knew that one fine day he would come home. In his childhood, after dark when the chores were done, he had sometimes cried because milking made his fingers too stiff to play and because he was too young to be taken seriously, with a poor father who could not believe that a living might be made by music, in a country where the piano was thought suitable only to unmarried women; then he had been consoled by the romantic tears which fell directly on the keys if he held his head at a certain angle, and had memorized his first piece in order to be able to play when the notes melted and drew off in that distress which resembled a light, swirling cloud.

That was in another part of the state, before his parents had come north in search of prosperity. After his grandfather's lumberyards in Prospect, a suburb of Milwaukee, had been sold in order to divide the inheritance among four brothers, his father had tried farming, unsuccessfully, and later had moved to this lumbering town, Woodland, hoping to profit by his early experience. That also had been a disappointment; having invested all he had in a sawmill, he was now employed as a sort of foreman by the larger mill which had driven it into bankruptcy; the mother had explained their misfortune to her son.

Hubert had returned from Europe because the allowance a Chicago banker had been sending him had been discontinued. He was not sure that his parents would have helped him even if they had been able to afford to; though there was no question of his staying long in that town, it would be a great comfort to his mother, now that her health was failing, to have him somewhere in their own country which she understood, in which she could picture to herself his daily life. Fortunately he did not have to explain to her the reason for his return. She hoped that in part, perhaps unconsciously, he had been drawn back to Wisconsin by love of more than one kind, and that when she and his father let him go again, they would have to give up Muriel Pater as well. This girl had already been called his sweetheart when they were children in Prospect, and soon after he had gone abroad and his parents moved to Woodland, had got employment there in the lumber company's offices. Mrs. Redd told her son what a pleasure it had been for them to reread together all of her letters and part of Muriel's, evidently drawing her own conclusions from the fact that the girl skipped paragraphs or entire pages.

Life had made him a gift of this girl. Originally he had loved her for her sympathy, that is, loved himself through her as in other ways. After he went abroad he had written, every week, not perfectly truthful records of his feeling, but love-letters of the man he hoped to become to the girl he would have chosen; a sensitive needle must have some pole to turn to. Then, having addressed so many pages to his own idealism, he dreaded seeing the real Muriel again. But she had profited by every phrase, imitated every compliment, prepared herself to meet strange expectations. Failing to love her now would be unfaithfulness not only to her but to a work of his imagination.

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Hubert Redd looked out of the window, then brought a pile of scores out of his bedroom and put them on the piano, but went back to the window. The ten-year-old town lay open to the autumn forest; in any direction he could see a bit of its torn unclean edge. The river, already swollen, completely covered the dam; it was discolored by sawdust. Hubert was not used to seeing Scandinavian faces, red uneven foreheads and pale eyes which pointed nowhere. All of it somehow suggested crime; he did not know whether that was because it was the setting of a certain type of motion picture or because of the wreckage of exploitation everywhere: a sort of slaughter-house, stumps and stumps and prostrate branches, a festering of weeds where there must have been clean ferns and clubmoss, the evil effect heightened by the bright colors of the season, red branches in a slaughter-house. And the wood still bleeding gently in four-square piles was not fine enough for musical instruments or any other beautiful use; summer bungalows, endless copies of the ugliest imaginable chair, newspaper . . .

When he sailed from France he had believed it to be for a short visit only. Then he had thought eagerly of his parents' new home. The northern forest, scarcely hunted in, astir with large birds, echoing purely with an unwritten, unknown sonority; every sight, even the wild stags and the young bears in the rhythmic foliage, would mean sound; he would work under a spell, and to cover the ruled paper he had brought along would come a jet of free, clear, clean music. As a matter of fact, since he had been at home, he had not seen anything extraordinary or heard anything but song-sparrows; instead there were whistles and wheels, the harsh feverish purring of the dam, the saws' incessant scream, low at the start like something in the bone behind one's ear, rising to a hideous note, choking on it and fading down the scale, over and over all day long; and he had no lofty sentiments about machines.

In any case, the fact that he might have to stay on indefinitely in America gave him so much to think about that he could not expect himself to work at once. His patron, instead of sending the usual quarterly check, had suggested a visit home, offering to pay his expenses—later chuckling over this trick. Hubert had accepted, the ocean-fare had come, and he had taken the first second-class boat.

Upon his arrival in Chicago he had telephoned to Mr. Crawley's offices and been given an appointment. As he had stepped out of the elevator a bald young man waiting beside the door marked Private had beckoned him down the corridor, one finger on his lips. "I am Mr. Graver, the secretary. You remember me; we met in Paris. How are you? Come with me a minute."

He had hurried him into another elevator and out of it into a booth in an ice-cream parlor on the first floor. "Excuse me for seizing upon you. I wanted to tell you—it is only fair—besides it may help you. Of course you must realize, in spite of whatever has happened, that Mr. Crawley is a splendid man, kindly, open-minded, and idealistic, and he is very fond of you. You have been perhaps, I do not say certainly, indiscreet, not so far as he is concerned—I mean toward Mrs. Crawley. Indeed there has been some discussion between them on the subject, and she once took me into her confidence to the extent of asking me to use my slight influence on her side. I may tell you, between you and me, that Mr. Crawley has also been indiscreet. She has a jealous nature——"

Hubert had had time to wonder if the strangely amiable young man was deranged, but not—in the stream of obscure phrases uttered in a frivolous but melancholy tone, scanned by gestures with a handkerchief and rapid glances here and there—to put in a phrase of his own.

"Very jealous—and when she returned from Europe this last time there were, about the house, you understand, certain tell-tale objects; one or two malicious gossips in Oak Park where they live also did their work—Mr. Crawley admitted as much to me personally—and of course she was then in a position to demand anything she wanted. She wanted your head; just like Salome in the opera if I may say so; indeed I think

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she went abroad this last time with that in mind."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Graver. Mrs. Crawley was particularly kind to me last June. I went with her everywhere and she asked me to introduce my friends to her."

"Oh no, worse luck, I am not mistaken. I hoped you would understand better than you do." He glanced at his wrist-watch. "Now you must hurry up to the office. These are delicate matters."

"I am late already," Hubert had said irritably.

"No, you are not late. I gave you an appointment ten minutes before Mr. Crawley would be free, hoping to have a word with you. Now if there is ever anything I personally can do for you . . ."

Hubert had been ushered into the great, shaded inner room: thick green carpet, mahogany and plump leather, Whistler etchings on the walls, a fireplace full of gilt leaves. The great banker, flushed, with unusually liquid eyes, would have been handsome if his face had matured as it had aged; he had that gentle nervousness which often accompanies business men's diseases, but on this occasion had not risen from the least luxurious chair in the room.

"Young man," he said, "I have no questions to ask you. This is unpleasant for us both. But if you will be patient and not interrupt me, you shall hear how things stand. Mrs. Crawley and I are unsatisfied with your behavior. It is not a question of music. We don't pretend to be competent to judge modern efforts along that line. The symphony concerts, Wagner and Beethoven, have meant a lot to us. We have a debt, and we like to pay somebody for what we enjoy. Leave that out of this. This has to do with character. I didn't want to dictate all this to my stenographers."

He had spoken coldly but uneasily. "Do me justice. I paid your passage back." It was then that he had chuckled. "I saw no reason why you should deprive Mrs. Crawley over there of the credit that is due her for the interest she has taken in you. By getting somebody else to take care of you, I mean, temporarily. We sent you over there. Now we are back where we began."

He had hurried over the words which followed. "Now, my boy, that is the last financial assistance you are to expect. It has gone on long enough. Two years it's been, hasn't it? Mind you, I am not speaking of your work. It is probably very fine. I don't pretend to be a connoisseur . . ."

Unreasonable as one may be on such occasions, Hubert kept thinking: this means that I shall never meet Stravinsky, what I wanted most, my last chance. Nothing helped him to give it up: neither what he had heard about his disposition, his earnest malice and locked Russian courtesy, nor the fact that only imitation musicians made an object of such meetings, nor the possibility that instead of playing himself the great man might ask him to and that his hard attention like that of a bird with a powerful brain, a bird out of the Arabian Nights, might let him know that all he had done was bad; no matter what happened, for he felt sure that there were in himself resources which he had not been able to open up and only wished for something or someone to break through to them, to tear as it were a certain membrane, to remove an obstruction in his imagination's speech; and at the first-night of the *Oedipus* oratorio, when all magnificent-looking Paris had listened as if to a poorly performed revival of Haendel or Rossini, after it was over, on the steps of the dirty old theater, there had come to his eyes tears rather of exasperated desire than of emotion roused by the masterpiece with its rigidity of extreme sentiments lacking tears . . .

"Now I sent you regularly," Mr. Crawley had continued, "a good living. In fact, Mrs. Crawley when she was in Paris learned, and from friends of yours, that the same amount would have supported two artists. She might have had two chances in the lottery, she said. But that wasn't enough for your luxurious tastes. My wife learned that you have been accepting money as well from young Mrs. Jack Rohan. I have had business dealings with her husband. I don't want to be misunderstood. I mean to speak to him about this matter. Don't worry, I shall be strictly fair. Apparently she makes quite a business of patronizing. Appar-

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ently she dropped one of her young poets for your benefit. He has my sympathy."

Hubert had had an impression that the financier was trying to remember things he had been told to say, to take the place of something he was not going to speak of.

"Now we have no objection," he said, "to your writing something when you feel inclined, provided it's along musical lines. But if you do a thing, do it well. The same young poet told my wife that a very important editor—you know his name if I don't, a greater man than you are, you must admit—had turned down your criticisms because they were laughable and because your dealings were so underhanded."

Hubert had begun to pay less attention to what his benefactor said than to the people he mentioned, the confused memories which corresponded one by one to the articles of his denunciation: the light-hearted woman who had provided him with costly scores and some unnecessary clothes; the great theorist and editor, incessant anecdotes in a voice like a flute, a virile bearded body somewhere in the center of which the malice of an old Massachusetts woman sat in judgment; the young California poet, eight of whose verses he had memorized: phantoms merely set in motion in cafes and studios and revolutionary concerts but who had their real life here in the West at his heels. And a strange fear, keyless and meterless and with great round notes, a sort of choir of cryptic accusations, of secrets which at any moment might swell enough to be heard by anyone who was interested, began to make him shrink down in the overstuffed chair; he had forgotten that Paris and Chicago were suburbs one of the other; and only politeness toward the aging gentleman to whom he had to be grateful for the finest things in his life had kept him from putting his fingers in his ears . . .

"There was even worse talk about Paris than this. Mrs. Crawley was shocked. I find it very disagreeable to speak of it at all. I do not wish to ask you any questions. Some of the company you keep is evidently the worst. People get degenerate from having too much time on their hands. Young men and women with very morbid minds—I am surprised they are not in sanitoriums. Sensation-hunters, decadents, there is no doubt of it. I am not accusing you of anything. Mrs. Crawley did not care to hear. That is strictly your business." He raised his head and his mellow voice grew proud like a public speaker's. "But we people in the West don't need to ask for information. We draw our own conclusions. We can afford to. Even if we do make mistakes."

Hubert wondered why he had not risen some time before. "Mr. Crawley, I will say good-bye. I thank you for all that you have done for me. Please remember me respectfully to Mrs. Crawley. I am going to Wisconsin tonight."

"That is the place for you. Home to your father. A simple old-fashioned home. I may be a rich man but I have reverence, a genuine reverence, for poverty. Maybe I am to blame for having accustomed you to a life of idleness. Please believe that I meant well. My love of music led me astray."

Apparently by this time he believed every word of his indictment. "My boy, you have had things too easy." His voice broke slightly; his eyes were suffused with a glistening pinkness. "Let me tell you, the most wonderful thing in life is to make sacrifices. For your duty and your honor. And sacrifices to your family. I shall go on doing it. Don't you regret your life over there abroad. Let me tell you, there is nothing in it. Do take responsibility now and settle down. And try to be grateful to Mrs. Crawley and me, even if we can't see our way clear to helping you any more."

"Mr. Crawley, good-bye. I must go, if you please."

The excited man had not seemed to want him to, but he had looked content and tired out. He had also had the lost look which all martyrs to duty and domestic affection have when they are alone.

In the corridor Hubert had shivered involuntarily, though his mingled pity and dread of his benefactor had been a warmer emotion than any he had felt before. He had seen but pretended not to see Mr. Graver, feeling like a small boy who dares not relax his throat lest the sounds aching

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in it be unmanly. He had taken the first train north; it had seemed appropriate to his distress to sit up all night. At that time he had firmly intended to write Mrs. Jack Rohan an account of the rupture and a direct request to help him return to Paris.

As soon as he got home he had written to the old woman who, as his teacher, had presented him to the Crawleys; unperturbed, she had replied with an offer of a position in the music department of a small college south of Milwaukee. He was still putting off the letter to Mrs. Rohan, perhaps out of desire to avoid knowing if Mr. Crawley's accusations had reached her ears or, childishly, to keep the possibility of her help as a refuge for his thought, when disheartenment went too far. Something was happening to him in the North; it was not inspiration; it was not love, though Muriel wove around him the spell of hers, never foolish, never tactless, disheartened by nothing . . .

His mother came into the room. "I met your girl downtown, and she asked me to tell you that she is coming over about one o'clock. It's Saturday, you know, so she's free." She made a more tidy pile of his music on the piano. "I've been thinking . . . It seems to me you're not quite so cheerful after you've been with her."

"Silly Mother. She is my dearest friend in the world."

"That may be. Friendship isn't love." She put her hands on his shoulders. "Look here, son. You mustn't let us railroad you into marrying her if, in your heart of hearts . . . It's hard for mothers and sweethearts, you know, to put themselves in another's place. Muriel is a dear daughter to me. But I only want you to be happy. And I hope she loves you no less than that."

At the end of the noon-day meal, there Muriel stood in the doorway: moderate beauty, womanly, white, and healthy, blue-clad. For some reason, though she was only twenty-six, her hair was turning; it was like a silver fox pelt and almost too fine to be pleasant to touch. "Here am I, the lumberjack." She sank into the chair nearest the piano. "Mrs. Redd, look the other way. I'm going to smoke."

They sat there and said nothing of importance. She knew why he had come home and urged him to write to Mrs. Rohan, even to the Dutch ambassador's wife at whose concerts his best work had been played; but so bitter was her fear of being left behind again that her voice grew unnaturally ardent and low. Under her placid eyebrows her eyes, small and pure in color, obstinate and sweet, never left his face. He was ill at ease; he could not wish for her to stay all afternoon though he tried, and charged himself with innate coldness. But a few days before she had said, "I know that your feeling is not comparable to mine, but Hubert, so little of your love would be enough . . ." Between one and another went something that resembled a violin string which an invisible finger incessantly stroked and made to vibrate—a fretful monotone of love weakly sustained. Hubert listened, listened, could hear only that, and could not hear the future say a thing.

His mother came into the room. "You must play all your best pieces for Muriel. I'll sit out on the porch and listen."

Muriel was grateful not to have to ask. Hubert adjusted the swivel stool and opened the keyboard. He wished Muriel would not put out her cigarette and clasp her hands. He played five extremely brief two-part sonatas, the material of the first not only varied in the second according to the tradition but made to accompany a new phrase and its development. The outworn piano frightened him but he played well enough: nude, fresh, percussive sound. Between the third and the fourth, outside the window the creak of his mother's rocking-chair stopped and deep breathing began; later she retired to the back of the house. Muriel closed her eyes and her eyelids fluttered.

Hubert stood up. She did so as well, and rested her hands and chin on the poor old instrument. "They are beautiful, beautiful. As beautiful as Mozart—that's what you like best, isn't it? I can't tell you how much they mean to me. Your mother went to sleep; they ought not to be played in Wisconsin. I think Paris must be like them, phenomenal, exotic, all in a certain style and almost painful. Even Debussy is not as

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strange . . ." She spoke with a touching effort.

Then Hubert saw all their faults. Only self-consciousness kept him from hunting out the manuscript and tearing it up. Was this not mere perversity—to react to excessive and loving praise with disparagement of himself? Would her appreciation always make him detest what he had done? Perhaps it was a way of making her responsible for his weak work, for his weakness in general. He was ashamed of himself. He kissed her pale forehead.

Then he said, "I want to go for a walk in the woods now". He spoke a little bluntly; it was imperative to be alone.

"You mean that you don't want me along?"

"Forgive me. I have thought of a song and I want to think about it some more." The classic lie . . .

He went upstairs after his father's rifle; he might bring home something to eat. He heard Muriel call, "Mrs. Redd, our young man is going out composing. In the woods. I'll take a nap and then help get supper, if I may stay".

"Keep the big hills to the right on your way along and to the left coming back and you won't get lost," his mother replied from somewhere.

"You look very desperate with your gun," Muriel said.

"Can you see me desperate? I might make better music if I were."

While he was in sight she was watching him. As usual he was trying to make up his mind what to do; he did not believe in resigning himself to circumstances. Composers never made a living wage—all the opulence, century after century, going to the performers—but there was no use in his trying to give concerts: his hands were the wrong shape, too much like those of St. Cecilia over the piano, and in general he was not sturdy enough to stand touring and did not enjoy public appearances enough to make capital of fatigue, nerves and fever, as many of the young Slavs did. There was no cheap leisure in America; he had no desire even to hear the music that could be made out of weary living, aspiration, scraps of time, his own or anyone else's. And in a western music school he would lose himself in a swarm of mediocre youngsters, envying them their age; and honor would oblige him to offer them the principles that other musicians had proved to be true rather than those he had hoped to add to the number, and to prefer their first efforts to his last . . .

Forlornly he had put off writing to Mrs. Rohan in order not to risk his last chance, not to gamble on reality with his last illusion, until now it had become habitual to lack the courage to do so; he wondered how much or how little she cared about music or about him, remembering her zest for novelty, her timidity in any dispute (and by this time Mr. Crawley would have had his word with her husband), her western accent and soft voice like that of a Michigan Boulevard pigeon; she forgot like a Parisian and like an American; he had been but a three-days' wonder and it was someone else's turn. All over, done for. If he had in him the makings of a great musician (and there had never been great music in America) it was a pity; if not, what did it matter to anyone but himself?

Meanwhile he had made his way into the forest by a rough road, among softening stumps on which superb, discolored fungus fed, over chips and broken limbs, the town gradually slipping behind groups of large trees which had been spared and behind feathery thickets of new growth; the autumn not only unrolling softly from north to south in the sky, speckled with birds also going south, but signing itself everywhere —a wash of blues between him and the range of hills, marks brightly painted on the small vegetation, a mere look of weariness in the tall hemlocks. Presently he turned down a pathway where logs must have been dragged along, then down another, avoiding the clearings; it was the deep untouched forest, if there was any left, which he sought, feeling newly stripped of every rare quality himself—and of that which is commonplace only the primitive seemed to have any enchantment, dignity, or peace . . .

If only he had been, if he could have re-

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signed himself to be, a mere young man not driven by ambition, not elected or self-appointed to a special destiny, not overwrought with one talent! Personally, his hopes of becoming a musician set aside, he would not regret Paris. The first winter, wet and dim, when so far as he was concerned the crowds had been nameless to the last illustrious or ratlike man; a city as plain and august as the pots in the orient out of which flowering plants are supposed to spring before one's eyes, with boulevards of secretive luxury, with dank honeycombs to live in and hoarse janitors keeping watch, with warm meeting-places of innumerable foreigners, with apparent folly and semblances of eccentric scholarships; the dream-Paris of Gerard de Nerval who was hanged on a lamp-post, and his own first spring there coming on like a fever, like love: then and only then it had seemed all prodigy and allurement. But promptly this ideal nightmare resolved itself into reasonable elements; he began to profit as a musician by Paris and, as a human being, to pay for the strict sobriety of its attention to the arts and the invaluable loneliness of the foreign artist in the close-packed, intelligent crowd; and he learned to know its penury of tenderness, its need or craving for narcotics, apostasies, and revolutions in dumb-show; the pleasures flavored with piety and remorse; the deceptive wit of its great men, the irresponsible skill devoted to manipulating youth; the aristocratic combinations of bankruptcy with extravagance, the complex parasitism (Hubert realized that he was accusing his friends as his patron had accused him), the shamelessness without candor, the skepticism of panic underlying brilliant opinions. The more tolerance, the less warm enthusiasm—or so it seemed. A banquet table at which on the whole one goes hungry for the sake of certain foods; a little nourishment and many drugs — such is the world's hospitality. Nevertheless Hubert resolved to write Mrs. Rohan that night about returning to Paris.

So he went along through the woods carrying his gun, but when he saw two or three partridges like dwarfs in brocade and aigrettes walking and talking to each other, he could not take aim in time, the sight of them too pleasing to leave him any presence of mind. Where the sun made its way between branches both of tree and cloud grew small rough flowers covered with bees; juniper spread out its great crowns of fur and wire and berries; and having walked a long way, he came upon strong-smelling swampy hollows. The growth was dense, but he was not satisfied; for here and there he came upon stumps or ominous marks of the axe on mature trees, and his path still seemed to have a destination. He said to himself that he did not like this country because it was merely in the process of becoming what other countries were perfectly. Would not staying there, for any such craftsman or inventor as a musician, be perversely going back to the beginning instead of starting where others had left off?

But if he stayed, he added, and taught in a college, the anxiety which his feeling for Muriel had turned into would be brought to an end. Her love that was or was not his creation, his love with its attendant ideal of himself which he surely had created, detail by detail like a piece of music—he did not know what to do with them, and in Europe would never know. He loved her, but did not need her. In the life of a music-teacher in Wisconsin, need, compound and constant, would supplant all other emotions.

All the way along his over-sensitive ear of its own accord had gathered up and disentangled and as it were commented upon the innumerable sounds of the forest; now, fascinated, he began to be unable to withhold his entire attention, began almost to suffer from them: great sagging clusters of vague tones, a slumbering, tossing, and sighing in slumber, sound for the eye as well as the ear—he heard but did not see sluggish currents of autumn and short ripples with which winter was beginning, and amid wind and wood, other leaves and small echoes, saw but could not hear the arpeggio of a maple hand sweeping the width of some stringed instrument—a beak beating on hollow wood, the senseless rhythm of his feet crumpling leaves, breaking twigs, and an increasing vibration high in key of marsh insects some distance off, less and less far

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off; all this palpitating mass of marrying, dividing notes seeming to lead up to something and then breaking down of its own weight; suddenly the long, watery, overripe phrase of some bird . . . It was music, all too musical, but of a style which was passing—too closely related to too many sounds, too far removed from easy speech and tragic outcry.

Hubert thought that he was approaching a clearing. Instead he came out on the shores of a lake. Pale, very little rippled, it lay under slopes and bulky trees. Its breath was cold. Its vast extent made an almost complete silence. The shore swathed in tawny thickets, the shallows full of reeds, but there was a firm water's edge. Hubert amused himself by following it. He jumped from one solid piece of sod to another, as softly as he could in order to hear the little sigh of roots, bubbles, and soil under him. He did not care if he got his feet wet. Lest his gun get caught in the brush and overhanging branches, he pointed it ahead. Perhaps he might see a pair of sunfish close to land. He would have to go round a small bay . . .

Suddenly an enormous bird sprang up in front of him. Very close, pale wings thrashing, long neck out-thrust—that was all he saw. Terribly startled, he shot it. It broke down into the water, dragging itself away. He dropped his gun and stood with his arms out as if he were going to fall on his hands and knees. He could not see it; a bush in the water covered it. There was a terrific splashing. Then it screamed. He had thought they were dumb, all the swans; he had thought they were dumb. The scream went on and changed and did not stop. In despair at dying, it whistled, whistled, and took its breath. Broken open, a heavy stream of music let out—but it was the opposite of music. Now husky, now crude, what were like clots of purity often, *the rhythm of something torn.* Greater beating of the wings, greater agony of the splashes, whipping, kicking. He was being made to hear what it would have been insufferable to see. Sudden silence. The water was dirty and red.

Hubert squatted on the wet shore and began to cry, but stopped because the sound of his voice was idiotic. He did not want to see what was left of the swan. It was mere fright that had made him kill it; but if he had not been frightened he would not have heard its cries. He felt a sick satisfaction, definite jealousy of the dead bird, an extreme feebleness, a great haste.

He picked up the gun because it was his father's, and hurried home. Wisconsin had changed; it had become the scene of what had just happened. He would be held there by magnetism, that sometimes exercised by trysting place or tomb, about which, almost content with his apparent loss, the lover wanders in hope of some ghost with relaxed plumage and forgotten voice; that exercised, for men who love themselves, by the spots marked with a cross where something they once were fell dead. Very well, he would stay—but not to express his native land in music. He would make them hear what it would be either unendurable to experience or on earth impossible to find. Or he would hold his peace—a dumb, wholesome, personal peace. Talk about Paris, who cared, who cared . . . That night he accepted the offer of the college in the south of the state, and agreed with Muriel to be married at once.

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AT THE SIGN OF RAMÓN

By Angel Flores

THERE is a man in Europe whose passport bears only his first name and no photograph. He crosses the intellectual frontiers through the sheer incantation of one word "RAMÓN". By the acute accent on the O ye shall know that he is a Spaniard. An original Spaniard at that, for capitals are not supposed to be accented in Castilian. And yet the accent cannot be left out. The roundness of that accented Ó upon which his entire name rests, is exactly like his full round healthy face. That Ó is the substitute for a photograph. His niche in the unfinished typographical cathedrals of Bibliography reads: RAMÓN gómez de la serna.

RAMÓN is thirty-six years old and is the author of at least twice as many books as his years. His first volume appeared when he was thirteen! The rare thing is that nearly every single word of this Madrilenian writer is worth reading: which is more than we can say, for instance, for another of his prolific countrymen, the monstrous Lope de Vega. His is the fecundity of Velázquez. His prodigious creative genius, like that of don Marcelino, of Sorolla, or of Pérez Galdós, explodes the rusty theory about Spanish *abulia*. Writing is to him what breathing is to all of us. His seven fountain pens are perennially filled with red ink. Keeping them, as he does, in the upper left pocket of his coat, they probably refill themselves from the inkwell of his heart. Writing becomes something like blood-transfusion or like a continual preparation for a Wassermann test . . .

RAMÓN's books have been translated into French, German, Italian, Polish, Dutch, Russian, and I believe a few are being Japanesed. In Europe RAMÓN has been boosted by Valéry Larbaud, Francis de Miomandre, Edmond Jaloux, Paul Valéry, Lipchitz, Marinetti, Jean Cassou, Marcelle Auclair, Mario Puccini, Shakespeare & Co., the clowns Fratellini, the Nobel Prize Committee . . . and it is high time for you to know him!

RAMÓN has written at least four great novels: "The Black and White Widow" (considered by the *Paris-Journal* among the five most significant works of fiction of our generation), "The Improbable Doctor", "The Chalet of the Roses", and "The Incongruous One"; a few original plays; some pithy little essays on Poe, Comte de Lautréamont, Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, Mallarmé, Góngora, etc. Above all, he has discovered a new literary genre: the *greguería*, a sort of metaphoric maxim or aphorism without any moralizing or academic heaviness. The *greguerías* (in English: clamorings, rumors, jabberings; in the French of Valéry Larbaud *criailleries*) are witty Definitions, scintillating Impressions and Comments, facetious Trivia: an ideal cocktail of haï-kaïs in prose, sauterne, Luna Park, Chamfort, roses and peppermint . . . RAMÓN witnesses life in mid-street with greedy, ubiquitous and clear eyes and then rushes to his *torreón*, that incongruous attic-tower where a bizarre Santa Claus *à le* Dr. Caligari has left an indescribable wealth of curios and barroque gifts. Here RAMÓN performs an implacable autopsy on the things he has seen. He invertebrates them, bathes them in a piscina of vigor and grace and returns them to us crowned in a diadem of smiles. Jean Cocteau once said that the moment when a person laughs is the most propitious one for discovering what he has inside: a vacuum or a treasure. RAMÓN's laughter brings out what Jaloux termed "the submarine flora of our souls"—and, Jaloux might have added, the soul of things . . .

Selected Greguerías

Somewhere the "paralune" is used just as a parasol . . . There are places beholden to the moon, like Japan, where the moon shines so bright that the ladies have to cover

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themselves with paralunes to protect themselves from being palely tanned, from being moon-burnt.

* * *

We have sown the world with our initialed handkerchiefs . . . Handkerchiefs by which the world will remember us.

* * *

In autumn the leaves of books ought to fall.

* * *

The swallows seem to be writing upon the clear sky long pages in Latin, or perhaps in hieroglyphics.

* * *

The umbilical cord that unites us to the world is the telephone. How sad it is when conditions are bad and someone comes to take it away; he cuts the cord and makes us feel severed from the world, more solitary than ever, and like one to whom farewell has been said.

* * *

Velvet shoes are like masks for the feet.

* * *

Sometimes, enraged by the excessive and inexplicable insistence with which matches blow out we turn around to break the neck of *the one* who keeps blowing them out so maliciously . . . But when we turn, the coward has hidden himself.

* * *

Bedrooms always have a tiny hole, such as a nail might make, through which we are watched; someone watches us, never loses sight of us.

* * *

There are flies that whistle wrathfully.

* * *

The most terrible noise in the world is heard when a silk hat falls.

* * *

All meats seem to suffer when the butcher cuts them: all of them except ham . . . Ham is satisfied with having improved in its death and its salting, is satisfied with being tasty ham, and likes to divide itself into thin slices, revealing thus its veined and striking beauty.

* * *

Smiles go out like lights.

* * *

The swallow is like an arrow seeking for a heart . . . Mystic arrow!

* * *

Where did the fire-fly get its light? The fire-fly transcends us. It is a living point, problematic and suggestive, restless . . . Religions have consecrated the scarab; but the fire-fly, which really deserves it, has been neglected.

* * *

Conversation is the blue flame of human alcohol.

* * *

A flag pole without a flag is something soulless, useless, ugly, sad, bored; they ought to take it down when they take down the flag . . . It looks like a stick the children have tied to the window.

* * *

If at night a streak of lightning would remain lighted in the sky, if it would keep its light steady and firm, one could see the depths of the sky, its entrails, its tragic ceiling full of many things, its anatomic, bleak and abysmal depths.

* * *

The barking of dogs bites us.

* * *

A hotel consommé is water that one takes superstitiously, as fanatical women take holy water . . . Perhaps it is hot holy water . . .

* * *

The most difficult fish to catch is the soap in the water.

* * *

Airplanes were invented to catch the balloons that get loose from children's hands in the parks. They have changed their purpose from the one for which God created them, but originally they were created for that.

* * *

That star is full, exuberant; it was not that way before. That star is pregnant.

* * *

Linoleum, that Latin name, sonorous and admirable, so solemn, so difficult to pro-

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nounce, so deep, is absurd, irresistibly absurd when it refers to what it does refer, when it means what it does mean . . . Poor failure, wretched wasted word! *Linoleum,* sumptuous, ritual word of a beautiful dead rite! Word assassinated by merchants!

* * *

In the morning there is a new, optimistic and full moment from which we take all the life necessary to carry us through the day.

* * *

It disgusts us profoundly, it makes us mend our ways, to see the inkwell gone dry by itself . . . How many of our ideas must have evaporated!

* * *

How useless and how sad an empty merry-go-round! . . . How vain and how annihilating! . . . One can see its solitude on all sides, its bright-colored solitude of intense blue and yellow . . . Its solitude is so sad because its only joy consists in giving people rides . . . It cannot conceal its slight . . . It is dressed for that and that is why its shame has no shelter.

* * *

Is there anything more disconcerting, more nerve-wracking, anything worse looking than the sign $? This simple capital S crossed by those bold and significant perpendiculars becomes a rich, bourgeois, imperious, irritating, ungrateful, excessive, impudent, blind and blinding sign, the religious symbol of our age. How often it is the precious initial of *Her!*

* * *

A lamp that flickers winks at us.

* * *

The legs of old women, what sad pornography, what cruel disenchantment, what frightful cardboard! . . . And yet they are the same ones they had in their youth, irresistible, dangerously graceful! The very same!

* * *

Zoroaster is a stupendous name that convinces. A man with such a name might have been anything. Thus, I would choose, with great faith, Zoroaster's religion.

* * *

From pipes and from cigarettes jump fire-fleas that bite us with their fire.

* * *

The sudden surprise of lightning makes us ask perplexed: "What big fuse has blown out?"

* * *

The most tremendous phrase ever invented is *Per omnia saeculo saeculorum* . . . On hearing it we are rendered limp, flabbergasted, cornered, as if thunder had rumbled upon our roof and had gone on reverberating in the empty heavens of time. *Per omnia saeculo saeculorum* seems to have been said by the toothless mouth of death, with its whisky voice. Abominable. . . .

* * *

Streets are longer at night than by day.

* * *

A star is sleepy and we see it closing its eyes.

* * *

We appreciate how precious and powerful a match is when we have none . . . How miraculous, how impossible to *provoke* fire!

* * *

Glasses of water that are spilled are veritable water-spouts, deluges which suggest a new physical law that could be stated thus: "The amount of water which flows from a glass of water which is spilled is infinitely greater than that which it appeared to contain".

* * *

What is the post-man doing? Has he passed our door by? It seems as if he has forgotten to deliver the letter we *must* always have.

* * *

Weather-vanes are the birds' merry-go-rounds.

* * *

The letter k is a biting letter, pincer-like, with its two krokodile jaws. Wretched vowel upon which the aggressive k falls and clutches with its strong nippers!

* * *

How often do the legs of women go to our heads like a strong alcohol! . . .

* * *

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Surely the match which we have been scratching for such a long time and does not light, will explode, irritated, explosive, and throw itself upon us ferociously.

* * *

Fishermen are the most Greek, the most Latin of merchants, and those who handle the most beautiful silver . . . They are clean, primitive, and they have a simple and most dignified profession.

* * *

A hunch-back looks like a humorist who pokes fun at us, but we cannot laugh at him because that would be ignoble.

* * *

Oxen appear to be sucking and re-sucking hard candy.

* * *

What pains a shipwrecked person most, undoubtedly, is not being able to tell us how *it* happened, how he got drowned.

* * *

Even houses-for-rent are sadder on Sundays than usual, because they remain more frightfully unrented.

* * *

It is difficult to imagine that a bare, dry skull is that of a woman . . . I bet you never thought any you saw were women's! It is difficult to forget all of life's passions and come to such a conclusion, so extreme and so asexual.

* * *

One can never find one's brush. A brush is a milliped that crawls away from the place one left it, from the place it ought to be.

* * *

Whisky is the arnica of the stomach . . . It tastes like arnica and is pleasant to taste its taste, as if we were curing the sorrowing, despairful depths of our souls, whatever is wounded in us.

* * *

Some nights are so cold we fear the lights are going to go out, not from the wind but from cold.

* * *

Silence is neither our silence, that silence we have to witness nor the one in which we have to be in order to understand, or the silence Maeterlinck speaks about; these are worthless ideas. Silence is God, and it will be the only thing to last longer than eternity. It will conquer. Silence enjoys the most intense voluptuousness when it is left alone, when we do not disturb nor distract it. I have often left silence alone respectfully so as not to annoy it; so leaving it master of my house, allowing it to kiss the women in the pictures . . . they are its women.

* * *

Why don't birds, like men, sink down when they lay their heads upon their pillows? . . . Surely death seems sweet to them because on dying they lie down finally, stretch out, to a complete rest.

* * *

In the last hour of night, before dawn, footsteps sound in the street as loudly as those of wooden shoes.

* * *

The little fly that fell in the inkwell cries out in anguish: "Alas, I have fallen into the Black Sea!"

* * *

How delightful to arrive at a garden at that moment when a strong blast of wind celebrates the first performance, the première of autumn, with a most copious falling of leaves!

* * *

It makes us sad and even indignant to see how all those things catch fire, break, and become useless in the films. Is it not lamentable that in a world of poverty, of people in want, of beggars, so many things are needlessly ruined? It is incitement to rebellion of the poor!

* * *

In an electric lamp of many watts, suddenly one of its 25 or 50 dies . . . Only in moments of utmost subtlety is one able to notice this.

* * *

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A pack of cards has its caresses, its ticklishness, its voluptuousness, when it is shuffled.

* * *

The shadow under a lamb is like that under the thick, low pines, a lugubrious shadow, a sylvan shadow, as of a heavy storm, a shadow with an ominous meaning. ("The storm! The storm!" cry the ants upon whom this unexpected shadow is suddenly cast . . .)

* * *

Suspenders bind our wings. Our wings? Indeed, did we not feel constrained by suspenders we would fly higher and better.

* * *

Sad musicians those theater-musicians who walk with their violins at night . . . They ought to play them as they walk instead of carrying them in that violin case, so professional and so deforming, that child's coffin of the violin.

* * *

Champagne bottles, with their diadems, are the queens of bottles . . . It is remarkable how their rank is exalted . . . And even empty, they are dethroned queens that still cannot become plebeian . . . Until they are broken, they remain unmistakably aristocratic.

* * *

When we see the telegraph-office lighted late at night it seems to us that we see the light in the room of a person seriously ill . . . We should like to go in and ask how he is getting on, what is the news of the days . . .

* * *

What do astronomers of other planets think about our rockets? They undoubtedly write in their notebooks: "New constellations, stars, comets, green and violet stars. Ephemeral stars". Because rockets are what remain us of sidereal creation . . . Rockets, rockets with parachutes, those with the bengal-light, those in swarms, those of light explosions, say in their shooting language, with their Chinese and electric sparkling, with their serpentine windings, with their peacock's tails, with their white fire, with their whirlwinds, with their flashes, with their little scintillating suns, with their coloured pearls, with their streamers of gold fire: "Long live the prettiest girl!" "Long live the party!" "I am a comet!" "Long may I live!" "I am a stray shot looking for a seraph!" "I am a star!" "I am a symbol!" "I am a sigh from all souls!" "I am a shower of radiant and happy tears!" "I am a handful of gold coins tossed to children's souls at baptism!"

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ESTATE AGENT'S CLERK : SLOANE SQUARE

By John Drinkwater

He must have been a little mad.
The one ambition that he had
Was, not to be, but to have been
In eighteen hundred and sixteen
That Doctor Polidori, who
Was Byron's kick-about. He knew
Some scraps of Byron, and he'd read
A novel that had turned his head—
"Glorious Apollo" (that, they say,
Has turned some stomachs too). His pay
Was nothing much, on which he kept
A wife and seven brats; he slept
Sometimes in office hours. His score
Was always none, not out. He wore
A morning coat and bowler hat,
Black tie and dicky, and all that—
And yet, by God, if he'd a chance,
He'd go a cropper on romance.
He would, by God—he'd like to tell
The Boss, J.P., to go to hell,
And then—what then?—he always found
That all his assets in the pound
Of high romance was one entire
Though tarnished penny of desire—
He might have been—he might have been,
Great Polidori in 'sixteen.
And when the everlasting fret
Of that for sale and this to let
Gave him a moment's rest, he'd wait
Till backs were duly turned, then straight
Write "Polidori" on his pad:
He must have been a little mad.

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HOWELLS AND "THE ATLANTIC"

Letters of William Dean Howells, 1870–1880

THE years between 1870 and 1880 were busy ones for William Dean Howells, years wholly concerned with editorial labors and the firm establishment of himself as a power in New England letters. The young man who had come to the Boston scene fresh from his consular experiences in Venice and viewed the scene and found it good, found it redolent of that atmosphere that appealed to his urbane nature, settled back comfortably into his milieu. It was all that he desired. It was the Boston of Emerson and Lowell and Longfellow. It was a fit and fertile place for his own literary endeavors. He built his Cambridge house, delivered the Lowell Institute lectures, did some translations, adapted some foreign plays and dramatized "The Courtship of Miles Standish", smoothed the way for Lowell's appointment as United States Minister to Spain, and later to England, befriended Mark Twain and suffered through the *débâcle* of the famous Whittier dinner with him, labored indefatigably for the International Copyright proposals, and managed to write a number of books, including "The Lady of the Aroostook". It was a period of mature activity and as such it was rich in contacts and the consolidation of a widening fame.

The selection of letters, then, in this second instalment from the "Life in Letters of William Dean Howells", so excellently and painstakingly edited by Mildred Howells, is of prime interest both to the general reader and to students of the literary renascence in New England. These years marked the close of that surprising era that had been ushered in so auspiciously in the 1830's. Lowell was to go away; Emerson and Longfellow were at the twilight end of their long lives; Hawthorne had been dead six years when this final period opened; the new giant who had sprung into public notice was Henry James; Holmes was as active and witty as ever, and Mark Twain's irreverent humor was daring the colder setting of the Boston scene. The old tradition, then, had bourgeoned fully but it was to carry on only in desultory manner. It was never to be as fresh, as dominating, as full-summer-like in quality again.

Mr. Howells was set in the very midst of this scene. His position as editor-in-chief of *The Atlantic Monthly* was a powerful one, for that periodical was at the height of its power. Perhaps the most interesting portions of the letters that follow are those illustrating his activities and problems as an editor. He had a difficult task, as the letter to Emerson will show. The giants of New England were old and filled with an understandable pride. It was not so easy to deal with them. This pride is obvious in the account of Mark Twain's tragedy at the famous dinner, a tragedy fully adumbrated in the group of letters included in this instalment. Twain thought he was being merely funny; the puzzled guests of honor saw only a breach of taste committed by an outsider. It was a humor to them new, not the urbane wit of Dr. Holmes who chaffed so amusingly about the "old boys". Howells himself has set the scene down with a gentle punctiliousness and an observant eye in a number of essays.

After 1880 too many vacant chairs made a distinct change and transformation in the New England circle inevitable, but up to that year the surface aspects did not differ too strongly from the years that had gone before. There was a slowing of the blood, perhaps, but no divagations of the tradition, a weariness of footsteps but no change of direction. Mr. Howells, in the full flush of young maturity and concerned with his own career, was under the spell—indeed, he remained under the spell all his life — but he had made a portion of that spell his own. He fitted admirably into his place, as

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admirably as if he had been born in Boston, educated in Cambridge, and brought up in the Concord circle.

The letters that follow are important, then, for their adumbration of a spirit of time and place, for their suggestion of the closing years of an era that is now a part of our literary heritage. One thing the letters do not fully reveal, perhaps, and that is the strengthening of Mr. Howells's own distinguished talents as a writer. That suave naturalism that was so peculiarly his had its foundations in these busy years of editorial duties.

H. S. G.

* * *

The following paragraph is from a letter to his father, William Cooper Howells, dated October 30, 1870. The Lowell Institute Lectures were on "Italian Poets of Our Century".

"Since I wrote last, I have given two of my lectures in the Lowell Institute. At the first I was considerably unnerved, and read too rapidly; but last night, I had the severe critical testimony of Elinor in my favor, as well as that of Mr. Lowell, who was kind enough to come in to the lecture, and who declared himself interested and contented with the performance. My audience is about two hundred and fifty, which is much larger than the usual audience; in fact, many courses are delivered to twenty-five or thirty people.—Perhaps the girls will care to know that I appear in evening dress, and Elinor at least thinks I'm very "Pretty-looking." In spite of all these encouragements, however, I doubt if I should like lecturing as a profession, and I'm exceedingly glad that I withdrew from the field as a popular-lecturer."

This paragraph, from another letter to his father, dated March 5, 1871, is interesting because of its reference to Bret Harte who was later to get into such bad straits through drink.

"Our friends went yesterday morning, and we have subsided again into our usual quiet. It has been a very pleasant visit to us—one of the pleasantest that we've ever had made us, but of course we're glad to be alone now, for we were all fairly worn out by the social part of it. Besides our party, the Hartes were entertained somewhere every night. I dined with him at Longfellow's, Agassiz's and Field's, trying to beg off each time, but urged by him to go. It seems rather absurd for a host to be following his guest about in this way, but it is the usual one, and in spite of the enormous fatigue, I enjoyed it. Harte is quite unspoiled by his great popularity—which he values at its true worth—and is a thoroughly charming good-hearted fellow."

From a letter written to his father on April 23, 1871:

"Last night we went to dine at the James's, and had a very pleasant evening. The most amusing thing was the visible constraint put upon old Mr. James by his family. Now and then he'd break out and say something that each of the others had to modify and explain away, and then he'd be clapped back into durance again. Willy James, who has been sick for such a long time, seems really to be getting well, at last.

"A week ago I dined at Mr. Longfellow's and enjoyed myself greatly, as I always do there. I feel that I've not only been in contact with a great man, but a very good and humble man. Lately, he's asked me quite often to his house, and of course I never miss going. Did I tell you of a pleasant incident of the Bret Harte dinner there? After cigars and cordials, Longfellow's brother-in-law, Mr. Tom Appleton, proposed that he should show us the cellar of the old house, and so he lit a taper, and led the way. The cellar is perhaps 150 years old, and it's built with heavy vaults and arches of masonry and floored throughout with brick, and it looks very much like some old cloister. It gives one a most vivid idea of the honesty and earnestness with which people built in the beginning of the last century."

In the following letter, to Henry James and dated March 10, 1873, "my story" refers to "A Chance Acquaintance" and the "new story" was "A Foregone Conclusion". "Your madonna" was James's "Madonna of the Future" which appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* of this year. "Your Roman romance" was "The Last of the Valeri". "The Delphic Dennett" was the critic of the New York *Nation*.

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My dear James:

I hope you'll be properly affected by the size of this sheet: it's extent is an emblem of my friendship for you, for I'm reducing the size of my notepaper generally.

First let me thank you with all my heart for your criticism on my story—rather, on my heroine. It came too late for the magazine; but I have been able to check the young person a little before handing her down to the latest posterity in book form. Her pertness was but another proof of the contrariness of her sex. I meant her to be everything that was lovely, and went on protesting that she was so, but she preferred being saucy to the young man, especially in that second number. Afterwards I think she is at least all I profess for her. I like her because she seems to me a character; the man, I own is a simulacrum. Well—or ill-advisedly I conceived the notion of confronting two extreme American types: the conventional and the unconventional. These always disgust each other, but I amused myself with the notion of their falling in love, which would not be impossible, if they were both young and good looking. Now conventionality is, in our condition of things, in itself a caricature; and I did my best for the young man, but his nature was against him, and he is the stick you see. Of course the girl must be attracted by what is elegant and fine in him, and provoked to any sort of reprisal by his necessary cool assumption of superiority. She cannot very well help 'sassing' him, though she feels that this puts her at a disadvantage, and makes her seem the aggressor. I have tried to let this explain itself to the reader as much as I can; but it is a kind of thing that scarcely admits of dramatic demonstration, and I feel that the whole thing is weighed down with comment. However, I've learnt a great deal in writing the story, and if it does not destroy my public, I shall be weaponed better than ever for the field of romance. And I am already thirty pages advanced on a new story, in which, blessed be heaven, there is no problem but the sweet old one of how they shall get married. In this case I'm sorry to say they don't solve it, for the hero is a Venetian priest in love with an American girl. There's richness! And now peace to me and my work. I've been burning to tell you how much I like your *Madonna*, and to report the undissenting voice of acclaim with which it has been hailed. Ever so many people have spoken of it, the Delphic Dennett alone remaining mum. Truly it has been a success, and justly, for it is a bravely solid and excellent piece of work. All like the well-managed pathos of it, the dissertations on pictures, the tragic, most poetical central fact, and I hope that many feel with me its unity and completeness. Every figure in it is a real character, and has some business there. The sole blemish on it to my mind is the insistence on the cats and monkeys philosophy. I don't think you ought to have let that *artista* appear a second time, and, I confess, to have the cats and monkeys for a refrain at the close, marred the fine harmony of what went before, till I managed to forget them. I have your Roman romance, and I shall print it very soon. I like it, but I shall tell you more about it when I get it in print. I'm glad that we're to hear from you every month, and I rejoice that you think of doing a serial for next year. Whether you'll find Venice a good working climate, I'm not sure. I'd rather do my loafing there. But it's delicious in early summer, and with sea-baths, I don't see why you shouldn't get on.

Howells, in explaining the circumstances of this letter in "Literary Friends and Acquaintances", says of Emerson:

"He had given me upon much entreaty a poem which was one of his greatest and best, but a proof-reader found a nominative at odds with its verb. We had some trouble in reconciling them, and some other delays, and meanwhile Doctor Holmes offered me a poem for the same number. I now doubted whether I should get Emerson's poem back in time for it, but unluckily the proof did come back in time, and then I had to choose between my poets, or acquaint them with the state of the case, and let them choose what I should do. I really felt that Doctor Holmes had the right of precedence, since Emerson had withheld his proof so long that I could not count upon it; but I wrote to Emerson, and asked (as nearly as I can remember) whether he would consent to let me put his poem over to the next number, or would prefer to have it appear in the same number with Doctor Holmes's; the subjects were cognate, and I had my misgivings. He wrote me back to 'return the proofs and break up the forms'. I could not go to this iconoclas-

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tic extreme with the electrotypes of the magazine, but I could return the proofs. I did so, feeling that I had done my possible, and silently grieving that there could be such ire in heavenly minds."

To Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Atlantic Monthly,
Cambridge, Mass.
January 22, 1874.

My dear Sir:—

On looking at the enclosed proof I hope you may still find it possible to let me have your poem for publication in the March *Atlantic*. It seems to me that its interest depends only in the very slightest degree upon the occasion to which it refers. Of course this is a matter for you to decide: but I venture to say that none of your readers would attach more or less value to *any* poem of yours because it was printed a month earlier or later. I shall be very sorry indeed if I lose your poem, but I should regret infinitely more the appearance of having been at all wanting in consideration. Let me explain, therefore, that three or four days elapsed before you even conditionally consented to let me have the poem. A week or more passed then, and when I wrote for your final decision, you did not answer me. Finally, on the 5th of January you sent the poem, when the last forms of the February number were ready for casting, and when, if I had thought it well to put it in near Dr. Holmes's poem, the proof-reading would have delayed the publication of the number several days. I now see that the better course for me would have been to return the poem to you, and ask your consent anew for its publication in the March number. However, you can suppress now, if you will, and the same end will be reached as if I *had* returned it. With me the mortification of losing it will be sufficient penance for my over-anxiety to keep it.

Very respectfully yours,
W. D. Howells

To S. L. Clemens.

The Atlantic Monthly,
Sept. 8, 1874.

My dear Clemens:

I'm going to settle *your* opinion of the next installment of "A Foregone Conclusion" by sending back one of your contributions. Not, let me hasten to say, that I don't think they're both very good. But *The Atlantic*, as regards matters of religion, is just in that Good Lord, Good Devil condition when a little fable like yours wouldn't leave it a single Presbyterian, Baptist, Unitarian, Episcopalian, Methodist or Millerite *paying* subscriber—all the dead-heads would stick to it, and abuse it in the denominational newspapers. Send your fable to some truly pious concern like Scribner or Harper, and they'll extract it into all the hymn-books. But it would ruin *us*.

I've kept the "True Story" which I think extremely good and touching, with the best and reallest kind of black talk in it. Perhaps it couldn't be better than it is; but if you feel like giving it a little more circumstantiation (you didn't know there was such a word as that, did you?) on getting the proof, why, don't mind making the printers some over-running.

The fotografs were most welcome, and I'm sorry that I can't send back anything but thanks. I admire the attitude and the asthma, and the whole landscape, and I've put them all three up on the mantelpiece where I can look at them whenever so disposed.

There are parts of the "Fable" that I think wonderfully good even for you—that touch about Sisyphus and Atlas being ancestors of the tumble-bug, did tickle me.

To S. L. Clemens.

The Atlantic Monthly,
Nov. 21, 1875.

Dear Clemens:

Here is the "Literary Nightmare" which I'm going to put into the January, and want back by the return mail. I couldn't give it up.

I finished reading "Tom Sawyer" a week ago, sitting up till one A.M., to get to the end, simply because it was impossible to leave off. It's altogether the best boy's story I ever read. It will be an immense success. But I think you ought to treat it explicitly *as* a boy's story. Grown-ups will enjoy it just as much if you do; and if you should put it forth as a study of boy character from the grown-up point of view, you'd give the wrong key to it. I have made some corrections and suggestions in faltering pencil, which you'll have to look for. They're almost all in the first third. When you fairly swing off, you had better be let alone. The adventures are enchanting. I wish *I* had been on that island. The treas-

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ure-hunting, the loss in the cave, it's all exciting and splendid. I shouldn't think of publishing this story serially. Give me a hint when it's to be out, and I'll start the sheep to jumping in the right places.

I don't seem to think I like the last chapter. I believe I would cut that.

To William Cooper Howells.

Cambridge, Nov. 27, 1875.

Dear Father:

I don't know whether Elinor has told the girls of my having a typewriter, but here you have evidence of the fact. It belonged to Mark Twain, who got so tired of it that he was glad to trade it off for an old saddle; the man who owned the saddle preferred to give it up while still sane enough to have legal authority for such an act of surrender, and so Clemens sent it on to me. The principal trouble with it seems to be that the keys have to be struck so hard as to make your fingers sore; but this difficulty might be got over, I should think, by having some sort of strength gaining leverage for the key-board. Or perhaps a softer cylinder to strike the types against would serve the purpose.

On Friday evening I dined at Henry Adams's with Lord Houghton, whom I found a very agreeable man, with plenty of delightful talk about people that I wanted to hear of. He had known Heine, and spoke of him a good deal. Also of other Jews he had known—Disraeli amongst the rest. He said D. had always been perfectly consistent in two things: He had always been a stedfast Jew and a stedfast Republican. Wasn't that news about the Queen's Prime Minister? Houghton looks somewhat like the portraits of Washington, chiefly on account of the bulge given to his lips by a very badly made set of false teeth, which dropped down from time to time, and had to be put back with the tongue or finger. He is an elderly man, and quite bald. This was the third time I had been asked to meet him.

To President Rutherford B. Hayes.

The Atlantic Monthly,

April 4, 1877.

Dear Mr. President:

You were kind enough to write me before you left Columbus that I must not let you miss anything for want of a word from me. Now I could not forgive myself if you failed to send Mr. James Russell Lowell as U. S. Minister to Madrid (where I know he would like to go) because I had kept silence. Of course he knows nothing of my officiousness.

If I *begin* with a first class foreign mission, where will I end? However, the man is so much greater than the mission.

(Crossed out with pencil, and this added at the side:)

This is my excuse for letting you know that Mr. James Russell Lowell (who knows nothing of my writing to you) would accept the mission to Spain.

Very truly yours,
W. D. Howells

To President Rutherford B. Hayes.

The Atlantic Monthly,

May 24, 1877.

Dear Mr. President:

I received your letter with the enclosure for Mr. Lowell on Monday morning, and at once carried it to him. He was extremely gratified at the form of your offer, and especially that with all your occupations you should have taken the time to write him yourself. As you expected he seemed to consider only the Austrian mission.

To my great disturbance and disappointment, however, I found that considerations of which I knew nothing when I wrote you, made him hesitate in accepting. I still think he will accept, and I dare say that his letter of acceptance will follow hard upon this. In fact, I have every day expected to hear the decision from him. Of course he will at once write to you, but I cannot prolong my own delay, which must already have surprised you. You can understand why I felt embarrassed, after being so confident in the matter, to find that Mr. Lowell had hesitations (entirely personal to himself) of which I was unaware, and why I would gladly have deferred writing till I could announce his acceptance. But I feel now that I must not wait for that.

His reception of the honor shown him was everything you could wish, and my own pleasure at your kindness in letting me carry him your letter has been alloyed by nothing but the uncertainty in which I'm now obliged to write.

Yours very truly,
W. D. Howells.

P. S. I have just received a telegram from Webb asking if I had got a letter from you dated yesterday. It has not come to hand.

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"That hideous mistake of poor Clemens's" was the speech he made at the dinner given on John Greenleaf Whittier's seventieth birthday, December 17th, 1877, by the staff of the *Atlantic*. In describing it in "My Mark Twain", Howells says, "He believed he had been particularly fortunate in his notion for the speech of that evening, and he had worked it out in joyous self-reliance. It was the notion of three tramps, three deadbeats, visiting a California mining-camp, and imposing themselves upon the innocent miners as respectively Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The humor of the conception must prosper or must fall according to the mood of the hearer, but Clemens felt sure of compelling this to sympathy, and he looked forward to an unparalleled triumph.

"But there were two things that he had not taken into account. One was the species of religious veneration in which these men were held by those nearest to them, a thing that I should not be able to realize to people remote from them in time and place. I do not suppose that anybody more truly valued them or more piously loved them than Clemens himself, but the intoxication of his fancy carried him beyond the bounds of that regard, and emboldened him to the other thing which he had not taken into account—namely, the immense hazard of working his fancy out before their faces, and expecting them to enter into the delight of it.

"Nobody knew whether to look at the speaker or down at his plate. I chose my plate as the least affliction, and so I do not know how Clemens looked, except when I stole a glance at him, and saw him standing solitary amid his appalled and appalling listeners, with his joke dead on his hands. From a first glance at the great three whom his jest had made his theme, I was aware of Longfellow sitting upright, and regarding the humorist with an air of pensive puzzle, of Holmes busily writing on his menu, with a well-feigned effect of preoccupation, and of Emerson, holding his elbows, and listening with a sort of Jovian oblivion of this nether world, in that lapse of memory which saved him in those latter years from so much bother. Clemens must have dragged his joke to the climax and left it there, but I cannot say this from any sense of the fact."

To Charles Eliot Norton.

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 19th, 1877.

Dear Mr. Norton:

I send your proof, which I have read through with the freshest pleasure in your narration, familiar as the facts largely were. It is lovely. And what a sweet and graceful and gracious speech you made the other night!—All sense of that and of other things were long blotted out for me by that hideous mistake of poor Clemens's. As you have more than once expressed a kindness for him, you will like to know that before he had fairly touched his point, he felt the awfulness of what he was doing, but was fatally helpless to stop. He was completely crushed by it, and though it killed the joy of the time for me, I pitied him; for he *has* a good and reverent nature for good things, and his performance was like an effect of demoniacal possession. The worst of it was, I couldn't see any retrieval for him.

Yours truly,
W. D. Howells.

To S. L. Clemens.

The Atlantic Monthly,
Dec. 25, 1877.

My dear Clemens:

I was just about to ask you to let me postpone your story a month, because I found the February number overfull, and your paper had come last to hand. But I have no idea of dropping you out of the *Atlantic*, and Mr. Houghton has still less, if possible. You are going to help and not hurt us many a year yet, if you will. Every one with whom I have talked about your speech regards it as a fatality—one of those sorrows into which a man walks with his eyes wide open, no one knows why. I believe that Emerson, Longfellow and Holmes themselves can easily conceive of it in that light, and while I think your regret does you honor and does you good, I don't want you to dwell too morbidly on the matter. Mr. Norton left a note on my table the other day, expressing just the right feeling towards you about it. One of the most fastidious men here, who *read* the speech, sees no offense in it. But I don't pretend not to agree with you about it. All I want you to do is not to exaggerate the damage. You are not going

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to be floored by it; there is more justice than that even in *this* world. And especially as regards *me,* just call the sore spot well. I could say more and with better heart in praise of your good-feeling (which was what I always liked in you) since this thing happened than I could before.

A man isn't hurt by any honest effort at reparation. Why shouldn't you write to each of those men and say frankly that at such and such an hour on the 17th of December you did so and so? They would take it in the right spirit, I'm sure. If they didn't the right would be yours.

Mrs. Howells joins me in cordial regards to Mrs. Clemens and yourself.

Paragraph from a letter to Mark Twain dated Jan. 6, 1878.

"I was with Mr. Longfellow the morning he got your letter. He spoke of it as 'most pathetic', and said every one seemed to care more for that affair than he did. I know you had the right sort of answer from him. I couldn't help reading to Mr. Norton, the other day what you said of him, and it gave him the greatest pleasure."

The following paragraph is from a letter to James Russell Lowell dated 22, 1879.

"I liked particularly what you said about our consciousness of England. But matter is less serious than it may seem at a distance. Harry James waked up all the women with his "Daisy Miller", the intention of which they misconceived, and there has been a vast discussion in which nobody felt very deeply, and everybody talked very loudly. The thing went so far that society almost divided itself in Daisy Millerites and anti-Daisy Millerites. I was glad of it, for I hoped that in making James so thoroughly known, it would call attention in a wide degree to the beautiful work he had been doing so long for very few readers and still fewer lovers. Besides, I felt that he had got his best touch in that little study. His art is an honor to us and his patriotism—which was duly questioned—is of the wholesome kind that doesn't blink our little foibles. And at the end of the ends, however, I must confess that while I think our present consciousness is a fashion, we certainly are more conscious than we used to be, and are less dignified. I have come to understand fully what Hawthorne meant when he said to me that he would like to see some part of America in which the shadow of Europe had not fallen. But it's no deeper than a shadow. In the meantime it seems to me that we are in a fair way to have a pretty school of really native American fiction. There are three or four younger fellows than myself writing, and there are several extremely clever, but not too clever, young women."

"The Man" referred to in the following letter was Bret Harte, who had fallen upon evil times. The appointment was a possible consular post for him.

To President Rutherford B. Hayes.

New York, April 9, 1878.

Dear Mr. President:

Elinor has sent me your note from Cambridge.

I am reluctant to say anything about the matter you refer to me, but I will do so at your request. Personally, I have a great affection for the man, and personally I know nothing to his disadvantage. He spent a week with us at Cambridge when he first came East—and we all liked him. He was late about appointments, but that is a common fault. After he went away, he began to contract debts, and was arrested for debt in Boston. (I saw this.) He is notorious for borrowing and *was* notorious for drinking. This is a *report.* He never borrowed of *me,* nor drank more than I, (in my presence) and yesterday I saw his doctor who says his habits are good, now; and I have heard the same thing from others. From what I hear he is really making an effort to reform. It would be a godsend to him, if he could get such a place; for he is poor, and he writes with difficulty and very little. He has had the worst reputation as regards punctuality, solvency and sobriety; but he has had a terrible lesson in falling from the highest prosperity to the lowest adversity in literature, and—you are a good enough judge of men to know whether he will profit by it or not.

Personally, I should be glad of his appointment, and I should have great hopes of him—and fears. It would be easy to recall him, if he misbehaved, and a hint of such a fate would be useful to him.

I must beg that you will not show this letter to anyone whatever, but will kindly return it to me at Cambridge.

Very respectfully yours,

W. D. Howells.

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Lawrence Barrett produced Howells's adaptation of *Un Nuevo Mundo* by Estebanez at Cleveland, Ohio, on October 26th, 1878, under the title of "A New Play", which was afterwards changed to "Yorick's Love". Mr. Daly's version was called "Yorick".

From John Hay to W. D. Howells.

Cleveland, Ohio, October 26, 1878.

My dear Howells:

I went home last night moved and shaken to the core by your play, and I woke up this morning with that vague sense of calamity, with which a sorrow of the night before tinges the morning. I hardly know how to begin my report to you. If the theatre were merely a temple of art and poetry, I could congratulate you on a great and glorious triumph. I am sure I never saw Barrett play so well, with such sustained agony of passion. I went in to see him after the second act and he was haggard as a ghost, and drenched with perspiration, but he showed no diminution of energy in the last act. The play throughout had a terrible clutch upon the feelings of the audience, in spite of the young man who played Edmund, who overdid his part and left the audience behind him with no disposition to catch up. In all Barrett's scenes the attention was painfully intense, only interrupted by quick and electrical storms of applause. The audience was like your other one last year, an *Atlantic Monthly* crowd which crammed every inch of space. They appreciated the good acting and the good writing as well. The exquisite versification in the second act, for instance, was remarked upon by a dozen people about me who I should have thought would not care for such things. It was a great tragedy, nobly played, in short, and it had last night an honest and legitimate success. The success was yours too, for it was a very different play from the one I saw at the Fifth Avenue Theatre some years ago, improved almost beyond recognition. It was the best written play I have heard for a long time.

Now, shall I go on with the hateful candor of a friend, and tell you the farther impression it made on me? I do not believe that as the play stands it will ever have great runs, or make you much money. The plot is so simple, the story so sombre and heart breaking, that after the play becomes known, few people will go to see it except those who enjoy the very best things in writing and in acting. It is too concentrated, too intense. The five people in it are in such a prolonged agony that an ordinary audience would grow nervous. They must laugh once in a while, and rest once in a while, and if you do not give them the chance to do it legitimately, they will do it in the wrong places. I do not know how the Greeks managed with their awful simplicity and terror, but Shakespeare had to throw in a good deal of what I dare not call padding. Perhaps I am croaking in vain, after all. The play is magnificent—I wonder how any contemporary Spaniard could have done it. Your part of the work is, it seems to me, faultless, and Barrett's is unquestionably the stoutest piece of work I ever saw him do. (You made a great improvement in keeping Shakespeare behind the flies. He was almost grotesque in the original.) The applause was of the sharpest and most spontaneous kind, and the people were aroused and moved in a very uncommon way. Perhaps I am morbid and cannot look at the prosperous side of things—but I think you will prefer to have me say what I think, even if I am wrong. I am sure I never left a theatre feeling such a sense of *tragedy* as last night, except when I walked out of the Academy of Music one afternoon and felt as if I ought to go and tell the police that Salvini had smothered his wife and killed himself.

To John Hay.

The Atlantic Monthly,
Boston, Oct. 29, 1878.

My dear Hay:

I thank you with all my heart for your thoughtful kindness in writing me about "A New Play". But I ought, in justice to the absent Senor Estebanez, to disclaim a good three-fourths of your praise. The trouble with Mr. Daly's version was that it was not Estebanez, but the tradition of the stage. I blank-versified the more touching and noble speeches, and here and there I helped the Spaniard out a little; but that Hawthornian grip of the subject is his own. He is a *great* man, if he has done nothing but this.

I haven't the least idea how far Mr. Barrett has let my work alone. He wrote me from Chicago three weeks ago, in quite a panic, that it was all bad, and that he should have to "take it into his workshop"

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and do it over. Since then I have not heard from him.

I see the fault (for long runs) that you speak of, and I thank you for putting your finger on it. I could remedy it with ease, by bringing Woodford, the author of the supposed play, into greater prominence as a comic element. Do tell me one thing: Is there a second part of the last act, in which Yorick loses himself in the character of Count Octavio? And does the play close with a speech of Yorick's?—I'm glad Shakespeare was kept out. I urged that fervently, but Mr. Barrett made no sign as to his intention in regard to it.—I do hope he will succeed with the play, for his own sake. My own stake in it is small.

It is worth while to write a story to have such praise you give "The L. of the A". ("The Lady of the Aroostook") Present my regards and gratitude to Mrs. Hay.

Yours cordially,
W. D. Howells.

P.S.

This seems a stupid and complaining response to your letter. But let me say that I am most deeply touched and gratified, and I love you more than I could tell. What you have done is what I never could have done. I don't even know how to acknowledge it properly!

To President Rutherford B. Hayes.

Belmont, August 7, 1879.

Dear Mr. President:

At the time of the conquest of Granada there was an honest hidalgo who captured one of the Moorish kings. They called him the king-catcher, and when he attempted to seize his next prince, the Moors took *him!*

If I write you a second time in regard to a diplomatic appointment, do not let me suffer an analogous ignominy, and be sent abroad myself. I am anxious out of my love and admiration for Mr. Lowell, no less than from my regard for the national advantage, to know whether you have ever thought of him for the English mission. I believe—I don't know from him—that he would be very glad to have it offered him.

Laura Mitchell and Lilly come to us today for a week's visit.

Very respectfully yours,
W. D. Howells.

The reference to the drama of Miles Standish in the following letter concerns a dramatization of Longfellow's poem which Howells did, but which seems never to have been performed. Mr. Barrett, of course, is Lawrence Barrett, the famous actor.

To Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Atlantic Monthly,
Boston, Oct. 22, 1879.

Dear Mr. Longfellow:

I wish very much that you could let us have something of yours for the January *Atlantic.* It is long since your name appeared, and we hardly know how to begin the year without it.

Mr. Barrett continues urgent for the drama of "Miles Standish", and with your kind leave I am coming soon to look over the poem with you.

We are just returned from a long journey northward and westward. We saw the stately Ottawa, with all her woods painted in barbaric gold and vermilion, and we saw Ohio full of corn and grapes. Such abundance I have never looked on before: those interminable levels were heaped with harvest. But after all, Belmont-that-looks-on-Cambridge, for me!

Yours very truly,
W. D. Howells.

President Hayes to W. D. Howells.

(Private)

Executive Mansion, Washington,
22 Dec., 1879.

My dear Mr. Howells:

Not long ago I met at Mr. Schurz's a German friend of his, formerly a resident here, and now a member of the German Parliament. He was exceedingly interesting, and a warm eulogist of yours. He was quite familiar with your writings. Among other things he said that he had heard the Russian novelist, Turgenieff, speak of your writings as superior to those of any one now living, and that he enjoyed them more than the works of anybody else.

Now put that in your pipe, and sleep if you can. If you can I'll think of you as more self satisfied than I have heretofore believed.

A Merry Christmas to Nellie and the darlings.

Sincerely,
R. B. Hayes.

(*Further letters of Mr. Howells will appear in an early issue.*)

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AN UNSEASONABLE REVIEW

By Elmira F. Grogan

A REVIEW, one is well aware, is expected to deal with literary material only when it is dignified by buckram boards, dust jackets highly extraneous to the matter within, a publisher's imprint and a hope of infinite editions. And to be in season the book reviewed must be of an age tender enough to feel even the callowest critic's moulding influence.

Then what of material nakedly innocent of all such adjuncts, dismembered, in fact, and scattered piece-meal throughout thoroughly defunct copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*—material guiltless, as far as is known, of any idea soever of gathering itself together and emerging in a form more respectably literary? Since time began serialized novels, even if written by the master of the moment, or magazine stories, even if signed by the same, do not exist within range of the reviewer's bifocal glasses; as far as he is concerned they are officially unborn. To realize that they have become quick he must feel them within his two hands in a body of the proper octavo or quarto proportions. He may then flame into paeans of praise, brandishingly drum up readers to discover what he has discovered for them, innocently unaware that several hundred thousand of them flamed of their own accord at those amazing chapters months before. By that time readers are another masterpiece ahead of the critic . . . This droll custom seems to be one of tacit ethics in the profession, and like all hidebound mandates of autocracy it eventually is broken. At least once.

Thomas Beer in mauve covers, in gray, with the hope of many editions agreeably realized, will never lack for official recognition. But his short stories, scattered throughout the last few years of a five-cent weekly, are the property of common people who form and defend their judgments without a charge from any inner or outer sanctum. They never heard of Thomas Beer the critic; they care less. If you try to link his name with their man they vigorously assure you that there must have been some slight mistake and that if you don't want to waste your time, you'd best get on to their author and leave this other guy alone. *Criticism!* they groan. Gosh, ya got to live, ain't ya? And with that the matter is ended. The high-divers, bigamists and roustabouts retire to further reading of high-divers, bigamists and roustabouts, leaving the paler cast of thought to those less vitally able to sustain anything else; these are tales for red-blooded men of red-blooded males in action. Except for the unaccountable penchant for them of black-taffeta-and-orris-root old ladies with double chins and double standards who will put the eye on an amazing amount of good round cursing which they would never permit the ear to receive, they are to women the perverted taste of those desperately tired of *le plus pur type* Adolphe Menjou, those whose systems crave roughage in a diet growing daily more feminine.

But more significant than the fascinating collection of classes who read the footnote list of *Saturday Evening Post* authors on Thursday before they spend a nickel on it is the illusion of two separate men walking about under the similitude of Thomas Beer. In the whole of his criticism you find the shadowy being back of the words to be a man who knows entirely too much for friendliness—an oldish dyspeptic, you would swear, suffering from a disease of the digestive tract in the line of a Harley Street specialist. If there were psychic soda-mint tablets to lessen the slight acidity left by the reading of his critical articles, a package would be called for after each. In the short stories by the man of the same name, on the other hand, you encounter head-on a tramp of the road, an imperishably youthful, unconscionably vital rough-neck with a

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swinging step and an empty pocket, a creature of such dynamic energies that events back up against each other and lay in wait for his face. The two men, except for the slight matter of a name, remain as aloof from, as contemptuous of, each other as the two would be in real life if a particularly mean set of circumstances ever threw them together.

To imply that the narratives, reviewed out of their due time, are purely picaresque is to be primarily misleading. Any reader capable of putting more than two and two together sees, beneath their staccato astringent telling, a mind of no mean intelligence at work—yet not for a moment the same intelligence that shows in "The Mauve Decade". The stories, to underscore the point, are, least of all characteristics, "literary". They are as quick and unexpected as the dénouements of life itself; and yet, as satisfactorily as in real life, you may retrace each step and see what at first was mere implication. Consequently, in introducing the friends of one Thomas Beer to friends of the other, it must be made clear that these stories are in no sense pot-boilers, no stepping down from a high literary form to lounge in *déshabillé* as many of the author's contemporaries do. This is a body of work more bulky and perhaps more consistent than all his criticism; this is perhaps the man himself; but one can believe—since he has not cared to publish them in book form—that by a quirk of human nature he fancies himself more as the critic; would hesitate to place before the guns of his confrères work so unpretentious; is afraid, as well he might be, that some of his own fusillade might be used against him.

His stories have appeared in carelessly connected series, the series separate and the stories in each group independent except for characters. The first series were built around Joe Fancher, a rollicking rough-neck raised in "Athens, Gawgia", who has married the daughter of a High-Church clergyman now half-blind and retired to a farm, where Joe becomes hired man, manager and catalytic agent for the precipitation of amazing events. There is also in this collection the adolescent boy Stukely, the *tour de force* of the short story writing Beer, who appears in different guise in all the series. Out of the shards of his own memory and observations of the period Thomas Beer has restored an intensely living boy upon whose unprepared head break the hazards of an adult system already complex and secret before his birth. He is The Kid in the second series, a copper-skinned high-diver, the son of Pop's third or fourth wife, "Helena the Human Seal", and brother to Lannie and many another wife's child. The struggle is to subdue Pop's careless ways of exploiting his own. The third series deals with a San Antonio training-camp, a desk soldier who shadowily and with a tang of pain records the epics of different boys in the outfit; these are the only tales with a method made faintly subjective by the intangible suggestions of the narrator, a sufferer who stands back chastened and watches the lives of others go on. The fourth series are tales about the old "Sachem" and his son and grandson—the Van Ecks, half Iroquois, half Dutch, and as composite as the combination of their blood. To come to the redoubtable Mrs. Egg of the current series is seemingly to unbalance one of my statements, but these are still a man's stories for men. The creation of this appetite resurgent, this worshipper of manly power, this feminine "influence", is Adam whittling the rib after his own design. He has carved out a character which comes, like Dickens's characters, just this side of caricature and just the other side of complete success.

Each story is bewilderingly active. Not with feeling, nor introspection, nor any mulling over matters of the deeper consciousness, but with a nervous sensitiveness that warns, between innocent looking sequences, of vast streams of feeling and of introspection and deep consciousness which only the author's perception could have bridged and which the reader must get across by some similar engineering. He may conjecture, he may stop and work it out, but the author dashes on; it is up to his reader to keep up with him. Perhaps the chief delight of the Beer story fans—a section hand at a railway siding for one, naïvely admitted it—is that you get to read each sentence twice; once because you cannot wait, again to go back and

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get the meaning which the next sentence invariably hinges on. He sees details in eye-flashes, as a painter would; he sears them on the page as a lightning stroke is supposed to. You know the place, the atmosphere, the emotions of the actors by twitching lid and twisted mouth, as if those restless flickers of sight had been your own.

Always the author leaves you as unaware as the characters themselves of developments of which the characters are unaware. You are never led by the usual subtlety to the feeling that this or that had to happen, essential from the situation—which is purely literary; events burst upon the reader, as upon each hero, with all the profundity and unexpectedness of life. After the first shock, again as in life, you may raise your battered head, look back and with a finger in the wound, dimly comprehend.

Literature has for ages, in an effort to dignify life or to despise it, made up a deep and overweening theory that all is part of a vast pattern, curiously interwoven, perilously dependent on foreordination; but in life and Beer's stories it is more like stepping out on a Thursday morning for the Bronx and meeting a skidding taxi whose driver also had his own intentions. Beer's hero never lived until a few moments before you got there; no more than in casual human contacts are you given recapitulations of his parents' early environment and marriage, and his infant reactions to their complexities and his own. You get, "Hey you!" and the rest you strain your wits to gather as the stranger strows: "I know what ladies thinks about enlisted men 'cause Grandmamma raised me . . ." etc, etc.

From their eccentricities of structure and matter, these stories' quality is best called electric. They step-up the mind to a greater degree of perception of the sounds and smell and touch-sense which are wired into Mr. Beer's devious, high-powered sentences, to go off at the right contact. As for his form—roots, pattern and sources, his material is so rich that its form is unnoticeable; and if that is not distinction, many will have a newer definition for the word. His actual plot may deal only with the unveiling of an atrociously ugly War Memorial and of an omniscient Providence which saw fit to demolish it by lightning; but in the meantime in these sequences the reader has got to know some dozen different characters so thoroughly that a false step in the narration would lead to questioning their sanity and not the author's. There is little farther to go.

Only in one of the Van Eck series, "This Very Ancient Song", is there a flatted note of sentimentality—and that may have been due to the pressure of policy. These are masculine stories, as has been said. Almost nothing of the traditional delights of love appears, and when it does occur it is out of as clear a sky and remains forever as unexplained as love in life. No digressions, no subcutaneous incisions; love has become the *Ding an sich*, accepted as living men accept it—without much thought but with a great deal of action. His heroes in their rare outbursts of love begin immediately to heave overboard the difficulties; generally there is recourse to fisticuffs and good red blood, while the girl—mostly slim and white with a sheaf of red or goldish hair—stands back, appalled to the correct degree, to be snatched up and carried off after the victory. It is a victory. And his women are of the snatchable type, in the end. Lovely creatures; one could wish that the living were like them.

His men seem completely actual; rowdy, humble, inarticulate, they swear with an adept profusion and their grammar is a delight to ears that demand the sound of living speech from creatures who come alive on the page and walk. Throughout there is a wholesale disregard of brains and culture; these heroes need never know which decade was mauve, because they fought and mastered by muddling when they were *pithecanthropi erecti*. There is yet to appear a rounded character in the series who would not think his author's critical works—whether to read or to write—pure bosh. As long as there were horses to ride, muscles to flex in the heat of the sun, why should any king—Hell! They would never be able even to think it out.

Actually their stories have not been bound in books and there is no excuse for this re-

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view. But each volume has been published by reader's *afficionado;* placed on bookshelves handy to the mental reach. The Kid has been done in good gory scarlet with an end page hotly striped and stirred to a waver, the woodcuts of his lithe fishy body by Leon Underwood, say. The San Antonio soldier series is bound in more sober colors; it is illustrated without the aid of any artist but across the pages is cast the shadow of the narrator's face, never so important as the heroes he describes but visible through the intimacy of pain. Mrs. Egg, the darling, is protected by a design of cinnamon drops on peppermint green from what little dust could collect on her purring dynamo. How did it happen, she responds? Why, how does anything happen? . . . And hers is the bland sealed face of the *dea ex machina* who simply protects her own—which is any man or woman in need of a mother. The Sachem? Nothing less than his marvellous ugly phiz should jacket his collection. A phiz like Beer's short stories, surface immobility and unawareness behind which plays lightning thought, communicated in brief and stubborn words . . . . Get the connection the best way you can—I won't stop to explain it. I arrived at my deductions by Indian methods. I saw what the obvious eye passed over—pressed leaves, straws flying. Do as I did. Look for a word bent down, smell out the slight fluctuation in a smooth-running sentence that presages the storm to follow with full shock unless you do. And if you won't use every tension of your mind, go back and stumble through the thing twice over—I won't help you. The old Sachem rears back, a gleam of subtle malice through the smoke of his pipe.

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ON CONRAD'S VOCABULARY

By Ford Madox Ford

THE kindly personal note as to myself in THE BOOKMAN, referring to my note on Conrad's "The Sisters", induces me to set down what comes into my head as to our methods of joint work—or rather what has been suggested to my memory by examining the manuscript of that unfinished story. But I should like to say that I deprecate any championing of my own side of our collaboration and literary intimacy quite as much as—nay, more than—I dislike the depreciation of myself that I understand has lately occupied the activities of various writers. Conrad and I worked together during many years with absolute one-ness of purpose and with absolute absence of rivalry. Of myself, when I say that, I am certain. My right hand could no more have envied my left than I could have envied Conrad. And I am sure that the same was the case with him as regards myself. And to say that I was parasitic on Conrad is simply silly. It is true, as the writer in THE BOOKMAN says, that I was the more popular author in England during the time that our intimacy lasted—and I bitterly regretted it. On the other hand at the time when the English press was booming me as it has seldom boomed an author, Conrad's delight was overwhelming.

But the main fact is that we worked together—like two navvies digging at a job of work. And what we worked at was not so much specific books as at the formulation of a literary theory, Conrad seeking most of all a new form for the novel and I a limpidity of expression that should make prose seem like the sound of some one talking in rather a low voice into the ear of a person that he liked. Of what took place during those endless conversations I am the sole living witness and my word must be taken for what I say. And they may be taken as going this way, those colloquies: I would ask, "How would you render such and such a concrete object in words?" Or he would ask, "Don't you think we have made that rather obvious?" Or even, "Don't you think we ought to tone that passage down a little?" by the introduction of an obvious word or so, in order that the passage might not read like "fine writing".

Our literary friendship, I beg leave to say, was for its lack of jealousy a very beautiful thing. It is a thousand pities that a number of gentlemen who could not, in the nature of things, know anything about that friendship should have attempted to make it look mean and ugly, for whole-hearted friendships that have no other aim than the perfection of a literary method are rare things in this world.

Having said that, I will set down what occurred to me in looking over the manuscript of "The Sisters" which I was permitted to do by the executors of the late Mr. John Quinn.

The manuscript, then, opens up again the question that has always tormented me—and I dare say plenty of other people!—where *did* Conrad get his English? I am accustomed to be told—I was told only yesterday—that he certainly got it from me. He certainly did not. When I am disposed to consider the nature of my interference with his work I think sometimes that I acted for him merely as a sort of thesaurus, a handy dictionary of synonyms. I don't mean to say that his vocabulary was not as large as mine; I dare say it was even larger on the lines of more orthodox English, for he had a marvellous gift for assimilating the printed word and, before I knew him, could have written an article for, say, *The Edinburgh Review*, far, far more easily than I, either then or today. And my function as assistant at his labors was more than anything that of directing him towards an easy use of the vernacular.

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It is necessary to labor this point a little. With, then, his marvellous gift of assimilating the printed word, Conrad was just a little obtuse to the spoken one as soon as conversation got outside the stage of *argot*. I suppose that, eager talker as he was, he was not a very minute listener. He could catch, that is to say, a man's characteristic turns of phrase and idiosyncrasies of speaking. That accounts for the wonderful way in which he managed conversation in his novels. But when talk between himself and others grew into conversation and went, as it were, over the country, his attention would wander.

There are three English languages—that of *The Edinburgh Review* which has no relation to life, that of the streets which is full of slang and daily neologisms and that third one which is fairly fluid and fairly expressive—the dialect of the drawing-room or the study, the really living language. It was at this last that Conrad aimed, and which he found difficult to render on paper. That aspiration made his writing life a matter of much torture. Whereas he could have written in the language of *The Edinburgh Review*—I mean no disrespect to that respectable, that even august, organ of a light that never was, since 1820, on land or sea!—whereas, then, Conrad could have written that sort of thing with ease and success at any moment, the more fluid language in which words assimilate themselves to each other with delicacy and tenuity tended constantly to escape him. He knew, nevertheless, what he wanted and if any one were at hand to suggest that "wire" was a more colloquial word than "telegram" he would accept that word if it would fit into the cadence of his paragraph. Or he would even change the cadence of his paragraph. I dare say that living constantly with a person like myself whose normal conversation is compounded of polite slang words may have influenced his style a little. Indeed I am sure that it did, but he continued his development in that direction long after I had any finger at all in his work, so that it has always seemed to me that "The Rover", for the limpidity of its style, was almost unapproached.

That would no doubt have happened had Conrad been in daily contact with any other moderately cultivated Englishman who expressed himself in the politer shades of *argot*. I dare say indeed that the slightly stilted nature of Conrad's earliest prose was due to the fact that he consciously guarded himself again the rougher ship's lingo that he had been accustomed to hear. He used to say that he had acquired English by reading in the forecastle the works of Miss Braddon, the *Family Herald* and Bulwer-Lytton's "Pelham". Indeed the passage in "The Nigger" in which Conrad writes about the frame of mind of the aged seaman, hermetically sealed up as it were between the pages of the book, whilst Donkin and the rest showered expletives all about him—that exposition of a reader's mind may well have gained something from Conrad's own experience. And indeed his own reading of "Pelham" in the forecastle may well account for Conrad's barbarously inaccurate rendering of the cockney's dialect. He must have recognized that the words that exploded around him whilst he read of the tribulations of Miss Braddon's Lady Audley differed enormously from the words that were under his eye on the printed page, dim in the smoky light of the oil lamp. And so he acquired the more stilted style that is most easily re-capturable nowadays in his letters of that date. He was not a very good letter-writer, even as novelists go. The prose of his novels was a very carefully calculated affair, its one aim being to be interesting and to be interesting because of the quality of surprise. He avoided the obvious turn of phrase with ferocity—with true ferocity! But when he wrote letters he nearly always just sailed ahead and the result was a certain monotony, even a certain turgidness. I well remember the feeling almost of dismay that I had when during the war I read in a South Wales city a great body of correspondence addressed by Conrad to a compatriot in that port and I well remember the silent petition I put up that those letters might never see the light. But returning to the question of from whom Conrad had his own English I may say that for long I used to think that Mr. Edward Garnett must have been largely responsible. But, judging from Mr. Garnett's profuse

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annotations of the actual handwritten copy of "The Sisters" that can hardly have been the case. Mr. Garnett criticizes the work with a minuteness that must have cost him infinite pains, but I cannot discern, in any of the notes that he made, any suggestion of verbal alterations or the corrections of syntax and the like.

The most interesting suggested emendation by Mr. Garnett on the margin of this manuscript attaches to the words, "He made up his mind to try Paris—and started at once". Mr. Garnett comments that this is too abrupt. And indeed to a reader in 1897 it may well have seemed too abrupt, coming as it does at the end of a long passage of psychologizing and completely without preparation.

But the whole, the whole, the whole secret of Conrad's attractiveness as a writer lies in that particular device, that particular form of jolting the reader's attention and if you read Conrad sentence by sentence with minute care you will see that each sentence is a mosaic of little crepitations of surprise and that practically every paragraph contains its little jolt. I must in the old days have accompanied his mind through at least a million written words, and no doubt through as many more that never even got onto paper, and no sound is even today more familiar to me than the voice of Conrad saying, "No, that's too obvious!" Every two or three minutes the words would come, in a sort of rhythm. And today when I write—at this minute whilst I am writing—my subconscious mind is saying to me, "Isn't it time to put in a little jolt?" It has become indeed a second nature.

What Conrad got from me as writer I don't know for I never thought about it, but I am perfectly certain that I—and the Anglo-Saxon world—got that particular form of scrupulosity from Conrad. For it is a form—the highest form—of scrupulosity in a writer unceasingly to study how he may interest his reader. And do not let yourself be misled by the orthodox Anglo-Saxon critic into believing that the evolution of such a method is trickery, or a mere device, or merely mechanical. It is the training, as it were, of special muscles for your task. I have seen two quite weedy little furniture removers trot up some narrow stairs carrying a piano that fifteen beefy privates of my command had only succeeded in wedging hopelessly into that orifice. In the same way a really trained writer such as was Conrad can interest you in a washing list or a catalogue of ships whilst the amateur puts you to sleep with an account of the battle of Marathon.

The erasures and alterations in the manuscript of "The Sisters" are full of interest from this point of view but a disquisition on them would be too technical to be here appropriate. I will however just glance at one or two to show you how Conrad's mind worked:

Thus he changes "natural aptitude for that sort of thing", which is vague and enforces on the reader the trouble of an effort of the imagination, into "revelling in a charming occupation", which hints at the charm of the personality and throws on it a certain psychological illumination. Or he changes "to assert herself" into "to assert her personality against José" as more precisely establishing the range of the character's self-assertion—as much as to say, "This character is not of necessity and always self-assertive but one individual calls for a certain measure of self-assertion". Or, in the interests of precision he changes "ancient" into "mediaeval", the word "ancient" to some extent connoting classical antiquity: as the phrase "the world known to the ancients" implies the tract of land round the Mediterranean known to the Greeks and Romans. For the connotations of words must always be considered, a word with double, or vague, meanings causing the reader to pause for a moment, to choose one or the other, and thus taking his mind off the story and slowing down the interest of the passage. Or he transposes, in the interests of his cadence the two phrases, "of the old people, of the dead", because the short "e" sound of the monosyllable has the effect of a full stop, whilst the two-syllabled word carries on the continuing cadence. That in effect was how Conrad wrote, at any rate in his early days.

In a letter written from Orlestone—I used to know that village by the less euphonious

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but more satisfying name of Hám Street—in the Romney Marsh on the 18th of July, 1913, Conrad conveys this manuscript and its publication rights to the late Mr. John Quinn. He adds the information that it was written in 1896 and abandoned in 1897 when the idea of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" came to him. And that brings us round again to the note of regret with which I started. For "The Nigger"—perhaps the most satisfactory from the point of view of form, and perhaps the most vigorous of all Conrad's books—definitely established Conrad as a sea-writer, at any rate in the estimation of the public. It established him, that is to say, definitely as an Anglo-Saxon novelist, specializing in the simple psychology, the naïve approach to moral problems and the relative optimism of such Britons as follow the sea. But, supposing that, at that parting of the ways in 1897, Conrad had chosen to write in French of the misty problems of the Slav soul amidst the more complicated, strained and subtle psychologies of city streets . . . Well, we should have had another Conrad. I at least feel grateful to this fragment for giving me the chance to speculate on a mysterious figure . . .

For what a mysterious and gigantic figure that would have been, going away into the mists of the mind! However, as I have said, few readers will agree with me, and I hear a little chipping sound going up from all over the world. It is the Critics; they are sharpening their quill pens to express their reprobation.

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TERPSICHORE, APOLLO, AND MRS. GRUNDY

By Lewis Piaget Shanks

"FAIR are the frail of Esne," gently begins an account of the dancing-girls of Egypt, in the "Nile Notes of a Howadgi". "Yet the beauty of gossamer webs is not the less beautiful, because it is not sheet-iron. Let the panoplied in principle pass Esne by. There dwelt the gossamer-moraled Ghawazee . . . a race dedicate to pleasure." No, this is not Paul Morand, but an Early Victorian travel-book, a *péché de jeunesse* of George William Curtis, published in 1851. Even the Victorians, evidently, felt the lure of travel with its royal road to romance.

But the Victorians felt also the lure of literary allusion. "Did you sup at the Barmecide's in Bagdad, with Shacabac and myself, that Arabian night? Well, the Ghazeeyah Kushuk Arnem, a girl of Palestine, claims descent from him. Did you assist at Herodias' dancing before the royal Herod? Well, the Ghazeeyah Kushuk Arnem dances as Herodias danced. Or in those Pharaoh days, something rusty now, did you frequent the court balls? Well, this is the same dancing, and needless it was to have lived so long ago, for here you have the same delight in Kushuk Arnem . . . For the Egyptian dancing-girls are of a distinct race, and of an unknown antiquity." But the dulcet irony of the Howadgi concerns us less than the Ghazeeyah, described as a woman of about twenty-two, "a bud no longer yet a flower not too fully blown". Because this "fair frailty" was to dance her way into literature.

"Kushuk Arnem quaffed a goblet of hemp arrack . . . the Howadgi, sipping, found it to smack of aniseed. It was strong enough for the Pharaohs to have imbibed—even for Herod before beholding Herodias . . . Kushuk Arnem rose and loosened her shawl girdle in such wise, that I feared she was about to shed the frivolity of dress, as Venus shed the sea-foam, and stood opposite the divan, holding her brass castanets. Old Hecate beat the tár (a kind of tambourine) into a thunderous roar . . . Kushuk stood motionless while this din deepened around her, the arrack aerializing her feet, the Howadgi hoped, and not her brain. The sharp surges of sound swept around the room, dashing in regular measure against her movelessness, until suddenly the whole surface of her frame quivered in measure with the music. Her hands were raised, clapping the castanets, and she slowly turned upon herself, her right leg the pivot, marvellously convulsing all the muscles of her body. When she had completed the circuit of the spot on which she stood, she advanced slowly, all the muscles jerking in time to the music, and in solid, substantial spasms.

"It was a curious and wonderful gymnastic. There was no graceful dancing—once only there was the movement of dancing when she advanced, throwing one leg before the other as gipsys dance. But the rest was most voluptuous motion—not the lithe wooing of languid passion, but the soul of passion starting through every sense, and quivering in every limb. It was the very intensity of motion, concentrated and constant. The music still swelled savagely in maddened monotony of measure . . . Suddenly stooping, still muscularly moving, Kushuk fell upon her knees, and writhed with her body, arms and head upon the floor, still in measure—still clanking the castanets, and arose in the same manner. It was profoundly dramatic . . . It was a lyric of love which words cannot tell—profound, oriental, intense and terrible."

The historical interest of this passage is that it is probably the first American literary description of the characteristic dance of the Orient, but even more curious is the fact that it was written—and published!—in a so-called age of Puritanism, long before the Civil War and the scandal caused by Swinburne's first volume of poems. Were we

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really more liberal in 1850 than the younger generation like to imagine? Or was the Howadgi pardoned only because he sentimentally falsifies most of his description, like the belated romanticist he is?

For he is a belated romanticist. "'There is no joy but calm,' I said, as the moments, brimmed with beauty, melted in the starlight, and the small room became a bower of bloom and a Persian garden of delight . . . Soulless as Undine . . . sat the Houris, and like the mariner, a sea-driven upon the enchanted isle of Prospero, sat the Howadgi, unknowing the graceful gossip of Faery." He is a romanticist: we find the gray skies of 1850 only in the background, when he bids goodbye to the dancer and her younger, lovelier pupil: "Farewell Kushuk! Addio, still-eyed dove! Almost thou persuadest me to pleasure. O Wall-street, Wall-street! because you are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?"

And the gray background is also revealed in the fact that young Curtis first published the "Nile Notes" anonymously. Perhaps he foresaw that some day he would become the venerable critic of Harpers' Easy Chair. He did not foresee, however, that she who inspired these four mellifluous chapters was fourteen months later to entertain another son of Apollo, destined to create an absolutely different style of writing.

For on March the sixth Gustave Flaubert, equally unknown and more frankly curious of experience, landed at Esneh in his trip up the Nile. "At Esneh I went to see Ruchiouk Hânem," he writes to Louis Bouilhet; and he does not mince matters in defining her profession. He transcribes correctly the guttural R which Curtis heard as a K, for the lady probably had no *carte de visite* and certainly did not figure in a telephone directory. But Flaubert's portrait of her tallies perfectly with the American's, even to the fact that she came from Palestine.

Flaubert however gives us no sentimentalized impression. Instead of this he puts in his letter and travel-notes a dozen brutal sketches, vivid with plastic detail and full of sharp precise observation. "C'est une impériale bougresse, tétonneuse, viandée, avec des narines fendues, des yeux démesurés, des genoux magnifiques, et qui avait en dansant de crânes plis de chair sur son ventre . . . La danse de Ruchiouk est brutale . . . un pied restant à terre, l'autre se levant passe devant le tibia de celui-ci, le tout dans un saut léger." For the Howadgi, Ruchiouk danced with limbs clad "in a bewildering fullness of rainbow silk"; for the Frenchman she gave a performance more diversified and modern—a *séance particulière*. And Flaubert, whose desire to test out romanticism made him adopt in Egypt the fez and shaven head of the Turk, did not leave this Haidee when the eleventh hour brought the end of her dancing. Like Byron's Don Juan, the hero he had worshipped from childhood, he drained the cup of his experience, passing the night "dans des intensités rêveuses infinies", and at dawn departed "songeant à des matinées analogues".

The temper of these musings is shown not merely by his thought that Ruchiouk will not remember him, but by the brutality of his pencil. At twenty-eight the French romanticist was learning through the disillusions of travel how to see life as a clear-sighted realist. Perhaps Ruchiouk helped a little in this therapeutic; and as he was already thinking of his first novel, perhaps she aided indirectly in his choice of a truly realistic heroine, Madame Bovary.

And Flaubert remembered details of her dancing when in his reminiscent last years he gave form to a vision which had also occurred to the American, and wrote "Herodias". Thus in two literatures an humble priestess of Terpsichore became a handmaid of Apollo.

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THE TECHNIQUE OF LIVING ALONE

By Mabel Abbott

"THERE are not nearly enough one-room apartments to supply the demand," remarked Stewart Browne, of the United Real Estate Owners' Association, of New York City, recently.

Now, the average American citizen's idea of nothing to worry about is whether New Yorkers have all they want of anything or not; but Mr. Browne's remark, made casually in the course of a hearing on the question of whether an apartment hotel becomes legally a tenement if more than three tenants cook chops and potatoes in their "service pantries", happens to turn a flashlight on a situation which has arisen almost unperceived save by builders and landlords, and which does bristle with human significance for a large and increasing number of American citizens outside of New York.

For while two persons and their absolutely indispensable personal belongings can be packed into one-room-kitchenette-and-bath, it cannot be done without acute discomfort, and it is therefore obvious that most of the persons who are demanding this type of accommodation are planning to live entirely alone; and the extent of the demand, as revealed by consultation with builders and operators, indicates that a surprising proportion of New York's cliff-dwelling population is going hermit. And with due allowance for some local variation, people in Los Angeles, Detroit, Kansas City and points between demand about the same thing as people in New York, these days. In fact, the first one-room-kitchenette-and-bath of the modern type that I myself ever saw was in Seattle, some twelve years ago, when the idea was in its infancy.

To live alone is no new thing, of course. In New York the "studio" occupants of Greenwich Village and other quarters, and in all cities the hall-room boy or girl, has long been a familiar figure. But the rise of the modern one-room-kitchenette-and-bath is a different thing—a symbol of an essentially different point of view. The occupant rejects the Bohemian domestic arrangements of the "studio" for bourgeoise respectability, convenience and cleanliness, and refuses the enforced three-times-a-day restaurant or dining-room gregariousness of hall-room lodgers in favor of a tiny stove, oven, sink and refrigerator. It is too expensive for the very poor and too small for the only temporarily alone. It is not a makeshift, but a deliberate way of living. With its bed concealed behind a closet door and its dressing-table disguised as a desk, it is as conventional as a Y.W.C.A. parlor; and with its nickel and tile fittings, its outlets for electrical appliances, its clothes-dryer hoisted out of the way in the bathroom and its dining-table and benches folded against the wall, it is as self-sufficing as a ship. It is the simplification of life, with a vengeance. All the business of living can be carried on inside its box-like dimensions by one person, without drudgery and without dependence on or interference by another. And that, the demand says plainly, is what increasing numbers want.

"They say apartment house building is overdone, but we can always rent the one-rooms," said a member of one of the largest building and operating firms in New York.

"Even at higher prices per room than the larger suites, the one-rooms go first," said another.

Official statistics always lumber far in the wake of any tendency, yet figures recently compiled by New York City's building department already seem to reflect the arrival of the one-room apartment. In the last five years the average number of rooms in an apartment has dropped from 4.06 to 3.56. An average of 3.56 rooms per apartment means many apartments of one or two rooms; and since this is the lowest figure ever reached, in a general decline covering twenty

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years, and since it was reached in 1926, the year in which the enormous two-story and three-story apartments on Park Avenue entered the situation, it seems logical to credit the one-room apartment with considerable effect in bringing it down. And these figures are only until the end of December, 1926, whereas it was 1927 that really waked up to the cry for the smallest possible units in housing.

What does all this mean? The movement from separate houses to apartments has had its historians, its students and its calamity-howlers. Sociologists have seen in the reduction in size of the apartments the approaching extermination of the race because there was no longer room for large families. Now that the descending figure has passed the point at which there is room for any children at all, Judge Lindsay's suggestion of companionate marriage comes with startling timeliness.

Yet even a companionate marriage would find a one-room apartment a tight fit. In a new Manhattan apartment hotel which contains about forty of the one-room "suites", I was shown one which was rented, the agent said, to a young married couple. A number of them, he told me, were so occupied, but the reason the one I saw was to be vacant was that the young couple were moving into a two-room suite. It does not seem possible that many marriages could stand the friction of personalities inevitable within such a narrow space for even the two years that Judge Lindsay suggested. Apparently, if the one-room dwellers undertake marriage at all, they will either have to move or adopt the type which Fannie Hurst made famous and which she has declared is successful, in which each partner has an entirely separate establishment and existence.

That, indeed, would be quite in line with the impulse that seems to be playing at least some part in the latest housing development. The agent of a modern apartment house in an outlying borough of New York gave me some interesting facts. His building contains a little more than one hundred apartments, none having more than three rooms. Eighteen are one-room units. A few of the larger suites are vacant, but the one-room units are all filled, a room originally intended for an office has also been rented as an "apartment", and there is a waiting list for a vacancy. Into five of the one-room units, young married pairs have somehow contrived to squeeze themselves. In the other fourteen, fourteen persons, the majority women, are living in independent isolation. A few of the large suites also are occupied by only one person.

"It's in the air," declared the agent. "The change has come within my experience in this business. Where not so long ago three or four women, or three or four men, would take a large apartment together, now each one demands a smaller, separate apartment. They don't want to live with anybody, that's all. They want more privacy."

Is that the explanation? The agent of a smart Manhattan building had another. "They want a good address, even if they can't afford more than one room in that neighborhood," he said. "They'd rather have one room somewhere near Fifth Avenue than three or four anywhere else."

But the one-rooms are in demand also in districts which by no stretch of imagination could be called aristocratic. What accounts for them? Congestion and relative cheapness doubtless have something to do with it. Refusal of women to be burdened with more than the simplest housework may have as much. But is there, in the situation that is making of the new apartment house a great honeycomb of tiny, individual, uncommunicating cells, also a new and determined assertion of the instinct for privacy and a measure of solitude? We Americans are accused of running in herds; but it looks as if we are beginning to demand separate lairs—though perhaps this is only another herd impulse.

At any rate, a large number of women and some men are trying, in our cities, an experiment that has never before been tried on such a scale. Something interesting is going on inside the one-room-kitchenette-and-bath laboratories. The experimenters are facing problems both physical and mental which they have to work out for themselves, and in the working out they are of course de-

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veloping a technique—a way of doing it.

But, it may be objected, people do not live in their apartments any more; they merely come home late at night to sleep in them, and are not always distressingly regular about that. The unwillingness of Americans to stay at home is one of the things that have reduced the home to a hole in the wall.

Even so, the solitary apartment-dweller needs a special technique. For instance, if he—or let us say she, because so many more women than men are trying the thing out—if she locks the door of her apartment in the morning and leaves it to stand empty all day and every day, she throws a monkey-wrench into much machinery which has been organized on the theory that people do not live entirely alone. Stores may refuse to make deliveries unless there is someone to receipt for the purchases. If they do make them, the parcels may be left outside the door at the purchaser's risk—and the risk may be great. The laundryman's route may bring him to her door long after she must leave for business. There is no one to take the ice off the dumbwaiter or answer the telephone. If the building has doormen, a desk, elevators, maid service, switchboard, electric refrigeration and similar conveniences, most of these things will be attended to for her; but if she lives in a walk-up and has a separate telephone, she must work out some way of attending to them herself.

One woman so situated, to my knowledge, has to get up about half past six to take ice from the only iceman who is sure to arrive before she leaves—after which she crawls back to bed and tries vainly to get another nap. She carries practically everything she buys home in her own arms. Her telephone goes unanswered all day; and she has lost many dollars' worth of laundry. Thus does the over-simplification of life sometimes complicate it!

Meals call for quite a special technique. The solitary inhabitant of an apartment may reasonably be supposed to take most of his or her meals elsewhere; but the theory has to reckon with some facts. The essence of the demand for apartments rather than for rooms is that they afford cooking facilities, which certainly indicates that the tenants expect to prepare and eat enough meals in the apartment to justify paying for such facilities. And it is the fact that they do cook and eat there that is responsible for the troubles of apartment hotel owners in New York who claim to represent buildings to a total valuation of $350,000,000 erected within the last year.

The city's building department declares the cooking that is actually done is so regular that it brings the buildings plainly within the scope of the tenement house law, and that the builders did not comply with the construction requirements of that law, wherefore both the owners and the too-domestic tenants are liable to arrest and fine every time a square meal is produced in a service pantry. The owners insist the buildings are fireproof, and that it is absolutely impossible to prevent tenants from cooking when they have the facilities. Evidently, tenants of one-room suites, of which there are many in these buildings, do eat at home sometimes. While in apartments whose kitchenettes are frankly kitchenettes no diplomatic evasion is practised.

But cooking for one is a new branch of the old art. It is often said that a woman will not cook for herself alone. It is hard to buy in small enough quantities and at the same time in sufficient variety, and the time spent in preparation seems wasted when there is no one else to know whether it is good or not. The temptation is tremendous to make another cup of tea, finish the last of the cake that was served during the bridge-game and let it go at that. Yet janitors, who perhaps know more than anybody else about the new situation, say garbage-cans indicate fairly well-balanced rations in the one-room menages. Not only do egg-shells, fruit-skins, lettuce leaves and sardine tins come down, but chop and steak bones, potato peelings and even biscuit-board scrapings. The cargoes from apartments occupied by men generally consist mainly of ginger ale bottles, but there is evidence that even the men customarily prepare their morning toast, bacon and coffee themselves and consume

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them in solitary peace. In other words, the one-room dwellers know that an important part of the technique of living alone is that solitary meals must be at least as good and as wholesome as those eaten with the sauce of companionship.

The glamor of living alone is of course in its freedom. There is a tremendous appeal in the idea that it is nobody's business if you prefer to play all day and wash your stockings and mend your clothes in the middle of the night; or if you like to read in bed; or if you find that the most comfortable and rational garb in which to clean a kitchenette on a hot day is a pair of bathing trunks. Undoubtedly the determination to be independent is the deciding factor when two friends choose two one-room apartments at $800 each rather than one two-room apartment at $1200. Yet the freedom seems to be wanted only up to a certain point, according to building managers, who agree that lone tenants, even men, are nearly always the quietest. It is not they who give the wild parties. It is the two or three kindred spirits who take an apartment together and egg each other on. Even more often it is the gay young married couple and their gay young married friends. Very likely this is because by far the larger number of the one-room-and-kitchenetters are busy people. A superficial survey in two or three parts of New York showed schoolteachers to be perhaps in the majority—certainly so in localities near high-schools. In other localities, stage folk, in still others Coast Guardsmen, and in all parts of the city writers and artists were numerous. A good many salesmen and saleswomen seem to find loneliness restful after an all-day assault upon sales-resistance. In short, the new one-room population, while ultra-independent, has little tendency toward Bohemianism.

Another noticeable characteristic is the almost entire absence of the traditional cat and canary from the solitary establishment. Few pets of any kind are kept. Their place is taken in the new technique by the phonograph or the radio, which can be turned on when they are wanted and off when they are not.

The freedom of living alone, however, like all freedoms, is spiced with real danger. Not in the old panicky sense that saw murderers and burglars lurking in every lonely hallway and swarming up the fire escapes to every unprotected window. An occasional Broadway butterfly may be found murdered in her bed, but her case has no bearing on the problem of the average solitary apartment-dweller. And burglars do not, as a rule, look in one-room-kitchenette apartments for $20,000 pearl necklaces.

But accidents can happen, and sudden illness can happen, in the lonely apartment as well as in the crowded one. If a kimono sleeve catches a gas-cock on the kitchenette stove and turns it on just as the unsuspecting tenant is retiring, or if she falls off the indispensable step-ladder on which she is exploring the upper self of the closet, or if her cigarette sets her pillow afire, or if she suddenly suffers a heart attack, how soon will help come? No matter if she has hosts of friends, no matter if the building furnishes daily maid service, it is likely to be too late.

The problem sounds grim, and it is grim, as occasional news-items prove. Perhaps the adventurers in loneliness will find a technique to meet it. At present they seem to be going cheerfully and undauntedly ahead, facing undisturbed the fact that living alone entails the possibility of dying alone, too.

There is, in fact, remarkably little self-consciousness about the new movement. It is not, as might have been expected, very introspective. The only complaint I heard in my investigation was from a school teacher, who said that it "got to be too much of a good thing, sometimes". A writer said she might have to get a separate place in which to work, because she got as tired of seeing her typewriter around all the time as if it were a husband. A reporter on a morning paper was living alone because her hours were so queer she couldn't find anyone else to whose schedule she could adapt herself. It hadn't occurred to her that she was part of a movement. It hasn't to most of them, apparently, and they will undoubtedly be very much surprised when they read this.

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SUBDIVISIONS ON PARNASSUS

By Troy Perkins

THERE is the old story that when Dr. Charles Eliot first viewed the commercial shambles of Chicago he remarked: "If Chicago ever goes in for culture, Chicago will make culture hum". The prophecy has doubtless been realized, aided, as it would be, by the efforts of the compiler of the Five-Foot Shelf of Books. By extension, the remark may be applied to the entire country. Culture—or its tangible equivalent—is now condensed into various air-tight forms, it is touched by no human hand, it may be taken daily in harmless doses, and it is nationally advertised. This type of culture, it would seem, is the consummation toward which the gravid years have, this long while, been gently tending.

Much water has flowed under Battersea Bridge since Whistler declared at Prince's Hall on a February evening at the hour which has given its name to that lecture: "Art is upon the town!—to be chucked under the chin by the passing gallant—to be enticed into the gates of the householder—to be coaxed into company as a proof of culture and refinement. If familiarity can breed contempt, certainly Art—or what is currently taken for it—has been brought to its lowest stage of intimacy. . . . The people have been harassed with Art in every guise, and vexed with many methods as to its endurance. They have been told how they shall love Art, and live with it. . . ." Of course the thing was not new. Ruskin and William Morris had been talking for some time about the social basis of art, a theory considered important by socialists, if not by artists. There had been, too, the classic example of *nouveau* Rome lying prone at the foot of Greek art, and there was Alexandria, another *arrivée*. In all ages there had been instances of diligent labor at art and its appreciation by people with no especial talent for either. And if Roman Horace complained that the commonalty was reading his precious rhymed prose we have the later snobbery of Matthew Arnold to set the intellectual tone of our age.

The tone of our age, that is, until the recent discovery of the categorical imperative by the metaphysicians of the luncheon clubs. The geminate conception of Duty and Service has been applied to the fine arts and the realm of ideas, and these beneficences are now within the reach of all, either for a flat sum or through the deferred-payment plan.

The process, however, has in it the salt of Yankee sharpness. Any accomplishments in the sacred groves have, in the native land of Whistler and Henry James, a utilitarian value. If this value is not so directly realized in the market-place, then it is in the drawing-room, since it enables the holder to answer that invariable catechism: "Have you read——? Have you heard——? Have you seen——?" For if there is, in the bosoms of good Americans, a suppressed fear stronger than that of mistaking *filet mignon* for fish, it is that of mistaking Spenser for Spencer, or Cristobal Colon for a term of descriptive anatomy. The conception of culture as something capable of being enjoyed in solitude is apparently rare. The prevailing custom tends rather to that exhibitionism seen at the opera, heard at the art galleries, and enjoyed at the theater.

The democratization of the beaux arts is in keeping with the tendency pointed out by the author of "Arrowsmith"—that is, the privilege assumed by all Americans of specializing *in any field not their own*. And the practice of criticism by Dr. Collins and the criticism of practice by Mr. Mencken are only grosser manifestations of the very American trait observed by the author of "Free Air". To the removed bystander, then, it is not surprising to see the whole movement reduced to an absurdity by Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who has undertaken, syndicatively, to answer all things. So if the political *sequitur* of

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our democracy is the equal opportunity of being president which is accorded to every person not a Negro, a Catholic, or a Jew, then its cultural *sequitur* is criticism by plebiscite. It is around this idea that most of American spiritual and intellectual endeavor revolves, and it is at once its joy and its bane.

II

One whose inclination or business leads him to read the public prints cannot fail to note the recurrent lament of university officials concerning the lack of seriousness among college students. The professors, in those rare moments when they aren't engaged in whitewashing Shakespeare or putting a dull finish on his poetry, rise up and clamantly demand that our modernized colleges be made temples of the humanities. With this plea goes the rider that students be led from the trivial path and put on the road that leads to the blue mountains and the cypress groves. Again the Duty *motif*—this time by the drums.

Now "seriousness" is one of the vaguest words in the world, like "honor", but coming from teachers there is no doubt what they intend. The idea is graphically simple: the neophyte, a new plant if you please, will, if tended and carefully suckered, grow into a lovely flower of culture. Or, to vary the figure, the young mind is a blank tablet, or even a lute on which all winds play. It is the astringent point of my thesis to doubt this. It seems to me that culture is so relative, so indeterminate a thing, that it should scarcely be mentioned—particularly by people with pretensions to it. More than that, I have a hardy doubt that academic culture is the thing at all. There is, in truth, a mediaeval charm about cloistered learning, but it is too wholly of that period to furnish more than one side of today's requirement. Indeed, there is something naïve about the persistence of the word "humanities" in its present connotation. For the present notion of the humanities is as subtly paradoxical as the present notion of Commencement as the end of school life. The proper use of classical learning is the use made of it by Anatole France: as decoration, as a source of brave preciosity, and—most important—as an instrument of irony. But living culture is something larger and will encompass all science, all arts, and all life. Far from being withdrawn, it will be strong enough to engage in living struggles. It will reassess its judgments on all literature and art and ideas at least as often as the fiscal world reviews its records. It will not use the ready crutch of pigeon-holes and categories, nor will it divide creative work into art-forms and into schools. Such a culture is for a first-rate brain, and none other need apply. It is easy to see, moreover, that it will not always be found in the schools. It will be had, fatalistically, by those who are going to have it; no medal will confer it and none should be given to assist in the false pretence. And I re-aver that it should be enjoyed in relative solitude and a tolerable silence.

The problem remains with the college executive: the growing number of students who are enrolled for no other benefit than that of local color. This situation is not news, and it is not to be solved left-handedly. Yet it seems the part of educational economics to remove in some manner the burden of gratuitous culture from these students' well-developed shoulders. What they need is clearly not the morbidness of imaginative works but the wholesomeness of football games, freshman baiting, and week-end drinking parties.

Along with the major quakes over the Age of Slang there have been the lesser tremors over the work of athletics as a depressant of culture. If the passive, although uniform, interest in athletics shown everywhere by the preponderance of the different student bodies is begrudged by the disturbed dons we can only ask, "Does it matter?" It certainly is not seductive of the morality of the youngster, since the Boy Scout code of ethics that prevails in the realm of athletics is warranted chemically pure. And since the bulk of university men and women are not men and women at all, but only slightly advanced preparatory school fledglings, athletic contests, dancing, and initiations are far from the worst diversions that might engage them: they might easily take up communism. It is an unspoken tenet of the political credo that the leisure of the vegetable-man is dangerous, and this applies no less to the vegetable-

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student. Our colleges are really filled with this type, and if the unprecedented prosperity of the American nation (I use the national phrase) has enabled their fathers to get rid of these children for four years, then that prosperity should provide entertainment for them. Indeed, as time goes on the epic athletic programs will doubtless cause the engaging of avowedly professional players to wear the school colors and play in the plural stadia which each school, in that not distant day, will have.

To the larger argument the savants would still demur, saying that there is much that can be taught practically. Nor would their arguments be without reason, since it is possible that service might be rendered, however sketchily, to a few. Yet the tuition given this few in any department, say that of writing, would be precarious at best, for while it is hoped that their work would sound like the Old Testament or the Letter to Mrs. Bixby, there is no assurance that it wouldn't sound like a newspaper editorial. I do not believe that distinguished writing can be taught and certainly no other kind should be taught. It is an unsettled question in my mind whether writing should even be encouraged. But the question is lost in the mists of speculation and this is not the occasion to settle it.

It is enough that our schools turn out good chemists, accountants, and engineers, without asking of them any Crichtons. For these workaday children, too, have their place; it is to them a high place, and there is no one who may say to them that it is lower than any other, since by a well-known law of metaphysics anything that one believes is quite true. Now that our brighter mothers have discovered that the co-educational schools offer attractive opportunities for matchmaking, so might our schools do further civic service by training our young man to be, not a critic, but a Brother's Keeper, a Force for Good, or else prepare him for the contingency that he may be unsuccessful enough in the management of his own affairs to become a Public Servant.

One sees the typical progress of the young man who has culture thrust at him but is incapable of the emotional vicariousness needed for appreciation of things that never were. He is most cruelly unhanded, for he has been given an accelerator but no brakes. And every year we see these terrible children, these lords of the earth, ruined for plow-work, sophisticated as only those young men can be who have read "Ulysses" (Tennyson), indulging their cathartic disgusts.

It may be that I retain the facile pessimism of youth, but I have as grave doubts about the wisdom of forcing art down reluctant throats as I have of forcing governments or ideas upon a people. Nothing I have ever seen or heard has testified to the efficacy of either process. Also, I know of no standard by which it may be determined that a man is necessarily a higher type because he works with words or paint than if he works with chemicals or triangles. And I am as far from counting the ordinary man's labors as so much sound and fury as I am of considering it, sentimentally, as a manifestation of the divine.

III

All missionary work in behalf of culture is rather more gratuitous than those extension courses offered by our enterprising occidental religions. Just as it is carelessly assumed that the raging heathen would be happier with the division of labor, so is it accepted that familiarity with the Better Things is the birthright of everyone. As one reflects, however, the idea becomes augmentingly dubious. To the normal person profound feeling can be no more wholesome than profound thinking. Such joy of the spirit as such an one needs can be found at its peak in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the poetry of Longfellow, the music of Nevin, the painting of Millet, and the philosophy of Elbert Hubbard. Since what this normal person seeks is happiness, it is surely presumptuous and an unnecessary refinement of cruelty to show him the labyrinth. For it is doubtful if anyone is actually made happier by that insularity which is the unvariant sequel of emotional and intellectual voyaging. Certainly it can only disconcert the generality of men. And since those desperate few who are not good citizens will in time arrive in that far country, it is, perhaps, wise to let well enough alone.

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It is often argued, with surface plausibility, that the creating artist derives support from the cultivated people of this nation and that this is his one light in a dark and material age. As I have suggested above, however, our culture may be as material as our age. Certainly the pyramidal sale of the works of those artists who have arrived is gratifying, and would demand my modified regard. And yet I see that the motive in nearly every instance is the socially practicable one of reading or seeing the thing one "should" read or see; when the thing is a suppressed work one finds, perhaps, an even deeper prompting.

Since the average American is bounded by a should and a must, it occasionally happens, through no direction of his own, that his applause is given to an unincorporated artist. Grateful as one may be for this anserine, albeit lucrative, clatter over the living classics, yet one can give the situation, at best, a heavy smile. It is perceived that in the midst of such revelry the palm is given more than usually to the *dernier cri*, the voguish thing, the foreign label.

It is not the occasion to dilate upon the unanimity with which the mass of cultivated Americans have smiled upon foreign artists, writers, and thinkers. It is really beside the point, since Colonial Criticism, had it turned its gaze inward, would have grown white-hot in praise of some local counterpart of the hollow foreigners it perennially acclaims. For Keyserling is only one of the latest to receive from our serious reading public the accolade previously accorded to M. Coué, antecedently to Sir Oliver Lodge, anteriorly to Miss Daisy Ashford, and retrogressively to the Messrs. Papini, Ibanez, Brieux, Tagore, and Maeterlinck. The names call up vague fancies, akin to those evoked by mention of ragtime, joy-riding, or moustache cups. They have had their day—a day profitable in the extreme—and those disciples of culture who so ardently auspiced their brief flowering turn hopefully to the mountebank presently in the mode. And if our salient present-day artists were striving obscurely in that older day, there will be others laboring in that poverty of encouragement which is traditionally a salutary spur to the creative artist. For while almost any young man may obtain recognition now it does not issue from a higher general level in the cheering section: it is due rather to the current voice behind the megaphone.

And here we return to the minor. For the volume of this voice is limited. And the circle of discriminative appreciation, the circle of those who can find virtue in a work without awaiting pontifical advice that it has virture is eternally limited.

Such an attitude as the present one can best be described, perhaps, in the idiom, as snooty. But the fact remains, despite its age, that art has in it nothing of the suburban-development program. And if the penalty of Whistler's "flinging a pot of paint in the face of the public" be the loss of his merest sketch, then might he answer the sponsor of Moral Art with the tart repartee accredited to the elder Vanderbilt.

There is slight call for an extension of remarks on this theme. The public is always right, and against such an *a priori* rule the artist makes bootless struggle. And likewise futile would be the struggle of a living, toiling artist against the moth-ball culture of the plush-sofa mind, since that type of mind controls by main force of numbers the general current of opinion. Whether it is in drama leagues, women's clubs, or the academies, the final appeal is held by those charming and soft-voiced old women of both sexes who entertain certainties on all subjects. For the lusty raw stuff that has come immemorially from the hands of the masters is undoubtedly vulgar—there is on it real sweat and occasionally a trace of dirt. And while such qualities are by no means a hall-mark of fineness, neither are they a sign of meanness. It takes years, however, and the academic patina to give these works the mellowness demanded by decorous stomachs, which process is generally complete when it is discovered that the master did not at all mean what he plainly said, but that he spoke, as it were, symbolically. . . . And all this, too—perhaps—has its place. But since the activity of general culture is potentially as contraceptive as it is fertile, we surely are not bound to labor it.

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Sights and Sounds

MODERNISING IBSEN AND BEN JONSON

By Ernest Boyd

THE production of classical plays in modern dress probably represents the theater's contribution to the engaging pastime of "de-bunking", at which historians and biographers have been working so hard ever since Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians". When "Hamlet" was produced without the usual sartorial accessories, one heard on all sides the comment that the play had never before emerged so clearly before the eyes of the spectator. "Hamlet", in other words, had been "de-bunked". At the Garrick Theater Miss Mary Ellis and Mr. Basil Sydney performed the same office for "The Taming of the Shrew" and it began to look as if Shakespeare might become as popular in English as he is in German. That, after all, is the aim of the "de-bunkers": to make their subjects liked despite their faults.

It becomes, however, a subtle problem to decide when a play is old enough to be treated in this manner. Apparently, if the perspective is too short, it is better to "re-bunk" the play by producing it, not in the clothes of today, but in the clothes of its own period. This was done, with conspicuous success when the late Actors' Theater revived "Candida", "Hedda Gabler", and "The Wild Duck", a couple of years ago. In the strange garments of the nineties Miss Cornell, assuredly the most un-Candida-like personality imaginable, was plausibly maternal, and Miss Eames as Prossy incarnated a stenographer who must have seemed legendary to her counterpart of today. As for Ibsen, he flourished mightily under this treatment, and in advance of his centenary became a fashionable playwright.

Yet, nothing was heard of this when Miss Eva Le Gallienne celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Ibsen's birth by producing "Hedda Gabler" at the Civic Repertory Theater. On the contrary, there was much talk of the Hedda of Miss Emily Stevens, with whom Miss Le Gallienne was compared to her disadvantage. The more natural thing would have been to recall the superb production of the Actors' Theater, when Dudley Digges as George Tesman and Miss Clare Eames as Hedda rejoiced the hearts of old Ibsenites and convinced a new generation that Ibsen knew his theater as well as Sardou, and that he was not merely the propagandist of Early Victorian revolt. "Hedda Gabler" never appeared more modern.

Miss Le Gallienne, however, decided to emphasise its modernity by producing it with modern clothes. Her Hedda was bobbed and short-skirted and consumed vast quantities of cigarettes. Furthermore, she was provided with a revised translation by Mrs. Julie Le Gallienne and Mr. Paul Leyssac, which showed a marked improvement over the astonishing version of Sir Edmund Gosse, which tortured the ears of A. B. Walkley in 1891. It was characteristic of Miss Le Gallienne to disregard the standard English edition of Ibsen, for which so much is claimed by Bernard Shaw and others who cannot read the original text. Equally characteristic was the note on the program, quoting Ibsen: "Hedda is about twenty-nine. She is a woman of breeding and distinction. Her complexion is pale and opaque—her eyes, steel grey, express a cold unruffled repose. Her hair is an agreeable medium brown, not particularly abundant. She is dressed tastefully in a somewhat loose-fitting morning gown". Thus we were gently reminded that Miss Le Gallienne, in the consecrated phrase, looked the part.

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To my mind she not only looked the part, but she lived it, and gave as fine a performance as I have ever seen anywhere, and a better performance than any I have seen in New York. The peculiar cerebral intensity, with emotional suppression, which makes Hedda the perverse creature she is, came out extraordinarily well in Miss Le Gallienne's interpretation. Those very things in her acting which many critics dislike, what is termed her "coldness", helped on this occasion to make her Hedda more convincing. When she burned Eilert Loveborg's manuscript, one felt the sadistic pleasure which permeated her whole being.

There was some adverse comment upon the performance, due, I think, to the fact that Miss Le Gallienne, in choosing to give the play a contemporary setting, actually detracted from the excellence of her own performance. It is true that Hedda is a modern type, but the dramatic essence of the play lies in the fact that she is modern in surroundings and in circumstances which no longer obtain, and which were, in fact, the very occasion of her tragedy. References to the awful possibilities of displaying one's ankle, when the audience is confronted by the knees of the lady in question, have an obviously anachronistic quality, but that obvious decrepancy is symbolic of the entire dilemma in which one is placed when "Hedda Gabler" is presented in modern dress.

If Miss Le Gallienne had been dressed in the fashion of 1890, her conception of Hedda would have been enhanced by the contrast between herself and the conditions of her life. As it was, one realized Hedda's position, but also realized that in this year of grace no such desperate remedies as she employed are necessary. It is not that the character of Hedda Gabler has changed, but a playwright endeavoring to portray her in terms of the present would have to provide her with circumstances appropriate to the times. The modern setting deflects attention from Hedda by reminding the audience that nowadays her problem would have expressed itself in different terms. In a sense not intended by Judge Brack we should say: "But people don't do such things".

Ben Jonson's "Volpone", as produced by the Theater Guild, offers another example of modernization, not of setting and costumes, but of the content of the play itself. Stefan Zweig "freely adapted" it in German and Miss Ruth Langner translated the German version back into English. In advance some emphasis was laid upon the deviousness of the route by which this English classic has been restored to life. Learned commentators pointed out that in all the earlier revivals of "Volpone" changes were introduced which tended to modernize the play. What nobody seems to have remembered is that this is not the first time that "Volpone" was adapted in a foreign language and then translated and produced in English.

Emile Zola, in the days of his penniless nonage, before he had discovered the Rougon-Macquart family and the road to fame, made several attempts to conquer the theater. Amongst other plays of his own invention he offered an adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone", under the title of "Les Héritiers Rabourdin", which was produced at the Théâtre de Cluny in 1874 and ran for seventeen performances. Although it was a flat failure, an English translation of it was produced in London by J. T. Grein in the early days of the Independent Theater. William Archer described the English production as a "lugubrious failure", and proceeded to draw certain rash conclusions therefrom. "An adaptation, of course, does not absolutely prove anything; but I think the fate of Zola's play raised a fairly strong presumption that modern audiences have outgrown the cruelty and brutality of Jonson's outlook upon life." Mr. Archer believed that "Volpone" was so false in its foundations and incredible in its developments that it could be acceptable "only to an audience so avid of cynicism as not to care greatly how it is served up". I do not know if that avidity explains the success of "Volpone" at the Guild Theater, where Dudley Digges as Volpone, Alfred Lunt as Mosca, Ernest Cossart as Corvino, and Henry Travers as Corbaccio gave the old comedy a raciness which, I confess, the original never had for me. Zweig, in his merciful and skilful compression of the English text, has eliminated Nano, Castrone, Androgyno, Peregrine, Sir

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Politick Would-be, and Lady Politick Would-be. In return, he has invented the courtesan Canina, excellently played by Miss Helen Westley, and has appropriately Italianized Corvino's Celia as Colomba, charmingly interpreted by Miss Margalo Gillmore. In six scenes, instead of eighteen, Ben Jonson's "Volpone" has proved that William Archer was wrong.

Whether it will live to delight other spectators at the time these notes will appear depends upon the action of the padlocking authorities. Having caused the withdrawal of Simon Gantillon's "Maya", a play unanimously declared to be free from obscenity by critics and playgoers, the authorities aforesaid are being rather pointedly asked to consider the lewdness (if any) of "Volpone" and "Strange Interlude". Logic, of course, no more enters into such proceedings than does decency, or good taste, or education. The logic of the suppression of "Maya", because the central character is a prostitute, would demand the withdrawal of many plays which have been strangely overlooked by New York's Lord Chamberlain.

In 1607, or thereabouts, Ben Jonson himself seems to have contended with somewhat similar conditions as those which bedevil the censorship question in New York. While others were writing bawdy plays, he begged to be given credit for the best intentions. "For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness; have loathed the use of such foul and unwashed bawdry, as is now made the food of the scene: and, howsoever I cannot escape from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride, or lust, to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? What public person? . . . My works are read, allowed . . . . look into them, what broad reproofs have I used? Where have I been particular? Where personal? Except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, or buffoon, creatures, for their insolencies, worthy to be taxed . . . . I know, that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be made obnoxious to construction."

Thus theatrical history repeats itself.

In anticipation of such acts of God and the theater's enemies as may drive the plays mentioned from the stage I will add that Gantillon's "Maya" has been published by Robert M. McBride, "Volpone" by the Viking Press. "Him", by E. E. Cummings, had better be read in the edition of Boni and Liveright, where its strenuous puerilities may be more effective than on the stage of the Provincetown Theater, in which the audience was confronted with this:

> *"(WARNING: him isn't a comedy or a tragedy or a farce or a melodrama or a revue or an operetta or a moving picture or any other convenient excuse for 'going to the theatre'—in fact, it's a PLAY, so let it PLAY; and because you are here, let it PLAY with you. Let it dart off and beckon to you from the distance, let it tiptoe back and snap its fingers under your nose, let it sweep up at you from below or pounce down on you from above, let it creep cautiously behind you and tap you on the back of the neck, let it go all around and over and under you and inside you and through you. Relax, and give this PLAY a chance to strut its stuff—relax, don't worry because it's not like something else—relax, stop wondering what it's all 'about'—like many strange and familiar things, Life included, this PLAY isn't 'about,' it simply is. Don't try to despise it, let it try to despise you. Don't try to enjoy it, let it try to enjoy you. DON'T TRY TO UNDERSTAND IT, LET IT TRY TO UNDERSTAND YOU.)"*

Need one gild that lily?

Apparently one should, if the champions of Mr. Cummings can have their way. Obscurity is the breath of life to them, and their pride in his typographical and mental gymnastics is such that they insist on regarding as a sign of anger the quotation of the above note. Most of the dramatic reviewers quoted it for the excellent reason that it is the best comment on Mr. Cummings. "Him" does not provoke anger, but merely bored indifference.

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"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

WHAT was it in jazz that so infuriated some people and started others to rashly identifying it as the music of the future? Just two qualities: a little strangeness and a little humor. Both had been absent from most pre-jazz popular music, and neither is to be found in the so-called "sweet jazz" of 1928.

"Sweet jazz", a matter of orchestral technique, represents a revolution of which Paul Whiteman (in this day of its success) is the Will Hays. This revolution was primarily directed against a third and quite dispensable quality of the early jazz, which was its appalling noisiness, but it ended up by throwing out the baby with the bath. The "sweet" technique, hardly connected with true jazz save by its employment of saxophones and banjoes, consists principally of hiring expert arrangers. These gentlemen proceed to take a given song, and do what they can to relieve the monotony of its fox-trot rhythm and its usual lack of inspiration, by assigning successive choruses to different voices, writing in connecting passages between repetitions, changing keys, and so on. The result is refined, but still dull.

Whiteman has made sweet jazz the Established Order. When I sniff at it, I become a pelican of the wilderness (Psalms, cii). Nine out of ten other leaders cherish as their main ambition to sound just like Whiteman. The trouble is that they succeed only in sounding just like each other, and that—as you may know by pressing a button—is nothing to get excited about. In reviewing popular phonograph records, I propose to confine myself to work about which one can excusably get the least bit excited. That, by the way, includes Whiteman, because he is a leader, not a camp-follower.

The music of the streets and music-halls is not something serene and sublime. It need not duck its head to make way for the clouds. Not all of it should be jazzed, but often a little strangeness and humor in its presentation helps, Oh, such a lot.

These qualities do not depend on the splitting of ear-drums. Unsweetened jazz need not be noisy. I cite the Columbia race record * of Bessie Smith singing "Pickpocket Blues". In her accompaniment, in the little jailhouse glooms that sit suspended in the dank atmosphere and mock poor Bessie's sad cries, there are strangeness and humor, but not stridency. There is not much beauty, to be sure, but neither is beauty irreconcilable with real, even with "hot" jazz. I cite the haunting middle portion of the Coon-Sanders Orchestra's fox-trot record of "Sluefoot" (Victor). Finally, while I take these pains to get the facts straight, give me a jazz record with strangeness and humor, or with wit, or with honest slapstick, and while it revolves I'll lump the noise and do without the sweetness. A fat comedian, bouncing downstairs on a banana peel, is worth a thousand tootsie rolls. Therefore I shall holler for such fox-trot records as Columbia's (r.) of the raucous, ginny voices and the felonious fiddling of Peg Leg Howell and his Gang in "Too Tight Blues".

Two more excellent recent hot records, both Brunswick: "East St. Louis Too-dle-oo", fox-trot, Duke Ellington's Orchestra; and Zelma O'Neal, who is only half the size of her voice, with breathless intensity explaining "Varsity Drag". Hear also Red Nichols, a famous trumpeter, in "Riverboat Shuffle" (Brun.); Ted Lewis in "Mary Ann" and "Cobblestones"; Waring's Pennsylvanians in "Who's Blue Now?" backed with Coon-Sanders in "Stay out of the South" (Vic.); and none other than Whiteman in "Mississippi Mud", the best of his significant warmings-up (Vic.).

* "Race records", here indicated by the letter "r", are those made for colored consumption. Most dealers haven't them, but all can obtain them. Listening to race records is nearly the only way for white people to share the Negroes' pleasures without bothering the Negroes.

All records mentioned are double-faced. Where only one side is mentioned the other is of the same character and by the same artist.

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If you will dance to sweet jazz, try Jan Garber's in "I Wish I Could Shimmy like my Sister Kate", or the Radiolites in "Forever and Ever" and "Rain or Shine" (Col.); or Shilkret's in "Can't Help Lovin' that Man" and "Why Do I Love You" (Vic.). But I leave jazz flat to give Whiteman his due for his absolutely final versions, in one record, of the sensational Brazilian modinka "O Ya Ya" and of the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" (Vic.).

Excellent waltz records, slow enough for dancing teachers, are Columbia's Waltz Cavaliers in "Moonlight Lane" and "After We Kiss", and Eddie Thomas's Collegians in twelve inches of "Victor Herbert Waltz Medley" and "Beautiful Ohio" (both Col.).

A few unusual singers should be mentioned: the powerful, colored contralto Bessie Brown and her passionate singing of that strange song "Chloë" (Brun.); Blind Willie Johnson's violent, tortured and abysmal shouts and groans and his inspired guitar in a primitive and frightening Negro religious song "Nobody's Fault but Mine" (Col. r.); Ruth Etting caroling through her nose in "I Ain't Got Nobody" (Col.); Ethel Waters in a highly unusual song—in spite of its title—"Home, Cradle of Happiness", in which her voice at the end takes a slur that makes one jump (Col. r.); Barbecue Bob (Col. r.) whaling his guitar and singing "Motherless Chile Blues", which commences:

Ef I mistreat you, gal, I sho' don' mean no hawm,
I'm a motherless chile, an' don' know right f'um wrong.

It is generally pretty hard to make out what the blues singers sing—an exception is Lillian Glinn, a very pleasing contralto, for whom hear "All Alone and Blue" (Col. r.). One of these songs, "Kansas City Blues", has now spread over both sides of two records (Brun.), just the same tune over and over again to thirty or more verses sung by Jim Jackson. Thus:

When my good gal quit me, she sure threw me down—
I wouldn't min' so much, but it's all over town;
She done gone to Kansas City (etc.).

. . . .

I'm gonna tell all you men what you mustn't do:
Don't never love one woman like she says she loves you.
She'll call you Honey, an' she'll call you Pie,
But she let things git a-loose, Lawd, on the sly;
Then she'll move to Kansas City.

Al Bernard's record of "St. Louis Blues" and "Beale Street Blues" (Brun.) is worth knowing, though I don't hold with all this singer's devices; white people when singing Negro character songs almost universally become roguish, causing, if the roguishness is carried far enough, severe pains in the neck. I seem to detect a trace of this cuteness in Frank Crumit's record (Vic.) of the great Civil War song "Kingdom Comin'" (with "Bohunkus" on the other side), but Crumit is good, for all that. A real blues-singer, Alberta Hunter, has recently sung "Beale Street Blues" and Pinkard's "Sugar" to "Fats" Waller's organ-jazz accompaniment (Vic. r.). One more vocal record: you may hear Paul Robeson sing "Old Man River" with the Whiteman concert orchestra and a mixed chorus, for twelve inches, in Vic. 35912. The song is too much cut up, and its unusual range a bit beyond Robeson's, but what a bass, and what a song! Save in the show, with Bledsoe and all the fixings, I have not yet heard justice done it.

The same applies to Gershwin's "The Man I Love", which is either dragged out with sentiment or knocked down with jazz. The best record of "The Man I Love" which I have heard leans to the sentimental, but is a beautiful piece of work by the Victor Salon Orchestra (12 inches). On the other side is an interesting new composition called "Manhattan Serenade", by Louis Alter. It is not so turbulent as Manhattan and it is not without traces of Gershwin, McDowell and Kreisler, but it is worth listening to. This is a record to turn on during tea.

The records can't have space every month

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to wallow in this way; there are the old songs, and there is the sheet music. First, I note down that after many years the complete score of a musical comedy has been printed: that of "Show Boat". The music of this magnificent show is almost continuous, and what has been printed separately occupies about a tenth of the 260 pages of the score. You will want it, five dollars worth, to keep with "The Chocolate Soldier". Now, as to the new fox-trots. *Ballad fox-trots:* "Mammy is Gone" is ballad first, but danceable. Its lyric, and its heavy minors suggesting the spiritual "Go Down Moses", will knock 'em stiff, and they'll lay where they fall. "In My Bouquet of Memories" will draw its salt tears too. "Rising Sun" might be adapted for dancing purpose. There is a tendency toward *Sweet simple old fashioned tunes:* examples are "Sweet Sue", "In the Evening", and "The Church Bells are Ringing for Mary (and they're ringing the heart out of me)", which was written as a joke by three eminent gents under a *nom de plume,* but the public took it seriously, as publics will. (This is a waltz, by the way, and out of place where I've put it.) *Surplus energy:* "Hello Montreal" (think hard and you'll know what it's like), "Waitin' for Katy", and "That's My Mammy". Sociological note: mammies no longer need be black. *Smooth fast fox-trot:* "Happy Go Lucky Lane", by the writer of "Blue River". *Cullud fox-trot:* "Bottomland". *March:* "Roustabouts' Song" from "Rain or Shine". Other *production fox-trots:* "Imagination", "Crazy Rhythm", and "Life as a Twosome" from "Here's How"; "You Took Advantage of Me", "Blue Ocean Blues", and "Do I Hear You Saying—", and about anything else from "Present Arms". *Waltzes:* "Moments with You", "Little Mother" and "Dear Little Girl". *German jazz:* judging by the selections from the opera *Jonny Spielt Auf,* there isn't any, save a few tricks lifted from our own Spencer Williams. . . . The following (copyright 1928 by Villa Morét, Inc., reprinted by permission) is Gus Kahn's chorus to the fox-trot song "Ready for the River". Neil Morét, whose tune is up to the words, twenty-eight years ago wrote "Hiawatha", and last year he and Kahn wrote "Chloë":

I'm ready for the river, The shivery river,
The river that goes down to the sea.
Want to drown my trouble, And leave just a bubble
To indicate what used to be me.
Made my will, wrote some notes,
Gonna keep a-walkin' till my straw hat floats.
Ready for the river, the shivery river,
So get the river ready for me.

Best Sellers in Popular Music

The following list in order of popularity as of May 7th is furnished by the courtesy of Crown Music Co., New York jobbers. Although you will not hear a waltz in ten nights at a cabaret, half of the list (marked W) are waltzes.

Ramona (W)
Chloe
Together (W)
Was it a Dream? (W)
Laugh, Clown, Laugh (W)
I Can't Do Without You (W)
My Ohio Home
Beautiful
Mary Ann
Little Log Cabin of Dreams (W)
There Must be a Silver Lining
So Tired

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Anonymously—John Farrar

SPRING again, and they have painted my office green and put a nice vase of daffodils on the table, and everyone is away with colds but attending base-ball games. That's how complicated life can be. This year, however, I had a new experience with this thing called spring. First of all, on a nice warm day I started off for the British West Indies. In order to get there I passed through Florida, a particularly obnoxious state. If someone will tell me why anyone goes to Miami for pleasure, I shall be obliged. One great thrill, of course, was to see the pink stucco church they are building as a memorial to William Jennings Bryan. Thence I went to Nassau, which is as lovely a place as it is possible for one to imagine. There, at Jungle Cove, with a mile of white beach and water that defies description, I gained five pounds and smelled night-flowering jasmine for the first time. There, too, Mr. Doubleday (otherwise known as Effendi) and his charming wife entertained me royally. Most of the mornings Effendi would take a walk with me for a mile or so down the beach, and regale me with anecdotes of Kipling and Conrad, of this and that about the wonderful business of publishing. Yes, you should all take a trip to Jungle Cove. You might even try to win at deck-tennis from Mrs. Doubleday—if you can!

Coming back from Florida, I chased spring all the way to New York. In South Carolina the wistaria was in bloom; in North Carolina, where I stopped to say howdy to the Du Bose Heywards, plum-blossoms and cherry-blossoms and even arbutus greeted me. In Washington on Easter Monday, half the world was rolling eggs on the White House Grounds; and when I reached Garden City, jonquils and purple pansies were already blooming in the door-yard.

Smoking cars on trains are a godsend. In one, I met a student of Addison Hibbard's from the University of North Carolina, who believes that the modern undergraduate is being maligned in recent fiction. In another, an ex-ranchman named Chase who now teaches English told me of days spent in the west on the same ranch with Mrs. Rinehart. Yet again, a lawyer named Heller from Asheville told me how nice Edna Ferber had been to him once on a time, and we compared notes about our children. In another, a nice cigar-maker taught me all I didn't know about pinochle, and without any kibitzers. Ex-Governor Miller inhabited one of these cars, reading "Jalna" and looking as though he was enjoying it. Nevertheless, I don't much like travelling on trains, because it gives you too much time to think, an occupation I dislike. However, as Percy Hammond would put it, the world is a small place!

A good letter from Charlie Norris this morning, tells me he didn't like my last Bookman piece. Well, Charlie, it's nearly the last one, anyhow. Only two or three more months now, and I shall have ceased chatting in these pages that have stood so blooming much of my copy for close on nine years. Then I shall become the publisher I really am, and try to keep still for awhile. I shall miss bubbling and swearing and taking my likes and dislikes out in print; but I suppose you're right; it isn't dignified to attack people. However, Ogden Nash put it rather differently when he said, "It's evident you're out after Odd's Blood"! Ah, well, I'm not out after anyone or anything, I'm just trying to write some copy to amuse myself and whoever else happens to be amused by it, if any.

Just to be sure there would be a bookish note I read the proofs of Margery Latimer's "We Are Incredible" while I was in Nassau. Margery Latimer is a nice girl, who has written some lovely short stories. Years ago, or not so many, Zona Gale sent her to this office with a letter. She was unbelievably young, and she still is. Her novel is so good that it seems too bad to criticize it; but it should have been twice as long and a

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lot more explicit. It needs rounding out. She writes beautifully, however, and this book is well worth reading; for you will all be reading her next one. John Wiley has at last written a full, well-rounded novel in "Queer Street". It is a story with a social New York background, not unlike that of Larry Barretto's excellent "Old Enchantment". One of the shrewdest and best and steadiest novels of the last few months, this "Queer Street". Moreover, it proves that Mr. Wiley is a novelist full-grown, with no fads or fancies, just a good novelist.

If you like mystery stories, please read "The Desert Moon Mystery". It's a whale. Everyone says so, so it's not just because we published it. The story of this novel is fairly interesting. I don't often indulge in shop-talk; but, anent the recent discussions of unsolicited manuscripts, this might prove enlightening. First, I should give some sort of definition of "unsolicited". To put it simply, by unsolicited I mean a manuscript which means nothing to the editors of a publishing house when they look at the daily list of manuscripts received. Many manuscripts come in to a publishing office which are technically "unsolicited", but which come from well-known authors or their friends, or literary agents, or your own friends, or your friends' friends, or whatnot. But by "unsolicited" we generally mean a pure virginal manuscript without any strings attached and with postage enclosed for a speedy return. So far as I can remember, "The Desert Moon Mystery", by Kay Kleaver Strahan, was the only manuscript of that sort accepted in our office last year. Mrs. Strahan had written one book, a travel book, I believe, some years ago. The contract for this book carried optional clauses, so when she wrote her first novel, she submitted it to her former publishers who, although they were publishers of mystery stories in quantity, sent it back to her. She then sent it to us. Eleanor Chilton, author of "Shadows Waiting" and a recent book of poems, a very shrewd young lady, was reading manuscripts for us at the time. She picked it out of the morass. "I don't like detective stories; but this seems good to me," she said to Ida Zeitlin, author of "Skazki", etc., assistant in our editorial department. Miss Zeitlin took it home and stayed up all night to read it. "I don't like detective stories, either," she said, "but this is grand!" It was, it is, and you should read it.

Also, if you have not yet purchased "These Men, Thy Friends", by Edward Thompson, will you kindly go to your nearest book-store and shell over the necessary and come home with one of the greatest books to come out of the recent war? If you don't like it, I can't promise to refund your money, because the baby needs some new shoes, but you can write me letters and curse me and maybe I'll publish them and then I can fill up space and you can read and enjoy your own productions and will not have to read about how much I enjoyed the springtime in the heat of mid-July.

I hate to talk about O. O. McIntyre, because Charlie Norris says I shouldn't, and he's always been one of my sternest and wisest mentors; but I've got to take off my hat to O. O.'s method. I thought I was making fun of it when I wrote all that drivel about Vermont; but would you believe it, I've been getting letters from Vermonters, everywhere, thanking me for writing about the home-town and state, and telling me how homesick it made 'em. You've got the dope, O. O. And you're one up on me, because there are a lot more middle-westerners than there are Vermonters.

We went, unfortunately, to the first-night of a play by my good friends the Nugents, called "The Breaks". I'm a hard-skinned first-nighter; but it's one of the few plays that has ever really nauseated me. I'm sure the Nugents didn't mean it that way, and they gave fine performances, father and son; but it just came out all wrong. However, there was a tribute to Augustin Duncan afterward and that was all to the good, because he's a kind, distinguished, fine man and a great director. George Abbott made one of the best speeches I ever heard anywhere. Walter Carver was there, too. His new novel, "The Splendid Stain", had just appeared and I know he's trying to be seen everywhere. It's much his best book since "The Filled Larder". I presume that is

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because he's gone back to his first wife. Her own new novel will be off the presses shortly. The title is being kept a tremendous secret, probably because she hasn't thought of a good one yet. He cornered us between the second and the third act.

"What do you think of my publishers?" he asked.

"Why, they are excellent publishers," I replied.

"Well, I don't know," he drawled. "I think they should have featured *me* more than they did. After all, it's *me* they're selling, not the book."

"I hope," I replied, "that they're selling the book."

"Oh, yes," he said quickly and without a smile. "Don't misunderstand me, I mean—"

The curtain was rising on that infernal Texas ranch house, or whatever kind of house it was with all the strange goings on there were in it.

After the theater, the Carvers pushed us into their Rolls-Royce. They started to take us home, but then decided that we'd all stop awhile at their apartment which they had just opened for a week or two after they came back from Palm Beach. Muriel has good taste. She has managed to select the least obnoxious of the modern furniture, and the balcony overlooking the East River takes you as near fairy-land as it is possible to get in New York City.

"A few people are dropping in," Muriel explained.

Among the few dozen were Johnny Weaver, Dorothy Speare and Isa Glenn.

I overheard Walter talking to Isa Glenn.

"I admired your 'Southern Charm'," he said. "You know, I think that you very ably followed my method."

Mrs. Glenn, who is a lady, controlled herself admirably, and the evening went on without blood-shed.

Dorothy Speare sang to us and told us about the new novel she is writing. Then Muriel started everyone doing stunts and Walter drew me off into what he calls, aptly enough, his "Bookery".

"My reference books," and he smiled as he waved his hand toward his famous pornographic library. "Ah, how I wish I dared put some of my real self into my books?"

"Don't you?" I queried. "I thought you did."

"Oh, no," he assured me. "I can't. I have to think of my public. Some day, though, some day—" he sighed. "And then, you'll be surprised!"

"And," I added, "delighted."

"I fancy so," he said. "Yes, I fancy so, for I imagine we are really much alike at heart. Now, dear fellow, I want some honest advice from you. For I do imagine that you are honest." Then he added with his well-known sprightliness, "For a publisher".

"You know," I said, "I fancy most people think they are honest."

"Now there, young man, that's the great trouble with you. That's why people call you a Pollyanna. You believe in people."

"I'll try to reform," I promised.

"Well, don't begin with me." He added, "Now, Farrar, I want to show you my publishing contract. Just as man to man".

He brought out the fatal document. I perused it.

"That's a good contract," I assured him.

"Now don't be tactful and ethical. It's a rotten contract."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know," he said. "That's what I want your advice on."

"Are you," I suggested, "asking me if I could give you a better one?"

He blushed. "Oh no, oh no, not at all, not at all. Indeed, I know how little you like to deal with the business side of publishing."

"And what other side is there?" I asked.

He seemed puzzled and passed over my remark quickly.

"Now come on, old fellow, do tell me what's wrong with that contract."

"My dear Carver," I reiterated, "There's nothing wrong with that contract. If you want to go to your publishers and tell them that they are cheating you, you'll have to do it without me."

"Ah well, ah well," he said, "that's all right, that's all right. By the way, did you see Dorothy Parker's review?"

"I read her every week," I replied. "She

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is as meat and drink to me, and as poison, too, every now and then."

"Oh, I meant her review of 'The Splendid Stain'."

"Yes, I saw it. Ought to sell a million books. Good publicity, Carver, that being called the male Ethel M. Dell."

"But why, why, Farrar, will they not take me seriously? Why will they insist on putting me in the class with those popular writers?"

"Don't you want to be popular?" I asked him.

"Of course I want to be popular; but I want to be appreciated, too. Take this fellow Thornton Wilder. He's popular. He's appreciated. Blessed if I know why people want to read his book. Beautiful, of course; but what else?"

"Give him time," I said. "They'll probably be hitting him next."

"Well, I suppose that may be it," he consoled himself. "Jealousy, and all that. Ah, well, lack-a-day, they can't all ride in Rolls-Royces."

In closing, I should like to print another letter from my friend Haggin.

April 20, 1928.

Dear Mr. Farrar:

I am sure that by now you have forgotten that you asked me to come in to see you, and why; just as by the time you publish that letter no one will remember what it answered. If your invitation meant that you saw evidence of personal ill-will in my objections to your ideas, you were wrong.

As for your inability to take the thing seriously, I believe this is a misapprehension of yours which I may correct without presumption, since it has affected me. From repeated observation I judge that you take a thing seriously and discuss it seriously up to the point where someone answers you effectively; then you, in effect, adopt a new form of argument: you refer to your opponent and his statements as though they cannot be taken seriously, and instead of answering them you speak of them as though they were ridiculous (i. e. you do not even ridicule them directly). Thus you were serious to the point of absurdity in your attack upon the unfavorable criticisms of Bromfield, but your reply to my defense of them was to publish your inability even to remember it or me, and otherwise to convey your inability to take us seriously. If I did not have faith in the honesty of your intentions I should call that dirty tactics, "and I mean it."

Yours sincerely
B. H. Haggin.

You know, Mr. Haggin, I'm afraid you're right. I don't like to argue for very long without trying to turn the tables on my opponent by a sorry jest. That's not because I'm unfair; but probably just lazy. I remember that's what they used to say about me years ago in New Haven at the Elizabethan Club. Of course, I maintain, it's just because I see both sides of every question, and by the time I'm partly convinced by my opponent I'm like a small boy who refuses to give up because he knows he's partly right and partly wrong, and the other fellow won't give up and neither will he, so he makes a mud pie and throws it. I'm afraid that's it. Anyhow, suppose you do come in and talk it over. Only telephone me first, and let's pick a time when we won't be interrupted, or may be you'll think I'm not really cordial.

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WOMEN ARE WITCHES

By John Macy

A Mirror for Witches. *By Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.*
Dead Lovers are Faithful Lovers. *By Frances Newman. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*
The Hotel. *By Elizabeth Bowen. Lincoln MacVeagh. $2.50.*
Daisy and Daphne. *By Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.*
Helen and Felicia. *By E. B. C. Jones. Holt. $2.50.*

GROUPING recent novels for the sake of considering them in a single review is usually an artificial business and may result in forced unifications and comparisons, blanket generalizations which do not cover all the chins and toes. But I do find a plausible reason for putting these five novels—I hope not to sleep—in the narrow bed of one brief article. They are all by brilliant young women, spiritually young and modern as this afternoon, and at the same time mature and ancient in wisdom, sophisticated, disillusioned, every one with a touch or more than a touch of irony. They all deal with women as the chief actors and motive forces, though the indispensable male is there, sharply, sometimes rather mockingly drawn. These alert and witty fictions have sparkling surfaces, dazzling and delightful, deft and dexterous use of words, almost perfect professional competence and ease of workmanship. I derived from each of them and from all together the exhilarating conviction that the best modern fiction in our language is at least free from the only serious literary sin, stupidity, and a slightly perturbing and amused feeling that the fleet and nimble young gentlemen of my sex will have to bestir themselves more than ever if they are not to be outstripped by the swift, graceful athletes of the sex that used to be called fair, but is nowadays (and really long, long ago) rather to be called brilliant. So that though each of these entertaining ladies can stand on her own pretty legs, independent and original, none of them will lose her bloom by being confined for a moment in a critic's study with clever and humorous sisters. Or—to get them out of the formal library into the wilds of life—the witches can be seen stirring the cauldron of human nature and its mysteries in weird companionship. For they are all witches, with the witchery of art.

Witchcraft is not historically a wholly feminine affair. Both men and women were charged with this diabolical sin. And both male and female victims of this superstition were persecuted, tortured, burned, hanged. But probably the records will show more witches than wizards. There are simple reasons for this. Women are traditionally, actually, wayward, hysterical, baffling and unmanageable. For ages the thought of the world was dominated by men, good and true thought and devilish cruel delusion and superstitious thought. What more natural than that man should impute evil powers to the creature who tempts and torments him and should make her suffer from his revengeful sadism? Incubus and succuba exist together in legend, but succuba is more terrifying and fascinating to the male imagination, and it is the male imagination which gave form to myths and legends and controlled all old laws and religions. It is significant that though witch and wizard are equally common in legend and history, the generic name for the thing is witchcraft; there is not quite the same feeling to the word wizardry.

Miss Forbes, in "A Mirror for Witches", has gone to the very heart of the witchcraft delusion, its drama, its shivery horror, its relation to the rest of human nature and the processes of our queer minds comprehended under the increasingly tiresome word psychology—which, however, we must have. Her book is one to be read of nights when you can afford to miss your sleep. To relieve

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the tension there is a nice play of wry humor; the last sentence is the joke of the whole universe in which we flounder. Her book is as entertaining—but in a different way—as Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft" and later studies by anthropologists, mythologists and folklorists. She tells a story, a truly enchanting, bewitching story, on which your bed-side light is likely to shine until you reach that last fine paragraph which seems to me admirable. Without any false archaisms or spurious affected quaintness of style, she manages with modern words to give a seventeenth century tone and flavor.

She turns her alert daylight mind on the strange dark souls of our New England ancestors.

Rose Macaulay is a sorceress with words. My only complaint is that she is too continuously terse (in the true derivative sense of the word, if you please). One cries out: Please, lady, not so fast and frequent. I cannot drink so many glasses of champagne or neat whiskey in such rapid succession. But her cleverness is not faked, in this or any of her glittering books; it is not a deceptive shimmer covering cheap material and shoddy construction. It is her natural idiom, as natural as spontaneous laughter, the sparkle of real diamonds, the glister of gold that will stand the assayer's test. There is stuff under the gleaming surface. I am somewhat startled to be told that Daisy, in "Daisy and Daphne", found the speech of uneducated persons "catachrestic"—a word which Miss Macaulay knows and I know because I looked it up but which Daisy for all her snobbish superiority and new-fangled education certainly did not know. For she is a pathetic real and normal young woman, not an heroic heroine. I rejoice that the new novelists are getting rid of heroes and heroines and giving us people. Daisy flunks the encounter with the wild boar, which is just what a girl would do. The older novelists would have made humanity triumphant over wild beasts. Trollope's hobbledehoy of course outwits the bull. And even Meredith's *femina victrix* in "The Amazing Marriage" must conquer the mad dog. That sort of thing persists in the movies and it is not untrue to life, for any newspaper will furnish an example. But Miss Macaulay brings her girl close to our common not very brave humanity. For all her wit and irony and shafts of light that radiate into every corner of human folly, she has sympathy with her girls and young men; when she laughs she loves, and her derision flashes through an honest tear. And tragedy lurks behind the laughter. A satirist who has her bow and arrows, or rather a highly efficient machine-gun, ready for the pathetic absurdities of mankind, journalism, vicarious philanthropy, university education, the bishops, psychobanalysis of Dr. Freud's deluded disciples, a hundred things, is in danger of scattering her shots and getting off the track of her tale. Rose Macaulay keeps her story steady on the rails and shoots from the window as she speeds to her rather sad end. To her life is naked, but it is not indecently so, but rather beautiful and amusing.

No living writer that I know more adroitly skirts cynicism than Miss Macaulay, a dangerous wood where the uncritical and mean mind often gets desperately lost. Her comedy has fine flavor. The burglary scene and the ensuant meetings and misunderstandings and conversations are funny, a sort of generic parody on the spurious worlds of melodrama and journalism. This I commend to parents, teachers, experts and pretenders in child-psychology: "Children have too many holds over one another. They lead lives of reciprocal blackmail, like the members of criminal organizations". That is fresh and up to date. But notice that the best of our young novelists touch hands with the old Victorians. Miss Macaulay's Mrs. Folyot is a 1928 version of Dickens's Mrs. Jellyby. The jibe at Bolshevikphobia should pierce the hide even of an American statesman. But it will not, for satire is only an arrow in the air; it delights us who watch it fly and applaud the skill of the archer, but it never fleshes its point in the objective fool. I call the end of the book sad, because after all our effervescent humorist does conclude on a note of futility. But it is a fine futility, the ultimate joke of life. And it is most subtly turned. The relationship between Daisy and Daphne is indicated in a way compared to which Jekyll-Hyde is crude and

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obvious. As an impertinent tag of criticism I will append: that English writers whose most profitable market is America almost alway get lost when they approach the American scene. Daphne "was friends with half literary New York". Not on your life, Miss Macaulay. Even a New Yorker who belongs to the P. E. N. is not that and would not wish to be. But have your joke. As one of your characters chuckles, "Lord, that's funny".

The two sisters in "Helen and Felicia" are drawn in quieter, less flaming hues. E. B. C. Jones (why does she not assume a *nom de guerre* which will instantly identify her in contemporaneous memory, or does she intend with her excellent talent to make those initials as familiar as immortal Tom) is no end clever and adroit in her phrasing but she pitches her tale on a normal subdued naturalistic plane. If you think that women do not understand women and men too, read this. It seems to me to have the validity of good sane novel-writing, to be akin to Aunt Jane Austen and to have also the new liberties and vivacities of today. By normal and natural I mean a story that just seems to have happened that way. The speech is the speech of life, but selected, directed, flowed into the narrative, none of that photo-phono, monotonous reproduction of the Sinclair-Lewis machine. The triangle—for there are always three people in a plot since the Garden of Eden—is old as the deep sea yet newly and neatly drawn. Miss Jones has her Daphne and Daisy too, but they are not like the English pair of unheavenly twins. Their author does not besprinkle and bespangle them with so much verbal fangerworks. But she has her own kind of sparkle and keenness and again and again delights you with her sleek supple phrases. The triangle here has the wobbly human lines of life, and in spite of the freudian pest, is not distorted from the passions, emotions, accidents, casual philosophies which we all know. The book is *written*, civilized, intelligent. And I like good writing, no matter how the plot comes out. The plot here more or less takes care of itself and so does life.

"The Hotel", by Elizabeth Bowen, is streaked with talent from the title in Finis. You have in one building and its adjacent out-of-doors all humanity. The idea that life is a hotel is not new. Arnold Bennett used it in his "Grand Babylon". Browning suggested that we live in a hotel or a "House" from which the façade can be revealingly stripped. The author of this novel may have had Browning in mind when she made one of her characters say: "I have often thought it would be interesting if the front of any house, but of an hotel especially, could be swung open on a hinge like the front of a doll's house; imagine the hundreds of rooms with their walls lit up and the real-looking staircases and all the people surprised doing appropriate things in appropriate attitudes as though they had been put there to represent something and had never moved in their lives".

The people in Miss Bowen's hotel live and move. They are comic, ridiculous figures. The new English writers love to make sport of the British, and a good way to show up the insular imbeciles is to put them in a foreign scene. If it be true, as Mr. Santayana says, that they carry their climate with them, the atmosphere is the English language which shields, envelops and reveals English character. Trollope taught us, and perhaps the father of English fiction, Fielding, taught us long before in Parson Adams, that the English clergyman is a fool and very much of a man. Miss Bowen's Milton is a modern page from an old book. In that character and in her writing she belongs to an honorable tradition. The hotel is a microcosm in which we all live.

English writers, these English women whom we are immediately considering, have that cultivation of style which De Quincey noted in his country-women a hundred years ago and which he might have found in his contemporary Jane Austen. They have an exquisite sense of phrase, an eighteenth century lucidity, combined with a modernity which places them all as readers of George Meredith. Miss Bowen endows her clergyman with a "disarming secularity". Miss Jones makes the mere fact of leaving London "the little eyelid that put out the sun". So long as writers write like that the art of

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English fiction is secure. The only sin, *not* stupidity, that threatens to beset it is an excess of smartness, cleverness, self-conscious verbal adroitness.

This sin, or crime, is spoiling our American writers, the most deft and intelligent. O. Henry was the worst if not the first offender. Our young writers seem not to be aware that true cunning and novelty of phrase do not consist in verbal twists, contortions, smart cracks. Even so fundamentally serious a man as Scott Fitzgerald hurts himself by his sporty athletic agility, and Miss Newman is ruining her fine intelligence by a false and flashy brilliance which does not sparkle but only crackles. It is a kind of new euphuism, the lace-ruff replaced by the ankle that too annoyingly reveals itself. She has a good story, pathetic, emotional, sardonically honest, but she repeatedly irritates this old-fashioned critic by being fresh in the wrong slang sense of the word, by circumlocutions that strain after novelty but fall flat. Why, for example, does a simple fifty-dollar bill have to be a golden certificate that fifty dollars had been deposited in the treasury of the United States? The story in its simplest terms is original, sharp, tragically true. It suffers from being berouged, lip-sticked, toilet-watered. The wit and shrewdness of the writing are a joy, and Miss Newman does get under the enamelled skin to the heart of us. But I think her irony would be more penetrating if she did not on almost every page put too much make-up on, and do it in public.

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Five Caricatures by THEODOR SCHEEL

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STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

By Silas Bent

ON THE eve of the Presidential conventions it may not be amiss to take stock of our outstanding political organizations. One could wish, of course, for certified accountants to do the auditing; one finds nothing so cool-blooded, and to expect non-partisan histories of Tammany Hall and the major parties would be over-optimistic. Let us sit ourselves down then, with a salt-shaker (for we shall need more than one grain with this voluminous output), and see what the apologists for the parties and an assailant of the Tiger have to say about them.

If Governor Al Smith is the Democratic nominee, as seems highly probable, Tammany will be a pivotal point of debate in the coming campaign. Since Bryan's fulminations in the 1912 convention which nominated Woodrow Wilson, Tammany has been berated liberally enough and often enough at national gatherings; for at that time Charles F. Murphy succeeded in making his following an authentic factor in Presidential manœuvering; but now it has the prospect of a cudgeling which will carry with it the dignity of having achieved the posture of an issue. Everyone will be asking everyone else whether the Tiger has changed his stripes. All of us will want to know whether, with such a record, it can turn straight.

It is strange, then, that Morris R. Werner's book, *Tammany Hall,* (Doubleday, Doran, $5.00), published in this very year of our Lord, should ignore all that has happened in and to Tammany since 1924. If by the grace of God Tammany has taken the veil it has happened during these four years. Mr. Werner, promising to "portray as impartially as possible" the surrender of a city to its bosses, devotes his last page to Murphy's death and an epitaph. He says nothing of Judge George W. Olvany's leadership, nothing of the silent movement toward a national organization, nothing of Mayor Jimmy Walker's single-handed civil war to reconquer the South. He concedes nothing to Al Smith's record as the most brilliant and honest son the Hall has given to public office. He has built his book principally around the personalities of Fernando Wood, "Boss" Tweed, "Honest John" Kelly, Croker and Murphy. Lacking something of Myers's high moral indignation, in his history of the iniquities of Tammany plunderers he has told what he has to tell at times with greater spirit and, I suspect, with greater malice.

Frank R. Kent has his say about Tammany, too, in *The Democratic Party* (Century, $5.00), and gives a much more enlightening account than does Mr. Werner of the State convention at Syracuse in 1920, when Al Smith defied Boss Murphy by refusing to accept the gubernatorial nomination if Murphy carried out his plan to give the senatorial nomination to William Randolph Hearst. That victory made the Governor the real and acknowledged leader of his party, both in city and in State. It demonstrated his courage, and it demonstrated that the boss of Tammany was not his boss.

Mr. Kent does not stop with 1920, nor with 1924, but brings his book down to the throbbing present. He is one of our most astute and penetrating political observers, and I suppose he has stuck more pins into Mr. Coolidge's long-suffering hide than any other man still at large. Now that I have read this book, I am beginning to wonder whether there may have been a slight precipitation of partisan prejudice in his disparagement of the President. For to my surprise I find that Frank Kent, whom one might expect to be thoroughly disillusioned, is a Yellow Dog Democrat. Well, not quite that; I do not wish to overstate his ardor; but at any rate he is thoroughly gone on

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the party. Democracy has made its mistakes, he is free to own; but he denies that it can ever be out, howsoever long is may be down. It is "indestructible". It is the sole hope of true political progressivism. It is the oldest and the noblest work this republic has produced.

Mr. Kent is the only one of these four authors who discusses with acumen the effect on our political outlook of a new commercial morality which prevails in the United States. He says that prosperity has "absorbed" interest in the issues. Senator Borah, who is probably the most attractive and wrong-headed figure in American public life, asserted not long since that the lack of interest in public affairs, and the failure of more than half the qualified electorate to go to the polls, arose from the timidities and evasions of the major parties in giving them no issues to think about and get excited about. What he had in mind, of course, was a partisan division on prohibition; and it is possible that if prohibition could be made a party issue, instead of a moral and economic issue, there would be a re-alignment and a big vote. But the generalized truth is that we don't vote bebecause politics no longer interests us. For the old political idealism there has been substituted an idealization of prosperity. We have at Washington a hierarchy of the mystic faith that God's in his Heaven so long as all's well with the dollar. And not even the recent industrial setback has shaken this country's confidence in the new doctrine.

Dr. William Starr Myers is just as good a Republican as Mr. Kent is a good Democrat, perhaps a little better. When in *The Republican Party* (Century, $5.00) he walks around among the later somewhat sordid years his foot would not bend the neck of a daisy asleep in its golden crown. It is true that there was some grafting and corruption during the Harding Administration, but I look in vain for any allusion here to Teapot Dome or the Elk Hills naval oil reserve. Admittedly there was "an undercurrent of dissent" at the appointment of Fall and Daugherty to the Cabinet, and events justified this undercurrent; but why? I search in vain for an explicit explanation. As for Mr. Coolidge, "there is a general feeling that he is stronger even than his own party". (Let Mr. Kent put *that* in his typewriter and smoke it.) And as for Will H. Hays, manager of the Harding campaign and occasional witness before Senatorial investigating committees, he is "a man of honesty, integrity, originality and great executive ability", and the campaign "was one of the best organized and best directed in our history".

Alas, I fear I do all three of these men some injustice in jesting about their partisanship. What is politics for if not to breed partisans? A very good case can be made out for that sort of loyalty. An independent vote does very well, perhaps, if it can gain the balance of power; but how is a republic to function save through the operation of the two-party system? Really, we might better feel refreshed, in an era of political negligence and indifference, to find men who stand so staunchly for their convictions and for a set of principles. Both Dr. Myers and Mr. Kent have done thorough-going work, and display a degree of erudition about American political history which seems to me quite formidable. I could wish they had told me more about State rights, and had defined its meaning for me. This issue is tangled now with the prohibition question, and I thirst to know just what it means this time. It is the oldest issue in American politics, and it has meant a little of everything. It is not, as so many of us suppose, exclusively a Democratic property. The New England States used it as the basis of a secession threat long before the South picked it up. In different ways and at different times it has been as popular in Pennsylvania and Ohio as ever it was in Georgia. And has had as many interpretations as the Monroe Doctrine.

In Senator Oscar W. Underwood's thoughtful book, *Drifting Sands of Party Politics* (Century, $3.50), there is at least a recognition that State rights has meant different things at different times, but still surprisingly little about the doctrine. The Alabaman has written here, not an autobiography but a survey of American political history, with its English background.

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And it is surprising to find that he, in spite of his long and distinguished political career, is capable of writing with more poise, with less animus, than the others, who have held, so far as I know, no political office of consequence. His sonorous prose is reminiscent of southern oratory. Occasionally he lets fall an epigram. "The American people," he observes, "play politics in the same spirit that they play golf." He means that it is a good game, and they enjoy it.

But Senator Underwood believes that a government by propaganda, such as we now have in this country, is dangerous to the country's welfare. He raises a question as to whether either political party is quite as powerful as the Anti-Saloon League or Big Business. The "drifting sands" to which his title refers is this drift toward government by special interests and special classes and special moralities. He laments that the public takes politics as a game, and not as a more serious matter; that it is more interested in business than in national issues. In somewhat different form this is the complaint to which Mr. Kent alludes more than once, and which I venture to elaborate.

But in so far as government by propaganda is concerned, what else ought we expect? We live presumably under a government by consent of the governed, and consent must be influenced or manufactured through organized effort. The prohibition forces began some sixteen years ago to manufacture consent in accordance with a new technique, and the method has now been generally adopted, so far as Washington is concerned. It consists, roughly, in amassing a block of underlying votes, the larger the better (in the case of the Anti-Saloon League it is said to number twenty millions); and on the basis of this voting power persuading, cajoling or frightening legislators. If that isn't a democratic process, where shall we find one? It is not the rule of the majority, to be sure, but issues, I venture to say, are always made by minorities.

These books will tell how and why minorities make the issues. In great detail they will tell when issues have been made. And they will exhibit the recurrent spectacle of strange political bedfellows. I have been told that all the bedfellows use the same bunk, but I deny it. After reading these books I am persuaded that there are still men in this land of the free who believe in freedom, and who believe in political principles. It is most engaging.

HERE ARE HEROES

By Eugene Lohrke

THE advance deluge of campaign squibs in book form would seem to emphasize the obvious: that the presidential year holds in store a minor clash of personalities to the total negation of serious issues. And in a state of affairs where everyone has enough to eat and four wheels or so to ease the road to salvation, what else could be expected? No doubt the gentlemen who accused Mr. Smith of a conspiracy to tie up the products of up-state cows at the last gubernatorial election to the danger of every child and mother in the Metropolis will sound more timely warnings as to the menace of Papal Bulls in the White House. But the advance ballyhoo as sponsored by the publishers is far from impressive. It only raises the question as to what all the shouting is likely to be about.

From the strictly campaign point-of-view, however, the feeble demonstration of Mr. Norman Hapgood and Mr. Henry Moskowitz in favor of Governor Smith may serve a purpose. *Up from the City Streets* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) is a meagre placard, obviously written to order, obviously intended to say nothing; a cross between a handshake and a smirk. "Smith loves to talk", "Smith loves to read", Smith rose from the city streets and became a gover-

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nor. Every analysis of Smith's undertakings simply leaves him so much to the good in the authors' opinions. If he loves his church, which is Catholic, it is only that he may love his country more, which is American. Take it or leave it, it tells you nothing and does you no harm.

Will Irwin, on the other hand, has made at least a passing attempt to humanize his *Herbert Hoover* (Century, $3.00). That he does not quite succeed in doing so is merely to remark that in nearing elections we deal with demi-Gods and not with human beings. But his prostration is very readable. His hero has a background decidedly more colorful than the under side of the Brooklyn Bridge, which yielded Smith to the blare and the daylight. Australia and China, metallurgy, pioneering and the Boxer Rebellion were the early schools in which the quiet, reserved yet forceful personality of Mr. Irwin's portrait developed an aptitude for dealing with men and events. If Smith in Messrs. Hapgood and Moskowitz's bland sketch is the Tammany politician at his best, ablest and most acceptable, Hoover in Mr. Irwin's is what we are fond of assuring ourselves is the average American at his best—a constructive, active, decent person, unburdened by imagination, quietly alert for the big chance, and capable of dealing with it when it comes his way.

Turning from figures in the political foreground to those whose eccentricities continue to take on color as the need for white-washing them diminishes, we come upon Mr. Seitz's study of men who ran for the presidency and failed—*The "Also Rans"* (Crowell, $3.50). Except for a tendency to wisecrack on every occasion, these sketches from Burr to Bryan, of lesser idols who were rejected at the polls are foreshortenings of conventional biographical discussions. As a sample of what the introduction holds, Mr. Seitz observes of Roosevelt that "he 'took' Panama, decimated the Twenty-fifth Infantry, settled the coal strike, took E. H. Harriman's money and gave him no return, meddled with everything from childbirth to populism and had a 'bully' time. No one else did. . . . Then he gave us William H. Taft to keep his seat warm while he went a-hunting".

Of Andrew Johnson he remarks that he was "an inebriated Daniel in a political lion's den, with Zach Taylor, Thad Stevens and Ben Wade as the chief roarers", a statement in rather violent contrast to the estimate in Robert H. Winston's long and exhaustive treatise of the man who succeeded Lincoln after his assassination.

Mr. Winston takes his Johnson with a great and sometimes fatiguing seriousness, but his book, *Andrew Johnson* (Holt, $5.00), which is the fruit of many years of study and research, will be an important addition to Civil War and Reconstruction literature. Mr. Johnson's inebriety he portrays as more of a function of the period, like a bowler hat and a claw hammer coat, than an idiosyncrasy of character. As to his language, it was probably justifiable, if only for the reason that when everyone else is screaming it is impossible to make oneself heard at a whisper. And where the lions left off, the hyenas began, with plenty of jackals to round out the chorus. Mr. Winston's portrait is that of a strong and simple man at bay, and whatever future researches may yield in the way of corroboration or contradiction, he has written many absorbing chapters on one of the most raucously exciting periods of American political history.

Meade Minnigerode's *Presidential Years* (Putnam, $3.50) takes us campaigning from 1787 to 1860, and shows us that the spirit of ballyhoo has remained a constant and growing force in the land ever since Alexander Hamilton began turning the political loaf to see which side it was buttered on. It lacks the charm and also the fine irony of Mr. Minnigerode's best writing, but the material is inevitably interesting. It is also enlightening to note that the idea that whoever could shout the loudest had the most to say, has been an important factor in our civilization from Jefferson through Jackson —and has remained as a force in the background ever since, even in our last elections when the din raised over Calvin Coolidge's silences grew to such commendable proportions.

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Rufus Choate, by Claude M. Fuess (Minton, Balch, $3.50), is the usual biographical "appreciation", the fashion for which was set by Plutarch, and the survival of which is merely reminiscent of the human aptitude for having thoughts, like pills, done up in convenient pink packages for easy consumption. It offers a polished skeleton, the ribs of which are padded with platitudes by way of flesh, and the movements of which are controlled by wires conveniently in the hands of the author. *Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman,* by William E. Barton (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.75), on the other hand, offers some important, if sometimes rather fuliginous, sidelights on the activities of the "good gray poet" during the Civil War years. The surfaces over which Mr. Barton skates with such apparent reserve and timidity are, however, worthy of somewhat deeper penetration. And in allowing the reader to infer between the lines that the shiftless Walt was a good deal more of a liar than is usually supposed, he omits to remark that this is one of the few luxuries poets are invariably allotted in a world not altogether ordered along the lines of their fantasies.

No single phrase can sum up the varied characteristics of approach and method offered in this gallery of portraits and backgrounds. With the single exception of Mr. Winston's "Andrew Johnson", however, they are all distinguished by an aptitude for generalization and evidences, at least, of hasty composition. They belong in the category of works labelled bleakly as informative—recurrent campaign phenomena calculated to give the serious citizen the pleasant illusion that he may, by taking thought, get an idea as to what he is voting for.

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PHILOSOPHY IN THE AIR

By Jerome Rosenthal

THERE was a time when George Santayana tried to infuse vigor and blood into the speculations of metaphysicians and the visions of prophets and poets by humanizing and linking them with mother earth. Things conceived in detachment from existence and nature would have been condemned by him as irresponsible vagaries, as sentimental excrescences of an unhealthy imagination which, for lack of ability to see and appreciate what is, expatiates upon what is not. Supernaturalism was his *bête noire,* transcendent idealism the handiwork of German egotism.

Mr. Santayana has gradually come to think differently. Not that he has transferred his allegiance from naturalism to supernaturalism. He still holds that all power and efficacy have their fountainhead in nature. Only he has now become frankly dualistic. Over and above the workaday existential world, which must be counted with for all practical purposes, and which he leaves to the care of pragmatists and positivists, he has now another region, preserved for holiday moods, the so-called realm of essence. Here he now shelters all the disembodied entities which he formerly repudiated so scornfully. It is here too that the mysticism which became so conspicuous in his "Platonism and the Spiritual Life" reigns supreme.

In *The Realm of Essence* (Scribners, $3.50), Mr. Santayana assigns now a secondary place to existence, knowledge, facts. He yearns for a realm exempt from the vicissitudes of temporal and spatial existence, and for the absolute certainty given by a mode of apprehension superior to ordinary knowledge.

Existent things are contingent and irrational not only because they cannot be deduced from one another but also because of the mere fact of their existence. Knowledge, which our author conceives pragmatically, is always relative, being determined by the structure and needs of our organism; it is a matter of animal faith, as it never reaches its object directly, being mediate and transitive and accomplishing this transition by instinct. In its scientific form knowledge reduces things to something else, explaining by explaining away, giving the context of things instead of the things themselves, their histories instead of their natures, thus "making the setting carve the jewel". In knowledge things are signals for practice, meanings having ulterior references. The purpose of knowledge is the preservation of bodily existence. But the destiny of our body is not "the most congenial theme to man's mind. Existence would not be worth preserving if it had to be spent exclusively in anxiety about existence . . . Knowledge of the facts merely because they are facts cannot be the ultimate object of a philosopher".

It is the realm of essence that offers the philosopher a congenial haven of refuge from the masquerade of existence. Undistracted by any ulterior purposes and anxieties, mind floats here freely on the waves of its own visions. Mind is here in immediate and inalienable possession of things that no longer play parts but are their own selves.

We are in the realm of essence whenever we reach a pure contemplative state, becoming so absorbed in what is directly before our minds that every theoretical and practical interest is forgotten. We would best realize an essence, if in reading, for instance, our attention should be arrested not by what the letters stand for, but by the letters themselves, by their mere shape and color. Timeless and spaceless, it stands indiscriminately for anything ever entertained by mind, whether "in sensation, thought, or the most fantastic fancy". Its strict individuality, simplicity, defying all combinations, disqualifies it for any cognitive purpose and makes it come nearest to an

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esthetic object, although it may represent both the beautiful and the ugly.

"The Realm of Essence" is ostensibly a dispassionate survey and abstract examination of a field of interest mainly to the logician. In reality it is a lyrical outcry of a soul lost in the mazes of democracy and machine civilization, and longing for the peaceful mountain-tops where mystics of all ages looked for a sanctum from an alien world and a place of liberation from themselves. What charm can there be indeed for a soul attuned to the music of the spheres in the hustle-bustle of a world in perpetual flux? For one who is concerned above all to preserve the immaculateness of his inner life, what attraction is there in a world where things and persons, deprived of their distinguishing traits, are always combined with, implicated in other things; where things serve as instruments and substitutes; where life is an eternal eve for holidays that never come, offering distraction without enjoyment?

We should not begrudge Mr. Santayana his determination to hunt shadows in air-castles. That is his private affair. Our author apparently intends his book to be more than an autobiography. In this case we have a right to expect precise definitions and an adherence to them. The evident aim of this estheticism is to avoid all practical entanglements, to reach a state of unalloyed enjoyment and ethical neutrality. But ethical impartiality is, no less than political neutrality, only another form of partiality. Far from being neutral, the doctrine of essence is an expression of a special predilection for the things to which Mr. Santayana himself is partial. It voices above all a desire for keeping one's precious self unsoiled by contact with the world.

Mr. Santayana attempts gallantly to rescue individuality from the ontologism of naïve realists and the logical atomism of neo-realists, by relegating it to the otiose esthetical domain. Apart from the fact that this presupposes an unwarranted breach between esthetics and other fields, we hardly avoid thereby the difficulties attached to the actualization of individuality. Of course, we can not be sure that an essence is to be regarded after all as an otiose affair. The doctrine of essence is so stated as to be amenable to all kinds of purposes. The materialist will welcome it, when he reads that essences are "absolute phantoms". The implication is thus to leave these harmless ghosts alone and to look, as the author actually suggests, to material processes for all sources not only of power but also of moral and logical structure. The Spinozist may become elated on hearing that "existence is presupposed in the intuition of the essence itself". Even the idealist may suspect an ally when he is told that "essences are forms of the imagination and thought and never of things". Finally the Buddhist may wax warm when he learns about "the essence of an enemy in itself". Having no reference to what enemies do, such an essence can be viewed as indifferently as that of a friend in itself. A mind lost in the contemplation of such essences would look like a perfect blank. No wonder that Nirvana is so often mentioned in this book.

If Mr. Santayana detaches metaphysics from existence, Mr. Scott Buchanan is ready to throw it altogether overboard. It is methodology that is raised on the shield in *Possibility* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50)—a work betraying on the part of its author an uncommon ability to view the vast panorama of doctrines focally and to tinge their grayness with the warm hue of a truly poetic imagination.

Mr. Buchanan quarrels with metaphysics for its hypostatization of terms of discourse into actualities and, consequently, for giving final solutions. All our intellectual disciplines—whether science, or philosophy, or art—are only so many modes of expression occurring always in the medium of systems. In none of them, not even in science, do we ever transcend discourse or reach the solid bottom of facts or the actual. A fact would have to be something strictly individual, a Santayanesque essence. But individuality can never be actualized in discourse, which is a tissue of relations. A so-called scientific fact is a term in our present state of knowledge, a member of a system standing and falling with the other members. No system is final or a self-sufficient whole. What

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is at present a whole may become eventually a part of a larger system. Every system is thus in turn part and whole. The sunlight corresponding to the actuality of immediate experience appears in the prism of discourse only in the form of some color or other. The infinite ways in which the colors are chosen and combined form the realm of possibility.

Mr. Buchanan's thesis has interesting implications for art and especially for the history of philosophy, the major systems of which are shown by a sympathetic insight to differ only in form. We cannot enter upon these matters here. Suffice it to say that he has made a skilful use of the logic of idealism with which he beats the absolute idealists as well as all other absolutists. He certainly administers a healthy reminder to those who transform dialectical schemes or possibilities into actualities. Of course, the acceptance of the logic of relations needs justification.

One has here the impression of climbing up and down from system to system on an intellectual ladder which rests on no solid ground and leads to no heaven. Philosophy becomes in this book partly an adventure in no-man's land, partly an exercise in ingenuity for devising schemes by which one linguistic form and one system could be translated, expanded into and reduced to another. After responsibility for the universe has been thrown to the winds and a release has been secured from the bonds of reality, intellectual life becomes a midsummer night's dream. The adventurous soul may imagine that flying is easy in a medium devoid of grave matter. But if it is going to take at least its adventure seriously, it will soon find out that flying in a vacuum is impossible. Our adventurer will have to realize, like Cain, that it is difficult to hide from God.

Mr. Buchanan identifies philosophy with method. But method must be a method of something. Criticism cannot go on forever stewing in its own juice. It must begin with and end in something that is not criticism. The rules by which games are played must be independent of the games themselves. Similarly, the principles by which systems can be translated and arranged in certain orders must ultimately be independent of the translation and arrangement. Metaphysics chased through the door will come back through the window.

Mortimer I. Adler's *Dialectic* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50) is rather a prolix prose commentary on Mr. Buchanan's philosophical poem. Philosophy is here identified with dialectic, which has nothing to do with the discovery of truth. Dialecticians live an easy life, having nothing to learn except the rules of their game, as dialectical discussions are immediately killed by the introduction of facts. Our author's disquisitions on this lofty discipline might be paraphrased by defining it as the art of arguing endlessly about arguing for the sake of arguing. It is consoling to know that these queer specimens are rare and are never found in pure form, since our author, who has certainly offered us an example of dialectic in writing about dialectic, has managed to bring his book to an end. Readers of a concrete turn of mind may learn that dialectic belongs to "forms of combat which are governed by rule, such as the Olympic games, the knightly joust, the jiu-jitzu, the duel". Mr. Adler does not tell us whether all these forms of game have a logic, metaphysics, and psychology. Dialectic, we are told, has. The present book is devoted to an exhibition of them. The author's logic hardly contains anything more than what can be found in any text book of idealistic logic. As to his metaphysics, one wonders how it has been able to creep into a work whose chief claim to distinction is to be antimetaphysical. The reader may, however, learn a great deal from Mr. Adler's psychology. He will find here the important truth, that the dialectical game can be carried on successfully only when the participants have good heads, when they manage to keep their heads cool (a condition which, by the way, can be helped by psychoanalytic cures), when they visualize beforehand both their own moves and those of their adversaries. Of course the reader must be warned not to take these truths too seriously, for the psychology given here may itself be a subject for endless argumentation.

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POETS AND SOME OTHERS

By Babette Deutsch

THE odium that attaches to the profession of poetry is unfortunate and intelligible. It is unfortunate since it inclines the poet to withdraw into the shell of his private identity, and cuts off a potential audience from an enlarging experience. It is intelligible because the enjoyment of poetry, like the study of higher mathematics, demands leisure, solitude, and a certain amount of pains, and chiefly because poetry, while it can be as exhilarating as mathematics is said to be, is much more disturbing. The average intellectual who goes regularly to the concert hall and the theater, irregularly visits the galleries, and keeps abreast of the discoveries in radio-activity and child psychology, is faintly disconcerted by those little books filled with narrow print that adorn publishers' lists and guest-room tables and are so seldom seen in any reader's hands. The public, the intelligent public, resembles Ulysses's crew, in that it would rather stuff its ears with wax than be confounded by song.

Half of the volumes in the batch on my desk are truly dangerous matter. Emily Dickinson had two tests for poetry: it made her feel as if the top of her head had been taken off or it made her feel so cold that she thought she would never be warm again. There are many pages in four of these books that produce these fearful effects. Two of the most chilling volumes are by Yvor Winters and Clinch Calkins.

Mr. Winters's *The Bare Hills* (Four Seas, $2.00) is appropriately named, although the title-poem is less interesting than several others. His poetry is gaunt, gray and harsh. It is also cold, with that burning cold that belongs to ice. His book, which contains poems that have been pared down to one line, takes its quality from a singleness of effect sustained through some sixty pages of varying humors. There is an integrity about it which derives from the poet's metaphysical passion—a passion colored by his sharp apprehension of physical things, and having its issue in a profound disenchantment with the world. He conveys it by means of a few spare, precise images. In some thirty words he will give you the essence of a moment. But these moments are an ineffectual screen for eternity. Time, Space, and the mind that spins them are Mr. Winters's ultimate concern, and in pieces like "The Streets", and "The Rows of Cold Trees" he invites you to share his tragic awareness. And preëminently in "Prayer Beside A Lamp":

> I pace beside my books and hear the
> wind stop short against the house like
> the pneumatic gasp of death.
> The mind that lives on
> print becomes too savage: print that
> stings and shivers in the cold when
> shingles rise and fall. O God,
> my house is built of bone that bends.
>
> Beyond the roof
> the sky turns with an endless roaring and
> bears all
> the stars. What could you do?
> Could you climb up against the whirling
> poles alone? Grind through the ghastly
> twist of the sphere? Could you maintain
> a foothold on the rising earth for
> night on night and walk the
> creaking floor?
>
> The steady courage
> of the humming oil drives back the
> darkness as I drive back sweating death:
> from out a body stricken by this thought, I
> watch the night grow turgid on the stair—
> I, crumbling, in the crumbling brain of
> man.

Miss Calkins's performance in her *Poems* (Knopf, $2.00) is another matter. She, too, has a metaphysic ache, but if she has suffered as keenly as her fellow-poet she has certainly thought less deeply, and her pain finds vent in a music that is foreign to him. The war between flesh and

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spirit is a recurrent theme with her, but she gives it less difficult and more lyric utterance. A fairly typical instance is "Inn's Comfort":

We sit apart. I touch you with my hand.
The phantom occupant must learn his tangible room,
The one reality in his curious doom
To find the boundary of an unboundaried land.

Be patient with me. It was that I sought
The flesh, less evanescent than the thought.
The resurgent dust, the birth-repeating earth—
The plentiful creator of our dearth.

Still, have we felt, when stretched upon the fire,
We would extinguish in each other a desire
For something as yet untouched, unsung, unspoken,
Man's faith in which has never yet been broken,
That the bright house is vulnerable to death
And holds a deathless tenant by a breath.

We are but taverns to each other, warmth and laughter
And the long unshuddering quiet that comes after.
Yet even as you make a shelter for my breast,
The lonely heart slips out upon its quest
Of the strange promise, of which so far is heard
Only the whisper, never the given word.

The excellence of Miss Calkins's work lies in her combination of a fine melodic equipment with an austere irony. Where the two qualities are equally matched, as in "Tu Ne Quaesieris", in which she strings the bronze wire of the Roman poet's admonition upon her own new and lustrous instrument, she is admirable. Seldom a poem lacks the seal of authenticity. Her fault is that she allows herself to be betrayed by her gift of melody, and that she permits her meaning to be blunted and even obscured by the requirements of rhyme. The singing quality of such a poem as "I Was A Maiden" is agreeable, but the piece seems to have no other value. The ending of "And as she kissed" is tricky and weak. "About My Mother" is spoiled by a facility that has not felt the pull of the bit. One is inclined to pick flaws because one hates to see anything less than perfection in a poet capable of the virtues that glimmer up from the pages of this book. The wise image, the echoing cadence, the core of quiet intensity, all are here. "Military Drill", "The Skater", the series called "Old Men", "The Gossip's Apology", "What Will She Do?", "Romance", are all individual and memorable pieces. Let "At the Casement", one further example of her gifts, suffice.

Once did I beat my head against the bars
Who sit incurious in my room of earth,
Curtained with trees and ceiled with burning stars,
Furnished with life and love, by death and birth.

Even, I close my eyes against that heaven
Which in my homesick childhood long I sought
At this flesh casement, iron-wrought.

Now domiciled a housewife, do I roam
Among the treasures of my wedded home.
Oh, lease be long! Eviction never come!

Yet sometimes in the shine of my belongings
I see the radiance of my early longings.

The unique character of Miss Calkin's work will not allow her to be confused even with those poets of whom she sometimes reminds us. She has a more acrid beauty than Edna Millay, a more feminine ardour than Elinor Wylie.

Turning to the anthology of poems—*Fugitives* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50)—written by a small group of southerners who "for four years issued most of their verse in a journal called *The Fugitive*", one finds it somewhat difficult to separate the contributors in one's mind. There are poems by Donald Davidson that one might have expected to read over the name of John Crowe Ransom, and poems of Ransom's that might have been written by Merrill Moore. This is not to disparage any of these gentlemen. They share qualities which exceed their differences. Ransom may, possibly, have in-

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fluenced the others, though the foreword makes much of the fact that the poets "disagreed among themselves on the literary principles which they persistently argued". The anthology seems to indicate, however, that more than half of the eleven contributors owe a debt to T. S. Eliot. Of the poets represented, I find Messrs. Ransom, Moore, Johnson, Elliott, and Davidson most to my taste. Laura Riding is too wilfully intricate, certain of the others too easy, while the performance of one or two, though interesting, does not, for me, quite come off. As a whole, the volume is a rich one, since a large proportion of the inclusions is the work of poets gifted with that mixture of emotional responsiveness and intellectual vitality that is so peculiarly exhilarating.

Poems of quite a different order are to be found in the collection which Padraic Colum has succinctly entitled *Creatures* (Macmillan, $2.50). Here is no fledgling talent, but a poet ripe in wisdom and certain of his instrument, dealing with a world from which the self-centered introspective human is commonly excluded. Many of these poems were written years ago. I have heard the author speak them in his inimitable measured chant so that the shapes he evoked seemed to hover about his shoulders and at his right hand and his left hand. Reading them over alone I find them as fresh and profound as ever. Love, which Plato tells us is "birth in beauty whether of the body or the soul", has here built a cage of awe and sympathy about the wild things of earth, air and sea, from which they can never again escape. The book is elaborately decorated with drawings in black and white by Boris Artzybasheff. Delightful as these are, they are too bold for the text, and the publishers have made a more serious mistake in clumsily printing the book on paper like cardboard.

In *Burning Bush,* by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), we are also given the work of an established lyricist, who, like Padraic Colum, has considerable versatility. Unlike Mr. Colum, however, he lacks the unifying vision of the world which gives three dimensions to poetry. He is a musician above all, and the present volume, which marks a distinct advance over his past performance, shows a technical achievement that it would be difficult to match. His shrewd rhymes, his fine assonances, his careful rhythms, are a continual delight to the ear. As a parodist, Mr. Untermeyer has played the sedulous ape these many years, and indeed, there are several poems in this volume that read like parodies. But there are also more than forty pieces that could only have been written by its author, and these show how much he has profited by studying the methods of his contemporaries. His melodies are more assured than before, his thrust is sharper, the accent of his emotion has a longer echo. True, he has not quite cured himself of the cleverness that sometimes rises to defeat his poetic purpose. But he has given over the easy challenge, the noisy vehemence of his earlier verse, and won a more troubling quiet. His landscapes are particularly memorable, and in such different poems as "Yet Nothing Less", "Disenchantment", "High Mass at St. Peter's", "Scarcely Spring", "Isaac", he has wrought with more than his customary skill.

The remaining two volumes fall far below those already mentioned. Marjorie Meeker's verse in *Color of Water* (Brentano, $1.50) is unquestionably the color of water: sometimes flashing silver, sometimes reflecting tremulously a warmer radiance, but with none of the solid depths and bleeding edges that mark poetry of a high order. Miss Meeker is very clever at assonantal feminine rhymes, and she is as melodious as any bird, but no amount of shining trickery or lyric fluency can compensate for lack of intensity.

I had hoped to find in *Fire and Sleet and Candlelight* (John Day, $2.00), Eleanor Carroll Chilton's poems, and possibly in those of the two friends who publish with her, Herbert Agar and Willis Fisher, the poetic values which were so evident in her first novel. Here I was, however, disappointed. The verse contained in this volume has, all of it, a certain high seriousness, a rather self-conscious dignity, and a great deal of monotony, both in cadence and epithet. There is more candlelight than fire, and more noise than storm. Mr. Fisher's "Hill-top" I found the most appealing piece in the collection.

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A Shelf of Recent Books

MORE BIOGRAPHIES

By Robert Kissack, Jr.

JANE WELSH AND JANE CARLYLE. *By Elizabeth Drew. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.*
PORTRAIT OF LADY MARY MONTAGU. *By Iris Barry. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.00.*
APHRA BEHN. *By V. Sackville-West. Viking Press. $2.00.*
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. *Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. Little, Brown. $2.50.*
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. *By Lewis Melville. Doubleday, Doran. $6.00.*
BARRIE. *By Thomas Moult. Scribner. $2.00.*
THOMAS HARDY AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. *By Patrick Braybrooke. Lippincott. $2.50.*

CATS are decidedly not the only persons who can look at kings these days. Our modern biographers are staring with the most persistent and prying cattiness at the Great and the Near-Great. He who wakes in the morning to find himself famous must not be alarmed to perceive with the dawn a dense circle of inquisitive faces peering down at him. It will not profit him to hide his head beneath the bed-clothes; the insatiable curiosity of his admirers is not to be put off like that. It is indeed a disturbing situation.

Invasions of privacy have been accomplished, however, with such consummate skill by that "Satan Among the Biographers", Lytton Strachey, that even the most retiring and modest should not complain. Although Strachey, to make possible the charming exposé in his "Queen Victoria", materializes through royal key-holes and barred doors with a Mephistophelian lack of respect, one cannot help admitting that Victoria, poor dear, really deserved all this debunking. The book, unlike Maurois's pleasant "Ariel" is always convincing in its accuracy; it should be a touchstone for all modern literary biography. In comparison, the method of many who are now reminding the world of the lives of great men is sometimes slightly objectionable, for frequently these writers pump away so fervently in their debunking that they must needs fill the vacuum they have thus caused with mere half truths.

It is with the highly commendable purpose of correcting the ill-balanced interpretations of such partisan critics that Elizabeth Drew, author of "The Modern Novel", has recently written "Jane Welsh and Jane Carlyle". Jane is for Miss Drew neither a tragic heroine dismally neglected by a husband who was "a sort of cross between a spoilt child and a dyspeptic hyena", nor yet a hypochondriacal neurotic, but merely a quite normal human being for all her paradoxicality—a woman and a housewife, charmingly companionable at times, damnably irritating to live with at others—a housewife frequently prostrated with terrible headaches. Miss Drew is extremely sympathetic with Jane; as she declares with heartiness and warmth "she gets fond of her through everything". Casting chronology to the winds, she proceeds in the first two sections of the book with her literary corrective, and then, the antidote administered, feels free to present her own characterization. But after all, the married life of the Carlyles has had a good deal of almost tabloid-like publicity, and when our natural if not altogether admirable nosiness about personalities has been satisfied, our better natures should sigh for a day when the domestic difficulties of the famous Scotch couple may enjoy a moment of rest and quiet.

Perhaps all this may be rather finical and hypercritical. Granted that our Reading Public, as it is termed, revels in a little heart-interest or a breath of scandal now and then, is it not just possible that if we look more closely for first causes we should find not mere idle curiosity but a sincere desire for knowledge? For all we know, we may actually be in the midst of a little Revival of Learning all our own; it may be that the old Humanism, disguised in the somewhat showy dress of psychology and behaviorism, is among us again. Therefore if the study of

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mankind be not at present altogether proper —if it can be accomplished only with piquantly sugared coatings—then we can but applaud the thing itself and be disgruntled only with the pandering methods that our biographers employ.

Two recent books of popularized knowledge, "Aphra Behn" and "Portrait of Lady Mary Montagu", assist aptly in upholding these contentions. The first of these is a pleasing monograph in the Representative Woman series, an excellent introductory sketch of the life of "the incomparable Astrea", who in 1670 was the first woman in England to earn her living by her pen. Though it is an unpretentious little volume, the author, Vita Sackville-West, includes not only a brief estimate of Aphra Behn's writings but also a startlingly forceful attack upon Dr. Bernbaum, who never has had a really very good opinion of Aphra. Undoubtedly it is Miss Sackville-West's extreme sympathy for "Astrea" that causes her rather feminine vituperation and also her well gloved treatment of Mrs. Behn's bawdiness (for the "incomparable" one was undoubtedly bawdy both in life and literature); but these points do not detract from the book—it remains a brief but capably informative biography. In the second, Iris Barry's profusely illustrated account of Lady Montagu, the sugar-coating around the knowledge center assumes magnificent proportions. Intimately we follow the thoughts and actions of a woman famous for her friendship with "the wasp of Twickenham", Pope, and for her introduction of small-pox inoculation into England—an amazing, celebrated beauty who "was, without being an adventuress, the first of the New Women". She is presented against a colorful background of eighteenth century London and a galaxy of figures like George I, Marlborough, Addison, Gay, Lord Hervey, Voltaire, Haendel, Casanova. Such a complex framework could not but be intriguing. It is—but it is also a little confusing. Iris Barry's plan was to bring her heroine back out of the past not as a corpse, "not as a museum piece, but as a real person", and though she has indeed made Lady Montagu very much alive, the authoritative frame and the portrait itself do not quite harmonize. One questions at times the accuracy of the portrait and the liberties that the author takes, and then decides that, all in all, it is an admirable if not always convincing adaptation of Strachey's biographical methods.

Less sugar-coated, less popularized for the public's consumption, is a new edition of Louisa May Alcott's letters and journals. What little biographical information it contains is merely a running fire, or rather an ambling glow, of editorial comment which pretends to be no more than explanatory footnotes to the text of Miss Alcott's own words, yet it is proof that the editor, Ednah D. Cheney, and her publishers are optimistically convinced that the public is not aflame with idle curiosity but with genuine desire for education.

Even a better example of this is Lewis Melville's latest biography, "William Makepeace Thackeray". It is done in the approved old school manner, very straightforward, quite complete, perhaps a little plodding, and altogether un-Strachey-like. With scholarly order and precision Melville (the *nom-de-plume* of Lewis Benjamin) proceeds in his amassing of facts; rarely does he assume the role of interpreter of Thackeray's character; yet out of all this mass of detail we are made conscious at every turn of how the famous Victorian novelist introduced innumerable incidents from his Victorian life into his writings. We follow him through his youth, which was not remarkable for sensational achievement; find that he was "prepared to write for anybody or on anything"; witness his sudden recognition at the age of thirty-eight as a popular literary lion; and discover that despite his reputation as a satirist and cynic he was an extremely good-natured man journeying so sentimentally through life that he wept copiously when writing pathos in his own stories and would not even dare to read books that leave the reader sad, "because the end is unhappy, and people die, and are murdered at the end". Why, then, we might well ask, if so satisfactory a picture of a great man can be obtained by this plainly ethical form of biography, why should anyone ever dare to take liberties with a great man, to select inci-

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dents in his life and use him in a novel? Well, the answer should be that Melville's style is a bit pedestrian, a bit long-winded, and even repetitious, and that a little condensation or selection (without, of course, any malicious scandal-mongery or any perversion of truth) might well make this scholarly piece of work more vivid and effective.

Biography frequently assumes a still different form; it may be so blended with literary and philosophical criticism that it becomes a history of a man's thoughts and his ability to express them. Thomas Moult, in his estimate of Barrie's life and works has effected such a combination in a charming manner. Though he is handicapped by a singular paucity of information concerning the Scotch novelist and playwright, Moult manages to glean enough *personalia* from Barrie's own writing to make his account both substantial and convincing; and though the latter half of the book contains mainly literary criticism and very little actual biography, the neat use of delightful anecdote quite saves the day. Barrie we perceive, through that elfin, border-world atmosphere of his stories and plays, as himself a sort of strange little Lob, whimsically light and sentimental, yet nearly always escaping with a dextrous leap the slough of the maudlin. Well-written, personal and penetrating without being rude or prying, sympathetic and almost reverently appreciative, the book is victorious in a noble cause.

Distressingly less successful is Patrick Braybrooke's analysis of "Thomas Hardy and His Philosophy". Braybrooke, with an abundance of platitudes, explains painstakingly his recent discovery of Hardy's melancholy temperament and trumpets indiscriminate praise of every word the Wessex novelist chances to employ. The truth is that most of us have made these discoveries for ourselves some time ago, and the effect of the criticism is therefore somewhat anticlimactical. Though it is redeemed by an earnestness, a sincerity, and a freedom of expression, though it does convey a fairly clear conception of Hardy's philosophy of "Determinism", it is decidedly disappointing and often wretchedly written.

LANTERN TOWARD THE LIGHT

By Horace M. Kallen

CHINESE ART. *By R. L. Hobson. Macmillan. $12.50.*

GUIDE-POSTS TO CHINESE PAINTING. *By Louise Wallace Hackney. Houghton Mifflin. $10.00.*

TO THE profane western eye a Chinese "landscape with figures" is such a scene as never was on sea or land, while to the rhythm in which no fine frenzy rolls, only wisdom speaks and serenity gives voice—the wisdom of resignation and the serenity of disillusion. Yet what might be called the moral realism of Chinese poetry and visual faerie of Chinese graphic arts are evident kin. There is that in the structural rhythm of Chinese painting, in its astounding line and sedate color, in the shapes and decorations of Chinese plastic arts, which is somehow the spirit of Chinese poetry made visible.

The hundred plates in color, to which Mr. R. L. Hobson of the British Museum supplies a compact introduction, enables us somewhat to see the embodiment of this spirit in pottery, porcelain, jades, lacquer and the like; though their tendency is in the direction of that excess which the French call *chinoiserie*. But the "Guide-Posts to Chinese Painting" sets forth in clear, simple, direct terms those ascertained facts which provide the perspective settings that so much enhance the glamor of anything understood because it is loved. "The purpose of this book," writes the author, "is to present a composite picture of Chinese painting, as the expression of the soul of a nation, to give something of its spiritual and philosophical meanings, and to point out a few of its ideals and methods that are so universal that they can enrich the art of the West—and incidentally some of us personally."

In a word, the book is a lantern toward a light. It makes to shine a little the dark sources of that faerie brightness which is Chinese art, and so changes it from faerie to the workaday world. Its eleven chapters

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tell of the kind of life the Chinese used to lead, of the terrible importance of ancestors, of Confucianism and Buddhism and Taoism, of dynasties and commerce and war, of contacts with India and Persia and Greece and Rome and the Christian lands of Europe, of the peculiar ways of Chinese writing, and of what all these things have wrought in the vases and pictures of China. And as a result, we see the art of China, not as a vocation for professionals but as a calling for literal amateurs—lovers of excellence, men of culture, poets and musicians of the class of the literati, who used the graphic and plastic media to utter a religious attitude or a philosophic insight, not to reproduce a particular object in the external. By and large, consequently, Chinese art is a communication of religious and social moods and ideas, by means of a series of symbols derived from the natural scene and the religious mythologies, and as definitely an alphabet of the head and heart of cultured China as its calligraphy. In this alphabet, the important themes were the life-cycle of nature in the march of the seasons, the life-cycle of man in the march of the generations and high points of life in birth and marriage and work and war and death. Painting and potteries are ceremonial or personal.

Portraiture is of ancestors. Images are of the saints and sinners, the hither and the other life of Taoist and Buddist mythology. Every flower is an ikon with a meaning. Every picture is a rebus. Withal, the eager life of plants and animals is lovingly studied and vividly realized. Looking at a Chinese work of art you acknowledge its verity yet are bemused by an otherworldly tone.

This is due to the craftsmanship of the Chinese artist, his conventions, his tools, his media. His convention is to accept the limitations of the flat surface and not to aim at an illusion of depth upon it. His media are perishable—silk and porous paper; with black ink and water color to spread upon them. His tool is the bamboo brush with which he writes. Of the limitations of this tool he has made opportunities. His work is all dynamic line set down continuously, catching and uttering the well remembered living essence of his theme. For he works from no model, but from a realization, through long religious study of the inner spirit of his model, revealing itself through changing days.

OUR SURVIVING PAST

By Don C. Seitz

THE GANGS OF NEW YORK. *By Herbert Asbury. Knopf. $4.00.*

RUM, ROMANCE AND REBELLION. *By Charles William Taussig. Minton, Balch. $4.00.*

IT IS a long walk from a "A Methodist Saint" and "Up From Methodism" to "The Gangs of New York". One shudders at what would have been the emotions of the good bishop at finding his kinsman in the company of Plug Uglies, Dead Rabbits, Roach Guards, Shirt Tails, Daybreak Boys, Buckoos, Swamp Angels, Slaughter Houses and many more of the like, frequenting such neighborhoods as the Bowery, Cherry Hill and the Five Points of that old and wicked New York of much of the nineteenth century. The "gangs" of New York were certainly no fit company for a Methodist, or for that matter anyone else. Yet if the men were bad what shall be said of Hell-Cat Maggie who figured in street battles, or the *décolletées* dames who frequented the dives kept by John Allen, Calico Mag and Billy McGlory?

Nothing has been lost by the change except dirt and brutalities. The dog-fight, the barehanded "mill" running into unnumbered rounds, the cockfight and the reckless ruffians are gone, and to them good riddance. What amazes is that the pugs and bullies were tolerated so long. The shoulder-hitters and nose-biters lasted half a century. Reputable New York was too respectable to bother about them. The volunteer fire-department gave them shelter and political power. They were not thieves but "Plug Uglies" who took delight in terrorizing the timid and asserting what they thought were manly qualities. They throve in the midst of a poverty so shocking as to be unbelievable, swaggered in dark and filthy streets and loafed in saloons that were dirty doggeries.

There is no "local color" that any human being would like back again. Even the red

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shirts of the firemen can be forever spared. If they used fists more than guns it was only because they enjoyed the brutality of bare knuckles more than the "petulant pop of the pistol" as Bret Harte once put it so prettily. Weapons were not barred, but brickbats were as a rule preferred to bullets. The Dead Rabbits engineered some excellent riots. On one occasion the merry toughs besieged the Astor Place Opera House to vindicate the superior talents of Edwin Forrest as against William Macready. Edwin was a native American and Macready a despicable Briton. The gangsters were then 100 percenters.

From gangs Mr. Asbury discurses to criminals. Here we have some real talent—men who cracked bank-boxes for millions, with a skill worthy of the highest grade mechanic. Instead of the swarm of beggarly amateurs who now puzzle the police and fill the jails with callow first offenders we then had a real professional class. When a "job" was done the police knew by its earmarks whom to look for.

Mr. Asbury does not neglect the moderns —"Monk" Eastman, Paul Kelly and their kind, who throve briefly but lacked the interesting qualities of their forebears. Beside, as a rule the late gangsters have taken mainly to killing each other and do not intrude upon the public as the "Plug Uglies" did. They shoot well. The police have also improved in pistol practice. Time was when the average patrolman could not hit a mad dog at his feet with all the chambers of his revolver emptied. Now most of them can pick up a get-away speeding forty miles an hour. So progress is visible all along the line depicted by the author. He writes well and is a careful fact gatherer. If anyone is interested in the New York that was, Mr. Asbury will bring it back to him.

Mr. Taussig's title is easily misread to be "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" after Dr. S. D. Burchard's celebrated alliteration, and might be justified in this year when so many want to be wet and so few dare say so—with "Romanism" lurking in the background. Rum, many persons will be glad to learn, was the true Spirit of '76, and constituted a leading article in colonial commerce. The West India trade was sugar, molasses and rum, especially rum, without which New England could never have cured colds. The Yankees cut down their forests, traded the lumber to the Islands for rum and drank the rum—thus effecting a perfect clearing of the soil.

Rum also enabled New England to engage profitably in the slave trade. The Gold Coast kings were glad to swap off their surplus subjects for hot tots of the beverage. Mr. Taussig's last chapter deals with "Rum and Colonial Immorality". To the Colonial Dames and D. A. R.s of the day he details some shocking discoveries, based, it would appear, in part on a "History of the Town of Medford", where alas, a famous brand of rum was produced in large quantities. "The Rum Epoch," he says at the end, "was but a manifestation of erring humanity, and, though we still make mistakes, it is encouraging to realize that we are slowly shaking ourselves free from our smug, self-satisfied past."

Are we?

WOMAN IN THE HISTORY OF SOCIETY

By Alexander Goldenweiser

THE MOTHERS: A STUDY OF THE ORIGINS OF SENTIMENTS & INSTITUTIONS. *By Robert Briffault. In Three Volumes. Macmillan. $27.00.*

A BOOK of 2091 pages, bibliography—196 pages, index—120 pages! Shades of Frazer, shudders the reviewer and settles down to what, by all signs, he anticipates to prove an intolerable grind.

Robert Briffault's enormous contribution to the history of society is very long, but neither unduly inaccurate nor replete with far-fetched hypotheses; and not dull. His thesis is that all social facts with their attendant sentiments are rooted in the maternal instinct. In the absence of this biological foundation there could be no society, no living together, no institutions, no altruism.

In the beginning was the Word! The author dwells on this at length, reviewing incidentally much interesting evidence on the

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blind, deaf and dumb, and deaf blind, in order to show the significance of the social environment in the building of humanness. And he concludes: "The entire course of development of the human race, from whatever point of view it may be regarded, whether intellectual, economic, industrial, religious, social, or ethical, is as a whole and in detail coincident with the course of transmitted social heredity" (I, 58), a conclusion to be endorsed without the slightest misgiving.

It is further shown that prolonged infancy, slow development, reduction of the determinism of natural heredity, are most pronounced in the human race and that maternal love itself, inconspicuous among many animals, develops fully only among monkeys (including anthropoids) and man.

In the animal kingdom as well as among primitive man the sexual act is conspicuously associated with cruelty and the infliction of pain (I, 117-120), whereas tenderness and affection appear exclusively in association with the mating instinct (one has the feeling that the author here goes a little beyond the evidence). It follows that maternal affection, not sexual attraction, is the original source of love (I, 131); the filial sentiments are reflexes to the maternal instinct, while the so-called "gregariousness" is but a magnification of the mating instinct (I, 157). On this last point much evidence is adduced, but the author's conclusion here goes somewhat beyond the facts. "The original of all social bonds, the only one which exists among the higher animals and in the most primitive human groups, is that created by mother-love"—such is the final outcome of the first part of the work.

The author disposes rather effectively, I think, of the wide-spread and oft repeated notion of anthropoid monogamy and brings much evidence—very much to the point!—to show that among herding animals, while there is a certain sexual control of the herd by the males, the actual leader is a female. After a detailed survey of the social habits among the gregarious and the nongregarious animals, the author reaches what he himself calls a paradox that "those animals that are termed 'gregarious' are devoid of any sentiment binding them to their fellows, while it is, on the contrary, in the 'non-gregarious' creatures that sentiments of affection, the germ of a social instinct, have developed. It is in the maternal, not in the sexual association that the growth of the so-called 'social instinct' takes place" (I, 185).

In a later section the author inevitably encounters the problem of exogamy, the rule of marrying outside a certain group, and makes his contribution: a theory of the origin of exogamy in the self-preserving tendencies of the maternal group, the daughters remaining in the group, whereas the sons depart to mate outside. As theories of exogamy go, the anthropologists will tell us, this one is no worse than many others, nor any better.

The emotion connected with sex, the author points out in volume II, while relatively crude and wholly unromantic in primitive society, acquires its familiar glow relatively late in history and must be ascribed to the repression of sex impulses at puberty (II, 140).

Some pages are devoted to demolishing current notions, often erroneous: in primitive society the initiative in matters matrimonial is taken by women—not without exceptions—(II, 168-174); among many animals and in most primitive human groups males are more highly decorated than females (II, 176-181); marriage by capture never was general and what are usually regarded as ceremonial "survivals" of it rather point to pre-existing matrilocal marriage (II, 230-250)—the studious reader will find this section worth re-reading.

Throughout pre-history, then, woman ruled in all matters concerning the family as a center of the tender emotions, of altruism, of sociability. A radical change in the relations of the sexes comes with higher, historic agriculture (II, 251). Woman, gradually losing her economic significance, becomes more and more a pure sex object and must build upon this basis whatever prestige she still commands (II, 254-259).

Turning once more to earlier conditions, the author pays the accustomed tax of an anthropologist at large: a theory of totem-

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ism. The totem, he holds, was originally the food of the clan (II, 471); this is, in essence, the theory propounded by the English anthropologist, H. C. Haddon.

What Mr. Briffault has to say about the totemic clan association is worth quoting: "And as regards the social efficiency which depends upon that solidarity the primitive human group, the maternal totemic clan, was by far the most successful form that human association has assumed—it may indeed be said that it has been the only successful one. When the primitive concepts decayed and disappeared, other sentiments more or less directly derived from it, other loyalties, took its place as the bonds of human society; loyalties to divine kings, loyalty to a tribal god, religious brotherhood, loyalty to the tribe, to the State, to Throne and Altar, patriotism. But those more abstract loyalties have proved, on the whole, but poor substitutes for the direct conceptions and instincts embodied in totemic society . . . . Human society finds itself in the precarious position of being no longer held together by those bonds of sentiment which constitute the distinction between a social group and an aggregate of individuals" (II, 492). Words well worth pondering over!

Passing over interesting (and always abundant) pages devoted to Mother Goddesses, the magic and other significance of clothes, the relatively late development of the conceptions of chastity and purity, etc., we come to the last section in which a different note is struck: it deals with the male as such and his product, "what, in the best sense, we term civilization". The achievements of civilization "have taken place in societies organized on patriarchal principles; they are for the most part the work of men. Women have had very little direct share in them" (III, 507). These are hard words, but perhaps not as untrue as they sound, nor as unfair, seeing that three volumes of erudition were necessary to sketch woman's share in the building of *homo socius*.

Nor is woman done. "Maternal love is sacrifice"—we read—"Love is the expression of that subordination of individualism which has created human society." (III, 520). And a little further on, in connection with the modern phases of the problem: love of the mother, mutual devotion of man and woman—"these be the primal loyalties" and "they are, as they have ever been, in the keeping of the women, and in theirs alone." (III, 520).

All in all, an admirable performance. Not a great book but one deserving attention and respect, with no more slips than could be expected in so vast an undertaking, and with less bombast.

A BURLESQUE ON SWIFT

By Lawrence S. Morris

THE SKULL OF SWIFT: AN EXTEMPORE EXHUMATION. *By Shane Leslie. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.*

SOONER or later every writer who is interested in English prose becomes interested in the writings of Jonathan Swift; and every writer who is interested in men becomes interested in Swift himself. For Swift was not merely a writing-man, but a man who wrote. Each squib, or pamphlet, or book that he composed, was aimed, with all the concentration of his intelligence, to effect a definite purpose. He was witty but, unlike Wilde, not for the sake of being witty: he used his wit to overturn a ministry, or destroy a reputation, or expose pedantry. He was pessimistic but he never learned to caress his low opinion of human nature, in the manner of Cabell or even Schopenhauer, as a literary grace. His anger goaded him into the tremendous attempt to shake the complacency of the human species. From first to last he was a fighting man: resentful of tyranny in any form, and tyrannical; ambitious, cruel, tender; miserly and generous; coarse and delicate; learned, yet relishing the blunt speech of the illiterate; and viewing life through a mind that stripped other people's actions and his own of false dignity or cant. In short, he was the protagonist of English prose. He was blind to the unseen goals of the poet and mystic, deaf to the unheard melodies from another world. But he craved, and fought for, and was disillusioned in, the things that men crave and

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fight for. The weapon he fought with was prose and, in his practical passion, he forged it and hardened it to a flexibility that has never been equalled in English.

It is impossible not to admire his prose, but many among his contemporaries and followers have hated the author of it. His fierceness terrified his opponents in life; his coarseness revolted Thackeray and Macaulay in the next century; and his apparent cruelty to the two women who suffered tragic lives because of him shocks our own. The various attempts to write his biography have proved unsatisfactory: the record of his political and literary career is comparatively easy to follow, but he himself made any knowledge of his personal life impossible. In spite of the "Journal to Stella" and the letters to Vanessa, the truth of his relations to these two women was never intrusted to paper. He stamped the print of his mind in everything he wrote; but kept his heart in silence. We only know that both women died before him; that he learned the vanity of his ambitions; and that his flashing mind clouded. He spent his last years, waiting for death, in the loneliness of exile, sickness and the threat of insanity.

Mr. Shane Leslie has turned this figure of a fighting man into a buffoon. In his book Jonathan Swift, who fought all his battles with the intent to conquer, is made to caper and posture as a Wit and a capricious lover. Forgetting that Swift himself tempered his own words like steel, Mr. Leslie inflates his to catch the eye of the stupid and the trivial. Swift's public career and private mystery are made the excuse for a series of puns, alliterations and wise-cracks. A few samples of Mr. Leslie's work will give the taste of the book. In his preliminary survey he sketches in the outlines of Swift's character thus: "By allegory and by satire he made the best case possible for the Church of England, in which he proved a model functionary and punctilious monger of rites. . . . . Mysticism, Enthusiasm and Catholicism he tossed sky-high . . . He was too meticulous to be mystic . . . He oozed realism more than religion". This is the degeneration of the English prose that Swift had all but perfected. It is a style in which, no matter how accurate the facts, it is impossible to say anything real.

The chapters describing Swift's personal life turn Stella into a ghostly heroine and reduce Vanessa to the level of movie comedy, composed in the mood of the following: "Years passed and from Dublin to the love-worn Vanessa the Vanessa-worn Dean wrote . . ." The rest is to the same tune, ending with a paragraph in the caption-writer's best style: "If Vanessa had died a published Martyr and Confessor of her passion, Stella figures in Love's Calendar as a secret Martyr no less—and Virgin".

On the jacket of the book the publisher informs us that chapters are devoted to "condensing and incandescing" Swift's two masterpieces, "The Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels". Let us see how Mr. Leslie incandesces "The Tale of a Tub": "Chucklingly Jonathan drove each simile like a pricking pin into the gaunt Belfast Presbyterians, who had worried his little episcopal pasture at Kilroot". Any reader who recalls Swift's bitter acceptance of his exile and the mercilessness of the eleventh chapter of "A Tale of a Tub", to which this passage refers, will realize the drop into vulgarization that Mr. Leslie has taken with the words, "chucklingly", "pricking", and "worried". "Gulliver's Travels", in his hands, becomes an amusing game of paying off personal grudges and complimenting Swift's friends.

After two hundred and eighty-four pages of this expensive book, Mr. Leslie arrives at "The Last Phase". He describes those sad, dark years in Dublin as follows: "When he (Swift) was not sour and savage, he frittered himself into fretfulness and frivolity . . . From time to time with belching mouth he flushed the ecclesiastical gutters. . . . It was Gulliver gaga. The Dean was in his dotage". In this Mr. Leslie has achieved his moment of mastery. He has performed the miracle of changing a man's life into a Punch and Judy show, where—if we may aspire to the style Mr. Leslie shares with Swift's Aeolists—the Passions and Ambitions, caparisoned in capital letters and alliteration, Batter each other sublimely with Painted Bladders.

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THE NATURAL HISTORY OF IMPERIALISM

By Keith Hutchison

MODERN imperialism may be defined as the domination of materially backward races by the industrial nations of the west. The object of the domination is usually economic advantage; its ultimate sanction is superior force.

Hitherto the study of imperialism has been obscured by endless discussions of its morality. There are those who regard it as a process of bringing light to the dark places of the world; a sowing of the seeds of civilization in the soil of barbarism. Others look upon it as the wanton introduction of poisonous weeds which, bearing no good fruits, serve only to choke native growths.

Both Nathaniel Peffer, in *The White Man's Dilemma* (John Day, $2.50), and Leonard Woolf, in *Imperialism and Civilization* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), endeavor to avoid such controversies. They are admittedly anti-imperialist but they regard the ethics of imperialism as no longer worthy of discussion. Today we have to consider how to exorcise the demons which, in our frantic search for raw materials and markets, we have introduced into the international body politic.

The last few years have seen the spreading of a revolt of Asia against western domination, a revolt not to be quelled by speeches about the sanitary blessings our civilization confers. Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan have all shaken off western control since the war. Uprisings in Syria, India, and the Dutch East Indies have been suppressed but the feeling that prompted them remains. The key to the Asiatic situation, however, is China and it is from events there that Mr. Peffer draws his main conclusions. Incidentally his book is an excellent short guide to the history of foreign intervention in China from the Opium Wars to the present day. Especially interesting and convincing is his analysis of the "Shanghai mind" with its devotion to white prestige and its ignorant contempt for "the natives". Nothing, he feels, has done more to embitter the struggle between east and west than these peculiarly Anglo-Saxon traits.

China today, divided internally as it is, has shown itself strong enough to curtail foreign privilege. The western powers still occupy the treaty ports under the guns of their navies, though their position is precarious and they know it. In the last two years they have shown an increasing disposition to compromise, but now that China is thoroughly aroused it is probably too late. They must, therefore, either abandon their imperialist policy or fight for it. The first alternative will undoubtedly mean that foreign enterprise in China will be less profitable and more risky. But the second alternative is unthinkable, for the permanent occupation of China is too huge a task for any power to undertake.

The white man's dilemma, inescapable in China, will rise up in other imperialist domains if the present policies of the west are continued. But in some cases, at any rate, the crisis is still far off and we have time to prepare. The simplifying slogans of those who would abandon all imperialistic policies at a stroke will not help us. What we need is to study the natural history of imperialism. We must inquire into its origins and examine the different forms it takes under different climatic, geographical, social and political conditions. There are many questions to which we must find answers. How far is our economic system dependent on the raw materials and markets of backward countries? Would the removal of our control cut these countries off from commercial intercourse? Can backward countries be developed without the exploitation of the native inhabitants? What benefits has modern imperialism brought to the world and how far do these offset its evils?

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To provide answers to such questions as these we have need of more scientific case studies such as Raymond Buell's *The Native Problem in Africa* (Macmillan, $10.00). This is a two-volume work, the fruit of an immense amount of research. In no sense is it light reading. Its circulation will undoubtedly be limited, but as a source book for writers who aim at reaching a wider public it will indirectly exercise a great influence.

Mr. Buell describes the present condition of the African peoples in the British, French, and Belgian colonies and mandated territories. He has also a section on Liberia which indicates that the only Negro republic in Africa is in grave danger of becoming a private principality of Mr. Harvey Firestone, the rubber magnate. In great detail, he sets forth the facts on such matters as the ownership of land, the conditions of labor, the administration of justice, and the promotion of native welfare and education. Africa covers a wide area and contains a great variety of peoples. Generalizations about it are dangerous and Mr. Buell does well to avoid them. But a reviewer, who has to squeeze the problems of a continent within the confines of a paragraph, can hardly follow his example and must seek to draw from such a book as this a few broad conclusions.

In 1885, when Europe was beginning to overrun Africa, the Powers assembled at Berlin pledged themselves "in the Name of Almighty God . . . . to watch over the preservation of the native tribes, and to care for the improvement of the conditions of their moral and material well-being". Mr. Buell's book records the extent to which that solemn pledge has been broken. The British colony of Kenya provides an illustration. There the desires and interests of a few thousand European settlers have been allowed to prevail against the interests of the two and a half million natives. In the highlands of that country, where climatic conditions are suitable for whites, the best lands have been alienated from the natives who have been segregated in inadequate reserves. The settlers not only desire African land but also African labor, without which the land is useless. The needs of the natives, however, are few and simple and the low wages offered are not sufficient to induce them to leave their own lands and families to work on the white plantations. Consequently they have to be "encouraged". The reduction in the size of the reserves is one method. Another is the imposition of taxes, which, since the natives have no surplus produce to sell, forces them to earn money by labor. When these fail to produce the required number of workers "suggestions" are made to the chiefs that they "persuade" the young men of their tribes to go to the plantations. Put briefly, the alienation of African land for the benefit of European enterprise has meant the reduction of millions of Africans to a state of peonage. It has also led to the disintegration of the tribal system, the fundamental social organization of the African Negro.

The development of Africa has, in all too many places, proceeded on the same lines as in Kenya. But in some colonies policies more consonant with the Berlin pledge have been adopted. In Nigeria, for instance, the alienation of the land has been prevented and it has remained communal property in which each native has his rights according to tribal law. The British administration has been built up on the assumption that native progress must be evolutionary; must be based on established law and custom. The tribal organizations have been left intact with autonomy in local affairs. Justice is still administered by the chiefs with the co-operation of British officials.

This is not to imply that conditions there are perfect. There are plenty of valid criticisms that might be made on matters of detail. But the Nigerian administration is building on solid ground, while the Kenya policy, with its efforts to introduce an alien social and economic system, is demoralizing both Europeans and Africans. If persisted in, it is likely to raise insoluble problems of the kind with which South Africa is now vainly struggling.

Apart from the humanitarian view there is an excellent economic argument for the Nigerian system. It has been shown that

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with a little expert guidance the natives can provide large quantities of raw materials for export. Nigeria today is furnishing palm-oil, cocoa, cotton and other essential commodities to Europe and America, and the increasing income of its inhabitants is expressed by a rapidly growing demand for manufactured goods. There is reason to believe that, in the long run, Africa will contribute more to the economic needs of the world if the natives, secured in the possession of the land, are able to reap the fruits of their labor.

Africa and Asia are not the only centers of imperialist activity. America was the first continent over which Europe extended its control. That control was steadily shaken off until almost all the nations of both Americas were completely independent. Then at the end of the last century the United States, having pushed its frontier right to the Pacific, found itself with a "manifest destiny" and a surplus to invest overseas. Today it dominates Central America and the Caribbean Sea and is extending its influence among the weaker nations of South America.

The motives which have prompted the United States to impose its wishes on its southern neighbors are both strategic and economic. Senor Rafael de Nogales in his fervid, but rather muddled, description and denunciation of the intervention policy in Nicaragua, *The Looting of Nicaragua* (McBride, $2.50), places the blame on "dollar diplomacy". It appears more likely that the Navy Department is fighting its own battles there. But of course the two motives interact and doubtless the marines in making Nicaragua safe for democracy and the proposed Nicaraguan canal are also smoothing the way for more American investments.

Cuba is a somewhat similar case. Professor Leland Hamilton Jenks, in his extremely readable account of *Our Cuban Colony* (Vanguard, $1.00), exonerates Wall Street from responsibility for the Spanish-American War. After that conflict many foreigners expected, and many Americans hoped, that the United States would annex Cuba. It did not do so but was content with the Platt Treaty which, while limiting its responsibility, gave it still undefined rights of interference, and safeguarded its strategic position in the Caribbean Sea.

But it is not the Platt Treaty that justifies Professor Jenks in speaking of "Our Cuban Colony". It is rather the control of the economic life of the island exercised by American capital. The collapse of the sugar market in 1921 gave American capitalists an opportunity to capture the leading industry of the country. Today American investments, chiefly in sugar plantations and mills, public utilities, mines, and railways, are worth some $1,200,000,000. As Professor Jenks says, "In the hopes and fears engendered by the credit system there are sanctions which do not require cruisers for their enforcement".

American rule, during the occupation of Cuba after the Spanish-American War, and American capital have no doubt brought many benefits to the island, but they are rather offset by the fact that the vast majority of the inhabitants have become members of a landless proletariat. Much the same thing is happening in Santo Domingo. Professor Melvin M. Knight describes in *The Americans in Santo Domingo* (Vanguard, $1.00) the various interventions of the United States in that republic, with details of Marine rule, from 1916 to 1924, that are not pleasant reading. The Marines have left but the American domination of the sugar industry, the chief source of wealth, continues.

Haiti is still occupied by Marines and the acts of its government are dictated by American advisers and experts. Here again the land question threatens to become acute. Under the original Haitian constitution foreigners were forbidden to hold land. In 1918 the occupation authorities forced through an amendment to this clause. It has not yet led to the acquisition of much land by Americans, because of the confusion in regard to titles. But a land registration law is now contemplated to the terror of the natives, most of whom occupy their holdings as squatters without written deeds. Emily Greene Balch has edited *Occupied Haiti: A Report of a Committee of Six Dis-*

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interested Americans (Writers Publishing Company, $2.00).

The Marines have not yet been ordered south of Panama but American citizens are acquiring an increasing stake in South America—a stake which one day may require protection. In *The Bankers in Bolivia* (Vanguard, $1.00) Mrs. Margaret Alexander Marsh has written an admirable guide to the economic problems of Bolivia, a country which has attracted the attention of Wall Street in recent years. It is a land rich in resources but so poverty-stricken that it must rely for development on foreigners who "will, *in the last analysis, develop the resources* of poor and backward countries only on their own terms".

The Standard Oil Company has obtained a practical monopoly of Bolivian oil resources. British capitalists own the railways: American interests largely control the mines. But the chief reason for Bolivia's fear of foreign domination is the position of the public debt. In 1922 she was forced to accept a funding loan from an American syndicate on very unfavorable terms, including the appointment of a fiscal commission, with two of its three members Americans, for the supervision of the Government finances.

The United States has not, as yet, an imperialist tradition and when Latin Americans speak of "Yankee imperialism" many good citizens feel hurt and indignant. Perhaps a distinguished Spaniard, who spoke recently in New York, was right in suggesting that "the Anglo-Saxon conscience does not prevent the Anglo-Saxon from sinning, but it prevents him from enjoying his sin". We need more books like these to keep that conscience both tender and informed or the "white man's burden" will become increasingly the "white man's dilemma".

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ADVICE, ADMONITION, AND ADVENTURE

Reflections on a Shelf of Recent Travel Books

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

IN THE career of the Rev. Elmer Gantry there was one episode that Mr. Lewis either overlooked or purposely ignored. That was the episode of the intrusive heckler at Mr. Gantry's lecture on Paris after his return from his trip abroad. Paris, Mr. Gantry informed his large audience, was a very wicked city, lacking in the proper kind of religious observance, and sadly in need of moral instruction of the right sort. He himself had made exhaustive researches in company with two lay brothers, a Mr. Babbitt, realtor of Zenith, and a Mr. Finkelstein, also of Zenith, and head of the Finkelstein Emporium. He and his American companions, with the assistance of a singularly well-informed young French gentleman, met in front of the Grand Hotel, had seen the real Paris. "And, oh, my brethren, my heart is heavy as I tell you of the appalling sights that we witnessed."

None of the local newspapers describing the lecture the next day thought it worth while to mention an incident, involving some embarrassment, that followed the conclusion of Dr. Gantry's illuminating discourse. A stranger, after asking and receiving permission to say a few words, said that he had listened to the lecture with keen interest and some astonishment. He himself happened to have at least some acquaintance with Paris—he had lived there altogether between five and six years—and Dr. Gantry had told him things of which he had hitherto been in entire ignorance. Yet there were possibly one or two points about the city that Dr. Gantry had overlooked. For example, he would like Dr. Gantry to tell him where in Paris the Senate of the French Republic met.

Graciously acknowledging that his French was not perfect, and that for the moment the exact name escaped him, Dr. Gantry indicated that it was in "that big building right across the river from the Place de la Concorde, the one, you know, at the other end of the bridge".

The stranger permitted himself a slight smile. "And all these years I've thought that the Senate met in the Luxembourg. We learn. We learn. And now, Dr. Gantry, suppose you tell us the name of the great church that looks down upon Paris crowning the summit of Montmartre".

It was a flurried Elmer Gantry, caught off balance, that wildly hazarded the answer "Noter Dame". Again the stranger smiled, and at the smile the Rev. Elmer Gantry felt rising within him a righteous wrath. "Now see here, my fine friend, if you think you can interrupt this meeting—"

But like rifle-shots other questions came:

"What are the words graven over the entrance to the Panthéon that all the world may read?"

"What is the Carnavalet?"

"What is the name applied to that vast quarter of Paris that lies between the Central Markets and the inner boulevards?"

"For what is the church of St. Germain d'Auxerrois famous?"

The stranger sat down. The Rev. Elmer Gantry talked. There were one or two in the audience who went away with a timid wonder. They nursed it guiltily and kept it to themselves. But the popular verdict was that "the Reverend had showed that feller where he got off".

Thwacking Babbittry, Gantryism, and Main Street is today a highly popular, and, within reasonable bounds, an eminently respectable diversion. Above all when Babbitt and Gantry venture abroad, or Main Street on tour parades too ostentatiously its Lares and Penates. But there are times when it is soothing to our national self-es-

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teem to remember that Main Street has a cousin overseas, known as the High Street. It is not for us to criticise the travelling habits and demeanor of the High Street, but if a Briton chooses to do so, there can be no possible objection to our listening and repeating his observations.

For example, here is Mr. Bohun Lynch, who in *The Italian Riviera* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) has told the story of a walking tour through the Italian Alps between Mont Cenis and Ventimiglia and thence along the Riviera to Spezia and Pisa. To believe Mr. Lynch, there is one type of English traveller who has not greatly changed since Thackeray wrote "The Kickelburys on the Rhine". Before he started on his tour Mr. Lynch was pompously warned by an English lady "much addicted to the milder forms of travel", against the Italians as a sadly unreliable people. What Mr. Lynch wanted to say, but of course did not, was:

"Madam, you have visited the cathedral of Milan, you have 'done' Venice, you have wintered at a flash hotel at Bordighera, you have complained about the bathrooms and appurtenances in all the show places from Maggiore to Rome, you have loudly resented the attempts—wretched attempts, in all human likelihood—of Italian cooks to provide English meals, you have asserted your quite indubitable Britannic superiority at large, and you have treated Italian servants as you would treat English servants if you dared. You have patronized every Italian with whom you have come in contact, you have grossly flattered Italian ladies and gentlemen of title, who were hopelessly bewildered by your kind but preferential attention, you have over-tipped good looking waiters—unaware that in three instances known to me they were considerable landed proprietors of ancient but impoverished lineage—and in your conversation with your British fellow-travellers you have forgotten that a number of Italians who have played violins in London or who acted as *liaison* officers with our Army on the Piave understand your speech. You have hoarded a little milk and sugar from your breakfast and hidden them in your bedroom in order to save the devastating expense of ordering them again for tea; you've done as much as possible of your own washing in your basin, and have decorated your balcony with handkerchiefs and garments with the benignant reflection that, as this is a foreign hotel, it really doesn't matter what you do. You have demanded priority of attention from railway porters over Italian ladies travelling by the same train and in just as great a hurry as yourself; you have helped to make harder the lot of the employees of Messrs. Cook, the Ente Nazionale Industrie Touristiche, and—this I don't begrudge you—the customs officials at all frontier stations. In short, madam, you have behaved in such a way as would warrant your exclusion from polite society at home, where, however—and this is the oddest thing about you, madam—your manners have never exceeded the somewhat wide limits now current".

A long quotation, but not without its justification. For the entire shelf under consideration it sounds the note of admonition. Admonition, blunt or guarded, is to be found somewhere in nearly every travel book designed for practical use. Mr. Lynch speaks vigorously, but his utterance is not harsh to American ears. Another Englishman might not be so considerate of American susceptibilities. Why here is our old friend R. Thurston Hopkins, who has been industriously making the most of rather attenuated material and decidedly attenuated ideas these many years. His latest book is *This London: Its Taverns, Haunts, and Memories* (Lippincott, $4.00). There is not the slightest animus behind the comparison, but Bohun Lynch's "The Italian Riviera" is first class work, whereas "This London" is just another R. Thurston Hopkins book.

At one point in his narrative Mr. Hopkins pauses to make "a few remarks on our American visitors":

"The American attitude towards the dollar is without parallel or equal and beyond the imaginative conception of Jules Verne and Louis de Rougemont. All good Americans when they arrive in London expect to see everything in the shops marked in dollars and the shopkeepers on their knees pleading to be paid in U. S. A. currency instead of English pounds. They imagine that after the war we scrapped Bank of England notes and traded only in dollars. Nine Americans out of ten call American notes 'real money'

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. . . they call them real money swaggeringly and with great nasal emphasis on the 'real' when they are in an English bank . . . They mutter that the English banks are out 'robbing' American visitors, forgetting the fact that when the poor little French franc stood at 175 they simply walked over each other's heads trying to make capital out of a brave nation's misfortune".

Enough of admonition. Here, in Clara E. Laughlin's *So You're Going to Rome* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), a welcome repetition of a slogan that for years has been familiar to Americans travelling abroad, is sound practical advice. The 400 pages are so packed with meat that it is difficult to select any aspect for particular emphasis. Purely arbitrary is the selection of some of her estimates of expense. For those willing to try student travel she suggests an approximate inclusive rate of $10 a day; for a little more luxury $15 a day; for *de luxe* hotels and an occasional bit of motoring $18 to $20 a day; while those who want a great deal of motoring and a courier must expect it to cost them $25 a day each if there are four in the party, and from $40 to $45 a day each if there are but two.

Miss Laughlin's estimates are generous. Those of M. H. Harrigan, in *Travelling Light* (Brentano, $2.00) are not only professedly but also optimistically designed for the "light pocketbook". It happens that very recently the present writer made substantially the trip through Spain, Portugal, and Morocco that Mr. Harrigan outlines. Mr. Harrigan's latest trip to Spain and Morocco was in the spring of 1927. The writer was there at the same time. Mr. Harrigan tells of an eight weeks' land travel costing $266, an average of $5 a day in Spain and $4 a day in Morocco. It can be done, no doubt, but to advise doing it is not the best of advice. It is not a matter of luxury or even of relative comfort; the practice of too great economy involves missing something. For example there is "Red Marrakesh". The writer shares Mr. Harrigan's enthusiasm for this, one of the most amazing of the cities of the earth. But Mr. Harrigan, in his hotel suggestions, omits the Hotel Mamounia, though there is a descriptive allusion to it later. Not to stay at the Mamounia, at relatively only a little more expense, is not to taste something of the flavor of Marrakesh. The Mamounia is to Marrakesh what the Hotel de la Cité is to Carcassonne.

Travelling yesterdays are recalled with the publication in English of Heinrich Heine's *Italian Travel Sketches* (Brentano, $2.50), originally written in 1830. In Heine's day there was no swarm of American tourists to serve as a target for the Continental arrow, so Heine took it out on the English, finding "the son of Albion . . . but a civilized barbarian in comparison with the Italian". The English, Heine wrote: "stream through the land in great swarms. They camp at all the inns; they run about everywhere, so that it is no longer possible to think of Italian citron trees without an Englishwoman who inhales its perfumes, or of a gallery without a batch of English, who, guide book in hand, roam about in order to satisfy themselves that everything that is specified in their book as noteworthy is hanging there".

Back to a corner of Spain with the next volume along the shelf, E. Allison Peers's *Santander* (Knopf, $2.50). To dismiss "Santander" with brief mention as relatively unimportant is not meant as disparagement. Dignified, very well written; it is nevertheless relatively unimportant for the reason that its appeal is to a limited few who chance to number Santander among pleasant memories.

There is zest in sharp contrast. No book could possibly be more different from "Santander" than Karl K. Kitchen's *Pleasure—if Possible* (Henkle, $2.50). Had Lorelei Lee, of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", acquired that "education" that she so sedulously pursued, and, with advancing years, sobered down to a broader scheme of observation, she might have written a book something like "Pleasure—if Possible". Mr. Kitchen travels with an appetite, a discriminating thirst, an eye for the humorous rather than a sense of humor, and the suspicion of a "100 percent American" chip on his shoulder. All those trips to Europe have made him skeptical. Like the immortal Tartarin

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of Tarascon in Switzerland swallowing Gonzague, the Imposter's statement that there was no Switzerland, that it was all stage-managed like the Paris Opera, and that if a daring mountain-climber fell from a precipice, he would be picked up unhurt by an agent of the company who would enquire about the climber's baggage, Mr. Kitchen is convinced that when the tourists leave Marken the natives slip out of their Holland bags, long petticoats, and wooden shoes, and revert to jazz or the Black Bottom. A bright book and a smart book. It would be a better book if it were a little less smart.

Ireland carries on two familiar series, the Kitcat Travel Books with Stephen Gwynn's *Ireland* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), now numbering some 26 volumes, and the "Spell" series, with Archie Bell's *The Spell of Ireland* (Page, $3.75). It is Mr. Gwynn's privilege, writing as an Irishman, to indulge in banter at the expense of his own land. The charm of the country, to him, is that so little goes by clock work. The story about the old man with the wooden leg and the tin can pertains to other lands. In Ireland, "if your elderly Ford cannot be otherwise got to hold together, you tie it up with string". Apropos of both books the present writer offers the personal and purely gratuitous observation that a real Irish wrong was inflicted when the Prince of Wales who afterwards became Edward VII travelled from Cork to Killarney by the coast, thereby inviting nine out of ten visitors to follow his footsteps in what is known as "the Prince of Wales route". To make the journey inland, through the lakes of Inchigeela, and down the Pass of Keimaneigh, with a night's stop at the tarn of Gouganebarra is to find as near an approach to the Never, Never Land as the modern earth provides.

Though most of our countrymen—also our countrywomen—seem to have overlooked the fact, there is more to the Antilles than "Sloppy Joe's" in Havana. Algernon Aspinwall, in *A Wayfarer in the West Indies* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.00), mentions the "Sloppy One's" not at all, and yet finds much to say about the life and history of the islands, particularly British and French, that lie beyond the so-called Queen of the Antilles. Everything depends upon the point of view. Mr. Aspinwall is unconsciously autobiographical when he tells the story of the Barbadian, homeward bound from Panama, where he had been helping build the Canal, catching sight of his native land on the horizon, and exclaiming: "Wake up, man! Wake up! Dere is de world!"

Alfred A. Loomis's *Fair Winds in the Far Baltic* (Washburn, $3.00) is the story of the two-thousand-mile cruise of the forty-foot English yacht *Lucette* through Scandinavian waters. There is a bit in the chapter, "The Kittenish Kattegat", that the American reader should not overlook. A little chastening of the spirit can do us no harm, and it is well occasionally to "see ourselves as others see us". Guilty of trespass in taking pictures, Mr. Loomis was very politely admonished by a Danish policeman. It moved him to the reflection that the Danes are a backward nation. Had the policeman had the advantages of a New York education, Mr. Loomis surmises that he would have said: "Hey, youse, where de hell do yer think yer going? Get off the grass before I knock yer off".

The *mañana* popularly associated with the Spanish temperament of yesterday seems a driving stimulant compared with the *nandyiak*—"some of these days"—that, according to what Junius B. Wood found, in *Incredible Siberia* (Dial Press, $4.00), governs life in general and travelling systems in particular under Soviet rule. The through Paris-Vladivostok express, weekly in each direction, is the crack train of the Trans-Siberian. "The only drawback to enjoying its luxuries is that there is no such train". There, in a nut-shell, is Mr. Wood's arraignment of the new Russia of theories and over-documentation. Books are scarce in Siberia. Instead of providing them, the government finds it cheaper and just as effective to print statistics showing that there are thousands of libraries in the villages. In parts of Siberia Mr. Wood found prevalent the curious belief that the late Czar Nicholas II is alive and living in the United States.

Siberia is the background of another book of the shelf, Bassett Digby's *Tigers, Gold, and Witch Doctors* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50).

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"Tigers, Gold, and Witch Doctors" tells the curious story of another Russian Czar, Alexander I, supposedly buried in the fortress of Peter and Paul. According to Mr. Digby's romantic tale, Alexander, weary of wars and worries, resolved upon a hermit's life. He arranged with a faithful confidant to have it announced that he had died at Taganrog, and to send to St. Petersburg the body of a local peasant. The latter part of the scheme did not prove feasible, however, and an empty coffin was dispatched. But the Czar, staff in hand and with the ragged clothes on his back, fared forth on the road, a homeless wanderer. Eventually he reached Tomsk in Siberia, and there as "Theodore Kuzmiltch" he lived, in his hermit hut, nursing the sick and sharing his crust with the hungry. There "Theodore Kuzmiltch" died in 1864. "And when, last year," writes Mr. Digby, "the Bolshevik government opened the coffins of several of the czars and czaritsas, in the imperial mausoleum in the fortress of Peter and Paul, at Leningrad, they found that that of the 'hermit czar' was empty, with its seals intact."

Starting eastward on the Orient Express, Richard M. Elliott first passed through six countries in three days then made his way through Syria and Palestine and thence across Persia, India, Burma, and Indo-China to Hong-kong. That journey through *The Sunny Side of Asia* (Century, $3.00) was an unusual journey for the reason that the author travelled almost entirely by land. The method has some advantages, but is not one for general recommendation. Painstaking in making notes, keen in observation, Mr. Elliott also draws from a rich background. For example, most writers before the Taj Mahal pelt the reader with dry dates. Mr. Elliott writes: "The Taj Mahal was being built about the time the Pilgrims were felling logs for their cabins at Plymouth".

Cannibals and pygmies, buffaloes, lions and rhinoceroses, play their parts in Ben Burbridge's *Gorilla* (Century, $3.50), but it is the great man-ape that is the chief protagonist of this story of tracking and capturing in Africa. It was Mr. Burbridge's fourth journey to the Dark Continent, and he found evidence to corroborate the once highly ridiculed discoveries of Paul Du Chaillu. Great gorillas, six feet in height and weighing four hundred and fifty pounds, were killed in self-defense. Many young gorillas were captured. One of these, known as Miss Congo, was brought to the United States and subjected to various intelligence tests. Miss Congo was the heroine of Dr. Robert M. Yerkes's book, "The Mind of a Gorilla".

Once, in the hunting of great animals, it was the gun that was all-important. Today, as F. W. Champion, of the Imperial Forest Service of India, points out in his *With a Camera in Tiger-Land* (Doubleday, Doran, $5.00), it is the shutter and the lens. Also, since the lords of the jungle choose the night time for their kills, the method of using the flashlight must be carefully studied. In the pioneer days of flash-light work the operator used to lie in wait for his sitters and then fire his flash-light with one hand as he tried to release his shutter at exactly the right moment with the other. Today the flash-powder is fired electrically and the lamps are so constructed that the force of the igniting powder, acting on a movable cylinder, depresses a long, antinuous release, which, in turn, releases the shutter at exactly the right time.

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THE WIND CONTINUES SOUTHERLY

By Herschel Brickell

IF A Southern novel is a novel by a Southerner or a novel by someone else with its locale Southern, then the seven books listed above may be discussed together as Southern works of fiction. Here are at least a half-dozen books of some significance. I omit the seventh from the significant group, because Clement Wood's story of Greenwich Village rattlesnakes and Louisiana Ku Klux, *The Shadow from the Bogue* (Dutton, $2.00), is a cooked-up yarn written to thrill and divert, but without anything very serious in it about Life. It is, we may as well note as we pass, moderately successful in doing what it was apparently written to do.

The Torches Flare (Scribners, $2.50) is the second novel by Stark Young, a Southern writer who has served the sort of apprenticeship to living and to art that is rarer and rarer in an age when college sophomores burst upon us as fictioneers and female infants barely past their cradles turn out astonishingly sophisticated stories.

Stark Young's first novel, "Heaven Trees", won both a *succès d' estime* and a very fair measure of popular favor, but it was no more than a little scale-running compared to the present book, which is a full-length, rounded piece of fiction, with a central situation deftly handled, and more than its share of wisdom and wit in its excellent dialogue.

Its scene shifts from the New York of Greenwich Village and Broadway to a college campus and town in North Mississippi, a transition few writers are equipped to make with any degree of success. But it happens that Mr. Young is so equipped. He tells the story of a beautiful young Southern girl who comes to New York on a visit and, almost by accident, becomes a Broadway star. She falls in love with a young poet, and lives with him.

Then she and the young poet and the narrator of the story, who is also a writer and a teacher, all go back to North Mississippi, together, where the affair between the girl and her poet, now a professor, is continued under difficult and distressing circumstances. I do not mean to play down the interest of this relation between the man and the woman when I stress the richness of Mr. Young's comment upon his Greenwich Village people, and even more, upon his well-bred Southerners, whom he knows and understands as only one who has grown up with them and then lived long away from them can know and understand.

If the season's superlatives had not had quite enough exercise already, I should be tempted to bring a few of them into use about "The Torches Flare". To me it seems an exceptionally fine novel, done with a brilliance that lightens rather than obscures the solidity of its conception and execution. There is much beauty of prose, and always a sort of luminous quality that one is a little put to it to define, but which is present nevertheless. In spite of its almost four hundred pages, the book is steadily engaging; it is the work of a sensitive mind and spirit that has undergone the discipline necessary for good art, and if that is not something rare in contemporary American literature, my reading for the past few years has been sadly misdirected.

Paul Green's *Wide Fields* (McBride, $2.50) is the first venture into a volume of prose by the winner of last year's Pulitzer Prize in drama. It is a collection of pieces about the poor whites of Little Bethel, a North Carolina community. While there is an unevenness in Mr. Green's work on the technical side, every one of his sketches, grave or gay, is informed with fine sincerity, with understanding and a deep sympathy. What is important is his turning to the poor white as literary material, and this sample is proof enough that the neglected field he has

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begun to work has rich soil. I think this book may be hailed safely enough as the augury of some good novels, if Mr. Green decides to take time enough away from his twin loves of the drama and philosophy to turn his hand to fiction.

Edward Larocque Tinker is, it should be set down, a native New Yorker, but the two books he has now written both have to do with New Orleans. The first was "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days". *Toucoutou* (Dodd, Mead, $2.50) is a tale of the 1850's, based upon an old story about a young girl who tried to pass herself off as white, though she had negro blood—a story that has passed into a song familiar to students of creole folk-lore.

Mr. Tinker's sound knowledge of the history of New Orleans gives him the material for a fully-detailed background, which is so entertaining at times that the reader finds himself regarding the scenery and neglecting the characters. The novel begins with a blood-curdling description of a visitation from "Bronze John", as yellow fever was once known in those parts, and goes on with the story of a child who thinks herself white and finds out she is wrong after she has married a respectable young man and started a family.

Mr. Tinker gets his effects simply; the story is unusually easy to read and it brings vividly to life a period in fascinating history of New Orleans that now seems as remote as ancient Chaldea, in view of the existing skyscraperesque phase of that ancient city's culture. The book is handsomely made after designs by the author, and contains an interesting forenote on the word Creole and a good, brief glossary of creole words and phrases.

Edwin Granberry's *Strangers and Lovers* (Macaulay, $2.00) is a stirring book, but not different from what one might have expected from his first and excellent work, "The Ancient Hunger", which was good enough to stir any critic to prophecy. The scene is Florida, and the people mostly poor whites, "Crackers". It is primarily a woman's story, the story of Millie and of her true love for Alec, which held fast through every tribulation, and eventually brought them to a chance for happiness.

From what I have seen of Florida Crackers I have never thought of them as especially poetical, but Mr. Granberry made me believe they were while I was reading "Strangers and Lovers". This is a beautiful novel, it seems to me, with more than a little eternal truth in its portrait of Millie, and more than a little of the eternal appeal of star-crossed lovers in the struggles of Millie and Alec to attain their happiness together.

Alan Le May's novel of life on the Mississippi in the heyday of river steamboating —that is, shortly before the Civil War—is first-rate melodrama, winding up with a steamboat race, in which one of the boats inevitably bursts her boilers. I do not esteem this novel so highly as some of its critics, one of whom said Mr. Le May wrote "like an angel". He does write with ease and facility, but there are no characters of consequence in *Old Father of Waters* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) and the river-stuff sounds stagey to me. I hope nobody asks me why. It's just that I feel that way, and I grew up on the river, too.

Not Magnolia, by Edith Everett Taylor (Dutton, $2.00), is another novel about Florida, a first novel by a girl who is still a student at the State Woman's College of that state. It is a plot-novel, mostly about the free ways of the young generation, and deals with startling frankness—I mean, considering the scene is Tallahassee, Florida—with the question of a Lesbian attachment between two of the college girls. Miss Taylor is a poet, and often writes prose like one. Some of her Southerners talk like none I have ever heard, and the book in general leaves no doubt of the youth of its author, but it has its moments.

It may be well to note that the Gulf States, Florida, Louisiana, and Mississippi, score rather heavily in this group of novels, thus threatening the recent laurels of the Atlantic seaboard.

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FICTION NOTES

A BLATANT, self-conscious blurb, written to ensnare anyone in quest of synthetic pornography introduces *Show Cases*, by Jacques Le Clercq (Macy-Masius, $2.00). Nothing could give a false impression of these six stories, having to do with the lives of six abnormal men and women, for sexual abnormalities do not excite Mr. Le Clercq emotionally; they interest him as phenomena of life, and he writes with a detachment and a reserve which remind one of test tubes and Bunsen burners.

Mr. Le Clercq's fine intelligence demands that his work be measured by a high standard. One reads this book with a deep interest in his interpretation of the individual lives and characters, but one's appreciation is marred by the weakness of his technique. With all his detachment from his subject, Mr. Le Clercq writes as for an unsophisticated audience demanding dotted i's and crossed t's; it is not the simplicity of Maupassant, it is the anxiety and uncertainty of an inexperienced teacher. And this gives one the false impression that there is less subtlety here than, in reality, there is. The style is conventional and at times awkward; words are strained, metaphors are forced. Mr. Le Clercq is sensitive to humor, the ironic, the grotesque; he is a more than thoughtful observer of life; he has a positive sympathy for man. And he will learn to write.

Wyndham Lewis used to be professionally a painter; then he became a literary critic and philosopher; and now he has written a book of stories, *The Wild Body* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). They are brilliant, as might have been expected, but they will not satisfy a large and not particularly critical public, for there is in this *mélange* a little too much metaphysics, a little too much criticism, and a little too much painting. The achievement remains, however, a sparkling tour de force. They are not so much studies as bright impressionistic studies of character—usually of foreign, out-of-the-way European types—exhibited with grotesque and ferocious vigor. It is really a kind of specimen book of wild humor, and if the reader is of a philosophizing turn, he may make out the lineaments of Mr. Lewis's theory of Comedy—a theory very different from Meredith's, but, some will say, not less valid.

The author of *Hanging Johnny* (Appleton, $2.00), Myrtle Johnson, is said by her publishers to be little more than eighteen years old but aside from the strangely morbid subject of a hangman hero, the book might have been written by a much older person with years of writing experience to her credit. Miss Johnson will be well worth watching. She has achieved poignancy and charm in a story that is full of color and keen observation. Out of the most dismal and morbid of settings she has drawn a story that is pleasant as well as vivid. Just how that effect has been achieved without loss of reality it is difficult to say. Johnny's sweetness, his superstition, his twisted mentality, are all deeply moving, but without a trace of depression for the reader. Perhaps the explanation lies in Miss Johnson's lack of self-consciousness, and in her own complete delight in the telling of her story.

Larry Barretto, says the jacket of *Old Enchantment* (John Day, $2.00), knows his old New York, having been born in it. No doubt he does; the story is plausible enough. Its characters are human and sympathetic, though not particularly engaging. The best scene in the book is a short one at the beginning, where the boy, aged five, wanders away from his home on Twenty-seventh Street, crosses Third Avenue, and gets into a fight with just the sort of children from whom he has been most carefully shielded. The rest of the story is the familiar one of the changing of the old order, and the title is somewhat misleading. Mr. Barretto has not concerned himself with the enchantment of old things. The great-aunt, to be sure, is enchanted by her former state, but no one

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else is, and the picture of the old order is sere and stultifying. And unfortunately it has somewhat that effect on the reader.

Ann Rice has something to add to the mass of fiction concerning the "younger generation". In *Blight* (Payson & Clarke, $2.50), she points out the mistakes of the parents, and how two sisters escaped from the searing influence of their mother, Molly Thorne. There is nothing at all new in such a theme, and there is nothing more to say about it since "The Way of All Flesh", but Miss Rice persists. As a result she has to her credit—a venomous portrait of the nagging wife and mother. Mrs. Thorne is one of the most irritatingly real characters of this sort one is likely to find in modern fiction. If the sisters seem stilted, and the father surprisingly stupid, the novel justifies itself without their aid. The author has driven her point home—a point identical with Samuel Butler's, who did it so very much better many years ago.

Trevy the River, by Leslie Reid (Dutton, $2.50), is a prose lyric of unusual beauty. In a setting of an English mill-town is evolved a personality of mingled Saxon and Greek traits which shines with mysterious meaning. Trevy, fatherless, dreams himself into kindred with the stream he loves and justifies his secret faith in his lofty origin. Together with the strain of exquisite Pantheism that moves beside Trevy like some flute melody stealing through drum music, is a sane connoting of practical daily existence. The recital of the youth's journey along the river, from source to mouth, is one long strain of melody; and the end, sweeping the dreamer into the sea, toward which his father river inevitably flows is a gripping close to a story of exceptional originality and grace.

The Half-Hearted (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is an early work of John Buchan's, but it will be a new one to most of his large American audience. It is a simpler and at the same time a more ambitious tale than some of his later stories. Lewis Haystoun, the young Scotch laird who heroes it in these pages, is a man of action, but too fine-spun for success. His indecision loses him both a seat in Parliament and a lady, and in his despondency he jumps at the chance of being sent on a secret mission to the northern frontier of India. His story ends in the Thermopylae of an unknown mountain pass. An old hand at the adventure story, Mr. Buchan's knowledge of the Secret Service and government behind the scenes supplies him with convincing background for his action. And his pictures of the lowland moors and lakes of Scotland are alluring.

Wintersmoon, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), takes its name from one of those manor houses that move visiting Americans to transports of joy, but which they always do over if by chance they acquire possession. The characters are all drawn from among the outrageously straight-thinking, hopelessly well-bred subjects of King George. They are cleanly fitted into a somewhat thin story. It takes courage nowadays for a novelist to let his people find happiness except just before the last inevitable great crash that brings ruin. But Mr. Walpole has dared defy the orthodox, and turned a marriage of convenience into a companionship of love at the end of his book.

In *Crusade* (Little, Brown, $2.00) Donn Byrne has revelled again in an historical background, and superimposed upon it figures that would be delightful in any setting, but profit by the glamor of distance. Driven from his ancestral Irish castle by his Norman mother's kin, Miles O'Neill takes service under the banner of the Crusaders. He is captured by a Saracen woman, Kothra, the daughter of a Sheykh. As far removed from the manner of the old "historical novel" as they are from the alleged modern stream of consciousness type, these stories that Mr. Byrne builds in the past stand quite alone. They achieve wholesomeness without weakness, romance without more than a flavoring of sentimentality, and are spiced with that visional, old-world fascination on which the steamship companies thrive.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in co-operation with the Public Libraries of America.

On the three new titles appearing in this month's score the only possible comment is that they were bound to arrive in this record. Hugh Walpole can write anything or nothing with the certainty of a wide American audience. Mrs. Cannon's novel is one of the outstanding hits of the day. And everybody who read "Mother India" was bound to ask "Can such things be?" and to desire to see what might be said in refutation of Miss Mayo's allegations. Fiction, it may be noted, continues to occupy second place among library readers; according to the reports of librarians the public taste in reading is setting more strongly than ever toward the kind of books which we list here as "General". —F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
2.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
3.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	Little
4.	Wintersmoon *	*Hugh Walpole*	Doubleday
5.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
6.	Claire Ambler	*Booth Tarkington*	Doubleday
7.	Sorrell & Son	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
8.	Giants in the Earth	*O. E. Rolvaag*	Harpers
9.	A President is Born	*Fannie Hurst*	Harpers
10.	Red Rust *	*Cornelia James Cannon*	Little
11.	The Ugly Duchess	*Lion Feuchtwanger*	Viking
12.	Dusty Answer	*Rosamond Lehmann*	Holt

GENERAL

1.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
2.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
3.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
4.	"We"	*Charles Lindbergh*	Putnam
5.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
6.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
7.	Disraeli	*André Maurois*	Appleton
8.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Little
9.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	Simon
10.	Transition	*Will Durant*	Simon
11.	Count Luckner	*Lowell Thomas*	Doubleday
12.	A Son of Mother India Answers *	*Dhan Gopal Mukerji*	Dutton

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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News Story Contest

COMMENT ON MARCH PRIZE AWARD

By Julian Harris

(Editor and General Manager, Columbus, Ga., Enquirer-Sun)

IN MY efforts to select the best news-story among the various stories submitted in THE BOOKMAN's monthly contest, I discovered myself asking, "What is a news-story?" Formerly one found excellently written news-stories in the Associated Press, and then the A. P. followed the United Press in the latter's scheme of "picturesqueness" and "feature stuff". And this same tendency threads nearly all of the "news-stories" sent to me by THE BOOKMAN.

Of the stories submitted, the most distinguished piece of writing is "What of Teapot and Sinclair?" by James O'Donnell Bennett in *The Chicago Tribune,* but it is not a news-story. Of Guy L. Ralston's story in *The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* of a visit to Kentucky mines, I should say the same thing, though it is not as well written as Mr. Bennett's article. Another extremely well-done story is that by Henry Gillen in the Boston *Post.* It is headed "63 Years Worker for Toy Factory". But Mr. Gillen's story is a "feature" story. Another well-done "feature" story was " 'Soldiers Farewell' Sung as Willis Breathes Last Mid Old Familiar Scenes" in the Columbus, Ohio, *State-Journal.*

The three outstanding news-stories are "N. E. A. Bestows High Honor on Mrs. Lindbergh" by Marjorie Shuler in *The Christian Science Monitor;* "Beloved Street Car Conductor Lamented" by Andrew Bernhard in *The Detroit Free Press;* and "Axe-Handle and Gladys West Combine to Write Epic into Mine History" by Joseph Breig in the Vandergrift, Pa., *News.*

Of the foregoing mentioned news-stories, Marjorie Shuler's is by far the best. Without any attempt at "feature" writing, Miss Shuler challenges the interest of the reader in the first paragraph—Mrs. Lindbergh had twice gone to be present at ceremonies in honor of her noted son. And now the famous young flyer goes to Boston to witness a ceremony in which the mother is to play the leading part.

PRIZE STORY FOR MARCH

N. E. A. BESTOW HIGH HONOR ON MRS. LINDBERGH

Notable Meeting in Boston Significant of Advance in Field of Aviation

COLONEL LINDBERGH DEPICTS AIR FUTURE

Mrs. Lindbergh in Acceptance of Award Upholds Education for Useful Service

By MARJORIE SHULER

From *The Christian Science Monitor*
March 2, 1928

Mrs. Evangeline L. Lindbergh went to Washington to greet her son when he had bridged the Atlantic, winning the Orteig prize for his New York to Paris flight. She flew to Mexico to cheer him on his good-will air journey through Latin America for which the Woodrow Wilson peace prize has just been awarded to him. Thursday Colonel Lindbergh came to Boston to see his mother receive her trophy, the emblem of life membership in the National Education Association, the gift to her from 181,000 American school teachers.

The little pin with its pendent gold key looked very tiny as Joseph M. Gwinn of San Francisco, retiring president of the Department of Superintendence of the association, swung its long chain over her shoulders. But its weight of significance was great. It represented first the appreciation of her colleagues for the modesty, courage, and devotion to duty which has been displayed by this mid-west teacher of chemistry whom the limelight sought after the exploits of her son.

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Second, it was indicative of a new era in American education, for while it was the Lindberghs that the crowd applauded, it was the idea back of them, a possible advance in aeronautics, through teaching it in the public schools, that both mother and son came to Boston to further.

An Evidence in Democracy

And third, the episode was an evidence of the democracy in the United States public schools, where more than in any other country classroom teachers and administrators of education in high posts come together in one great professional organization for the advancement of their common cause.

The presentation to Mrs. Lindbergh was the climax of the fifty-eighth annual convention of the Department of Superintendence and 8000 school people from many parts of the United States, their baggage packed ready for leaving on late trains, thronged Mechanics Building for the event. Many of them had a long wait, for the line formed as early as 5 o'clock in the afternoon for the opening of the doors.

The program had been scheduled to begin at 7:30 o'clock and it did but an hour and a half after that the Boston Public School Symphony Band led by Fortunato Sordillo and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Glee Club were still entertaining the crowd. For Colonel Lindbergh, who had gone through fog and sleet and night, bringing his airplane into port exactly on scheduled time, found that he could not command a governor's dinner party and therefore arrived somewhat after the expected time along with Gov. Alvan T. Fuller, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Lindbergh, and a group of distinguished guests who had dined at the executive mansion.

Message for America

Even when they were in the hall there were more delays. The Movietone had been installed on th platform in the expectation that Colonel Lindbergh would permit its operation while he spoke. Also there were calcium flood lights for the taking of motion pictures. And in one of the boxes there was a row of cameras ready for a barrage.

But the tall youth with a message for America in the giving of which he finds himself considerably hampered by the paraphernalia of human greatness and hero-worship declined to permit the operation of the Movietone and had a few words of limitation to say for himself and his mother to the motion picture operators.

After many false reports which brought the audience standing to welcome the mother and son they finally appeared, both with their same quiet, untouched demeanor, both reserved, aloof, onlookers at a spectacle, it would appear, and certainly by no means inclined to accept themselves as the center of all this fuss.

Mother and Son Appear

First came Mrs. Lindbergh, slender, slight, with her mass of soft hair framing the sweetness and firmness of her expression, walking with Mr. Gwinn, and close behind them the Colonel with Mrs. Fuller. The boy who came from Europe has vanished. The shyness which made him shuffle his feet and shrug his shoulders then when the burden of praise became too great to bear, along with the golden smile which broke up the solemn reserve of his face, both were gone.

Instead, it was a self-possessed, slightly stiff and stern figure which faced the audience, the blue eyes never wavering as they seemed to look through and beyond the hall to the goal before him, the advancement of flying for the world.

Mrs. Lindbergh chuckled, but the Colonel never flickered an eyelash when four small boys filed in and took their places leaning on the piano just in front of the platform. Through lines of police throwing a cordon all around the building to let in the 8000 and keep out the countless others without tickets, these small boys had somehow managed to wiggle their way.

Slightly smudged of hands, slightly tousled of hair, plainly dressed there they were, one mass of eagerness and joy. They had reached their goal and there they remained during the entire program.

Gavel From "Old Ironsides"

What with all the messages which had been flying back and forth, the final attempt to relieve the monotony of waiting by having the audience sing "America the Beautiful" and a last minute rush by an official of the association to the desk to remove a gavel which a high school cadet in uniform apparently restored a few minutes later, the audience was ready for a flicker of laughter which they gave when Mr. Gwinn raised the gavel.

Whereupon he vouchsafed the information that the gavel which had been put last on the desk was not the one which had been removed.

"I have a new gavel tonight," said the west coast superintendent, as he raised it high for all to see. "This one has just been presented to the president by the Department of Superintendence by Admiral Andrews, and it is made out of the old ship Constitution."

Then he referred to the guests, saying that Colonel Lindbergh had flown not to Paris, but into the ideals and aspirations of the youth of the land, into the affairs of governments, into the realm of business and industry.

Response of Education

Now, he said, education must respond to the changes which this "birdman" had brought about and aeronautical education must be the answer of the schools to the demand of the new world.

Colonel Lindbergh's speech was more complete, more ambitious than those first efforts of his when to his own surprise he found that the thing he had done because he loved to do it had led him onto the platform as a speaker. But even now every word, every sentence has a reason for being uttered.

There were no compliments for the educators, no pleasant phrases for the audience, not even a gesture for the mother who was to be honored. But merely the clipped, direct, definite message which he regarded it as his business to deliver just as he has taken the control of his ship into his hands many nights in order to deliver the air mail messages which others have to send.

Colonel Lindbergh's Address

His speech was as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen: We in the aircraft industry believe that the coming generation will be greatly affected by aviation.

People today are learning to fly. Those of tomorrow will grow up with flying as we have with the automobile. Our aircraft today are entirely practical. They can be operated at a profit on

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commercial air lines. They are being used even today, we may say extensively, for private transportation. Tomorrow, figuratively speaking, the airplane will probably have the same effect, in more or less degree, on the living conditions and upon the city and country that the automobile has had.

It is entirely possible and will probably be true in a few years that the suburbs of our cities will be greatly extended by the use of the airplane. With flying fields situated close to the business districts, there is no more reason why the business man cannot live 100 or 200 miles from his work than there is for him to live less than 20 miles from his office as is the case today in so many instances.

To Bring World Together

Aviation will affect practically all of the subjects now taught in our schools. It will affect languages inasmuch as it will bring foreign countries more closely together. It will affect science through the new conditions encountered and the medium through which people will travel and through the new instruments brought into use.

For instance, our weather forecasting will undoubtedly be improved through the coming of aviation. It is necessary to forecast more accurately for aeronautics than it is today for agriculture. It will be necessary for the man who flies, and most of us will fly in the future, to know more of the atmospheric conditions than it is now necessary to know.

As I have said, our plans have developed to a high point of perfection now. Yet with existing equipment we can foresee a much greater development in the next few years. We can now fly through practically any condition with the exception of sleet. Ten or 15 years ago we were held down by rain, storm or night, and by fog. Today we can fly through all these conditions although we cannot yet land in a dense fog. We must be able to see ground in order to land safely.

Rapid Development Coming

Rapid as the development has been in the last decade, we expect that there should be still more rapid development in the years to come. Consequently I believe that it is essential to incorporate in our school systems elementary aeronautics. It is not necessary to teach aeronautics in detail.

But everyone should have a general idea of this subject in order even to be able to understand the newspapers. And tomorrow there will be a great deal more concerning this new means of travel than there has been in the past.

Before closing I want to thank you all for the attention you have given me tonight and I hope you will see fit to incorporate in the schools of this country subjects, elementary subjects at least, on aeronautics, I thank you.

Possibilities of Aviation

Then came the speech of W. F. Durand of Stanford University in which he spoke of the education of aeronautics, the development of discipline, the vocational side, the provision for greater culture and training for citizenship. He described the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics and emphasized especially the work of the fund on behalf of safety and education.

William P. MacCracken, assistant secretary of aeronautics, Department of Commerce, reminded his audience that it was a school teacher, Catherine Wright of Dayton, who helped her brothers to solve the mathematical problems involved in the first heavier-than-air machines.

He referred to the possibilities for the future, the boys and girls at desks today and in the classrooms in years to come who will develop the aeronautical training they receive there for the benefit of the world.

Mr. MacCracken closed with a tribute to Mrs. Lindbergh, and Mr. Gwinn repeated that it was indeed a source of distinct pride to the teachers of America that one of their number should be the mother of the aviator.

Mr. Gwinn introduced Frank Cody, superintendent of schools of Detroit and Mrs. Lindbergh's chief, who repeated that the school system of this city is honored by her presence as a member of the staff of the Cass Technical High School, and presented Mrs. Lindbergh to the audience. Then amid a blare of motion picture lights Mr. Gwinn gave to Mrs. Lindbergh the emblem and also a congratulatory air mail letter sent to her with the signature of every one of her colleagues in the Cass School.

No one who heard Mrs. Lindbergh's few words could think that it was easy for her to say them and yet in the characteristic Lindbergh way she did it simply, directly, capably.

Mrs. Lindbergh's Response

She said:

There are only two words with which to express gratitude: "thanks" and "appreciation" and I say them both to you sincerely.

I should like to pay tribute to two of our greatest living teachers, Calvin Coolidge and Myron T. Herrick.

These men teach the doctrine of emancipation, emancipation from useless subservience and dedication to useful service and appreciation and consideration and love for our fellow-workers. I thank you sincerely.

And then it was all over. Dr. Gwinn rapped his gavel to close the convention. The guests on the stage surged forward to speak to Mrs. Lindbergh and the Colonel, and members and the audience dashed for exits and windows where they told each other how wonderful it all had been and sought for a last-minute glimpse of the departure, a departure which Colonel Lindbergh had hinted to interviewers he hoped might be a definite leaving of the public in order that he may conduct his private affairs.

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BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

(A summary of the preceding instalment will be found on page xv, front advertising section.)

CHAPTER NINE

The Web of Fate

I

PLYMOUTH COURT-HOUSE stands at the head of the square, a large and stately building of red brick, with ivy climbing the walls, and white colonial entrances, and a niche containing a figure of justice blindfolded. The court-room is bare and white; it has a throne of polished wood, and over it a great seal of the "Plymouth Society", with the flags of the United States and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts draped on top. It is all extremely solemn and formal; the bailiff wears a uniform, and carries a "wand", or long stick, with which he holds the spectators in awe.

On the morning of the trial of Bartolomeo Vanzetti the room was filled with spectators from Bridgewater, curious to behold the wicked bandit; there were also a few working-people of foreign birth, Italians and Portuguese of North Plymouth, who remembered what Vanzetti had done for them in the strike. The men had put on celluloid collars with gilt studs and no ties; the women wore shawls and aprons. They sat, morning and afternoon, following with strained attention a mysterious procedure in a strange tongue. There were spectators from Boston, but no reporters; the case excited only local interest, and nothing was published in newspapers outside the county.

The prisoner was brought in, shackled to a deputy by each wrist; also a steel cage was brought in, and he was locked inside. This in itself was almost equivalent to a conviction—it made him look so alarming to a jury, so much like a wild beast. The district attorney came—a short stocky man of German parentage, florid, blond, good-looking, smartly dressed.

In this case Fred Katzmann needed to do no more than to consult his prejudices. He knew that the Reds were pledged to destroy American institutions, and therefore it was a patriotic service to destroy the Reds. Mr. Katzmann went before the alumni of his college, assembled for banqueting, and the chairman introduced him as a hero who was going to save the Commonwealth from its secret foes; the banqueters cheered him tumultuously, and he made a speech accepting the stern duty. All the district attorneys of the neighboring counties were making such speeches at this time—it was an easy way to be popular—what was soon afterwards to be described, in the charges against one of the most oratorical, as "malfeasance, misfeasance, and nonfeasance in office".

Fred Katzmann was personally an easy-going man, and cultivated a manner of geniality which made a hit with juries. When the lawyers for the defense came in, carrying briefcases and looking important, he greeted them cordially; they were his friends, and during the procedures he would refer to them as "my brothers". He would carry on a merry battle of wits with them, and the moment court was adjourned he would walk out side by side with them, and they would sit at lunch and "josh" each other about the points they had lost or won. It was exactly like a tennis tournament—except that in tennis they used a ball, while in this legal game it was a wop.

II

A door in the front of the court-room opened, and there entered a thin, shrunken old gentleman with a white moustache and a face like parchment. He wore a black silk robe, and the moment he appeared the bailiff pounded on the floor with his wand and shouted, "Court!" All the lawyers stood

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up, and the spectators stood up, and remained standing. The bailiff opened his mouth again and proclaimed, "Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having anything to do before the Honorable, the Justices of the Superior Court, now sitting within and for the County of Plymouth, draw near, give your attention, and you shall be heard! God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" Whereupon the wrinkled old gentleman sat down, and everybody else did the same.

Webster Thayer, judge of the Superior Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was what the psychologists call a "ticquer"; that is, he blinked with a nervous affliction as he gazed about his domain. His sharp, withered face was a symbol of the old Puritan spirit; his voice, like a steel saw cutting through wood, was an ancestral inheritance, produced by three hundred years of cold and foggy winds. He aspired to exhibit repose, but his fear of so many foreigners in his court-room showed itself by incessant nervous glances. He was obsessed with a phobia on the subject of Reds, and talked about it continually with so much repetition that all his companions avoided him or ruthlessly shut him up.

Cornelia had never heard of "Web" Thayer before, but he was to be the subject of her study for seven years, and before long she knew him completely. During this Plymouth trial he did not know who she was; but by the time of the second trial of Sacco and Vanzetti a year later he had heard about her, and he summoned her three times to his chambers to impress his personality upon her and to justify his ways. So she learned that the basis of his being was an inferiority complex, a sense of the gulf which yawned between him and the great ones of his community which he would never cross, even though he won his way to the Supreme Judicial bench. He was a Thayer, but not of the "right" ones; and in Massachusetts it is a special offense to bear an honored name unless you are one of the "right" ones. There are the "right" Cabots—and assuredly they are not those who used to be called Caboto and Kabotinsky, and got permission from a too-complaisant court to Americanize themselves. There are "right" Coolidges, and Calvin is not among them; and would not be though he were president of the United States for half a dozen terms.

"Web" lived in Worcester, which is a city in the wilds of the far west—that is to say, forty miles removed from the cultural influences of the Back Bay. It is a hardware center, the home of hardware men who hustle and "boost" and make "selling talks". "Web" had gone to Dartmouth, a small college in the hills of New Hampshire, whose graduates are looked down upon by the haughty scions of the Harvard Gold Coast. "Web" asserted his uneasy personality, and drew attention to himself; something the "blue-bloods" never do because they do not have to.

In this Sacco-Vanzetti affair "Web" would do what the Commonwealth wanted him to do, but he would do it in such a way that the Back Bay would blush for him, and comfort itself by calling it one more sign of the degradation of politics, a consequence of turning over public affairs to the "mob". Those on the inside found further consolation in the fact that there was a flaw in "Web's" title to a judgeship; he had made a mistake, and taken the oath of office before the governor's council had confirmed him, and so he was not really a judge. That knowledge helped the blue-bloods in their clubs and other places of gossip, but was not of much use to the hundreds whom "Web" was sending to prison for the longest possible terms—that being his idea of how to break the "crime wave".

He was a man of intense vanity, and played the judicial game as a drama in which he was hero and king. But he could never be sure whether he was successful in the rôle, and the actor would stop in the middle of the play to ask the audience. To the lawyers, or anyone else who came to his chambers after the sessions, he would say, "Am I handling this all right?" To the newspaper reporters he would say, "Now, boys, give me a good deal on this". If the reporter happened to be a young and pretty woman —as in more than one case—he would employ the arts of gallantry, which are somehow hardly welcome from an old man with a skin like a mummy's. He would take a seat beside her on the train going to the trial, and smile and ogle and present a flower to her while discussing the case. His voice had a penetrating quality; when the train stopped everyone in the car would hear what he was saying. He must have known the mental discomfort he was causing to his auditor, yet something drove him to go on.

There is an ancient tradition among those who deal with the law that a judge must not discuss a case in public, at least not

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while it is actually before him. But in handling Sacco and Vanzetti, "Web" Thayer could not keep within these traditional limits. He would talk about the case in a club dining-room until all the men would leave the table; he would approach a Dartmouth professor on the football field, asking in a loud voice, "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards yesterday?" The horror of these words became so great in Massachusetts that the Commonwealth had to send its policemen with hickory clubs to crack the skulls of demonstrants who carried the words on a banner. Because there was no way to keep them from being spoken aloud, Boston Common had to be closed to public speakers for the first time in its three hundred years of history.

III

One by one the talesmen took the stand, and were questioned; under the Massachusetts practice, all this questioning was done by the judge, and the defendants' lawyers could only exercise the right of challenge. One by one the jurors were selected: Arthur W. Burgess, shoemaker, of the town of Hanson; Henry S. Burgess, caretaker, of the town of Wareham; Joseph Frawley, shoe-finisher, of the town of Brockton; Charles A. Gale, clerk, of the town of Norwell—so it went, all Anglo-Saxon names. Put none but Americans on guard! Edwin P. Litchfield, shoe-worker, of Pembroke; Oliver B. Poole, clerk, of Brockton; Alfred M. Shaw, Jr., laborer, of Carver; Charles C. Wilbur, tack-maker, of Kingston: these little people of the old stock were the defeated ones of the competitive game, and they looked with bitter contempt upon the immigrants who came pouring into the country, to beat down wages and make life harder for the "white men" of New England. Far from having any sense of class solidarity, they clung to the American idea that their children would rise and join the leisure class; their attitude to the Italian was that of the poor whites of the south to the Negroes. "All these wops stand together," said one juryman to another, discussing the case at lunch in a restaurant. The remark was overheard, but nothing came of it.

Another juror, Arthur S. Nickerson, a foreman in the Plymouth Cordage Company! One of those men who had thrown Vanzetti, the agitator, out of their plant, and kept him out for four years and more; one of those who had blacklisted him, an employee of those who had caused him to be shadowed by detectives for eighteen months after the strike! Such a man was to help decide whether or not Vanzetti should be set at liberty to lead another strike, and deprive the cordage company of another two hundred thousand dollars a year in extra wages! How could it happen that Vanzetti's lawyers would permit such a juror to be accepted?

The assistant district attorney rose, and addressed the jury, telling them what he was going to prove. He told them all that elaborate "theory" about the Coacci house and about the bandit-car, which had been stolen a month before the Bridgewater crime and found in Manley woods abandoned after the South Braintree crime. He brought this car, a Buick, in front of the court-house; he told them about Boda, and that he was going to prove that Boda had been driving a Buick car a short while before the crime. He told them about Orciani—despite the fact that they had had to drop Orciani on account of an Anglo-Saxon alibi. He told them about Sacco, despite the fact that they had had to drop Sacco from this case on account of another Anglo-Saxon alibi. He built up in the jury's mind an elaborate picture of bandit-gangs, bandit-houses and bandit-cars—and then in the course of the trial he failed to produce a particle of evidence to connect either Sacco, Coacci, Orciani or Boda with any crime, or to connect Coacci's house with any crime, or to connect any one of the five men with the so-called bandit-car. One scrap of testimony—a milkman had seen Boda driving a Buick car a month or two before the crime; or at least he thought it was Boda and he thought it was a Buick.

Yet they brought in all this complicated and alarming mass of "theory" not merely at this Plymouth trial but at the later trial of Sacco and Vanzetti for the South Braintree crime; they showed the bandit-car in both cases, and the bullet-hole in it, and planted the seed of suspicion in the minds of both juries.

IV

Benjamin F. Bowles to the stand: a special officer employed by the shoe-company, and at the same time a member of Mike Stewart's police force in Bridgewater. He had been riding in the seat alongside the

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driver of the truck when two bandits, one with a shot-gun, the other with a revolver, had rushed out and opened fire. The chauffeur of the pay-truck had fainted from fright, and Bowles had seized the steering-wheel and guided the truck with his left hand, while with his right he fired a revolver at the shot-gun bandit, until the bandit turned and ran. Later in the trial Bowles took the stand again and changed his testimony, so as to make it fit with the story he had told at the preliminary hearing: he now swore that he had fired not at the shot-gun bandit, but at the other one, the revolver-bandit. So here was the picture this super-policeman presented to the jury; he had steered a fast-moving truck with his left hand, fired a revolver at a bandit with his right hand, and at the same time used his eyes to study the appearance of a second bandit—so effectively that he could give a detailed description fitting the features, hair, eyes and clothing of Bartolomeo Vanzetti, now sitting in the prisoner's dock before him! At the preliminary hearing Bowles had been "pretty positive" that the shot-gun bandit had had a "short and croppy" moustache; but now at the trial he was "positive" that this bandit had had a "bushy" moustache.

Next came a shoe-inspector, Frank Harding, known as "Skip", who had witnessed the crime. He had talked to a reporter of the Boston *Globe* an hour or two afterwards. He described the bandit as "smooth-shaven". At the preliminary hearing he had described him as having "an overgrown Charlie Chaplin moustache". Now at the trial he identified him as Vanzetti. He had positively identified Orciani as the other bandit; but that fact was not evidence at the trial. Neither was the *Globe* reporter's testimony, for that was not discovered until years later —when it might as well not have been discovered at all. To the Pinkerton detectives "Skip" had described the bandit-car as a Hudson; and he had been an automobile-mechanic and knew cars. But now he swore it was a Buick, which happened to be what the "theory" required.

Then came the paymaster, Cox, who had described the shot-gun bandit at the preliminary hearing as "short and of slight build". Now he made it agree with Bowles—"five feet eight". But no effort of the district attorney could get him to say that he was sure Vanzetti was the man.

Then came the elderly Georgina Brooks, and with her the age of miracles came back. Mrs. Brooks testified that she had looked out of the window of the Bridgewater railroad depot—she specified which window—and had seen "fire and smoke from a gun". It so happened that between that window and the spot where the firing had occurred there intervened the full bulk of two two-story houses. The Sacco-Vanzetti defense employed a surveyor to make a map of the scene—but like everything else, it was too late.

Also Mrs. Brooks testified that on her way to the depot, and before the crime, she had inspected the bandit-car and the bandits. She identified Vanzetti as a man she had looked at twice, and who had looked at her "severely". Why she should have gone out of her way to pass the car twice, and been so particular about examining the features of a man sitting casually in an automobile was something Mrs. Brooks could not explain. But she admitted that with one eye she could barely make out the silhouette of objects and that she had been undergoing treatment for the other eye.

Then young Shaw testified, a schoolboy who had heard the firing and dodged behind a tree. He had seen the shot-gun bandit run away, at a distance of a hundred and forty-five feet, and said that he could tell the man was a foreigner by the way he ran. "What sort of a foreigner?" And the boy replied, "Either Italian or Russian".

"Does an Italian or a Russian run differently from a Swede or a Norwegian?"

"Yes."

"What is the difference?"

"Unsteady."

Then came Mike Stewart, large, powerful, heavy-lidded. He brought with him his theory—but you may be sure he never mentioned the "detective machine", from which the theory had been born! Neither did he mention the Pinkerton reports, and how they confuted the testimony of "Skip" Harding. "Skip" had taken down the number of the bandit-car, and given a memorandum to Mike, who had unfortunately lost it. But subsequently he remembered the number when he learned the number of the car which had been found in the Manley woods!

They introduced Vanzetti's cap, and a man swore it resembled the cap worn by the shot-gun-bandit—although Cox and Mrs. Brooks had sworn to a shot-gun bandit in a soft hat. And that was practically all they had to

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offer, except for an empty twelve-gauge shot-gun shell which they claimed to have picked up at the scene of the shooting. When Vanzetti had been arrested, he had had four shot-gun shells in his pocket, and these were put into evidence, but the jury never heard Vanzetti's story of how he came to have them. He had spent the day of his arrest at Sacco's, while the family was packing up for Italy, and these shells, left over from hunting, were picked up on a shelf. Vanzetti had put them into his pocket, saying that he would turn them over to some comrade and get fifty cents for the cause. But that story must not be told to the jury, because Vanzetti would be asked what he meant by the "cause", and he would have to answer that it was the evil cause of anarchism. Nor would it do to put Sacco on the stand, or his wife, because that would bring in the other crime, and the lawyers were maintaining their legal fiction that the jury knew nothing about it—although, of course, everyone of them had read about it on the front pages of all the papers, and the assistant district attorney had brought Sacco in as a part of the "theory"!

V

Such was the case of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against Bartolomeo Vanzetti. And now it was the defendant's turn to produce his alibi, and persuade a Yankee jury to believe it. Cornelia and Betty and Joe, watching these proceedings day by day with strained and fearful attention, realized too late how difficult it was going to be. There sat those native sons of New England, lean-faced and stern—elderly men, most of them, because the younger and more active found means to avoid jury-duty. Men with such names as Burgess and Gale and Litchfield and Nickerson and Shaw were invited to believe the testimony of Vittorio Papa and Carlo Balboni and Vincenzo Brini and Enrico Bastoni and Teresa Malaguti and Adalaida Bongiovanni and Marguaritta Fiocchi: men with black hair and eyebrows, broad faces and high cheek-bones, uncouth and sinister, clad in ill-fitting cheap store-clothes; women short and stout, with broad mouths and low foreheads, with no collars to their shirt-waists, wearing aprons in front of them and dingy shawls about their shoulders, speaking a foreign jabber which was turned into English by an interpreter who looked as much like a bandit as the others. These were the "Dagoes" who were taking bread out of the mouths of the old stock, swarming into the factory towns, carrying fire-arms, living like pigs, and raising litters of as many little pigs as any farmer ever saw. "These wops all stand together," said one juryman; and all native New England agreed.

Mrs. Mary Fortini, Bart's landlady, told how she had waked him up at six o'clock that morning before Christmas, and how he had gulped down his bread and coffee, and hurried to get out his cart and his eels. Carlo Balboni told how he had come home from his night work and caused Mrs. Fortini to wake Bart, so that he, Balboni, might be the first customer. John Di Carlo, who kept a shoe-store, testified how Bart had brought him eels while he was cleaning out the store, a little after seven. Each of these witnesses was harrowed by the prosecution, who sought by every legal trick to trip them up in their testimony.

The issue of "radicalism" was not supposed to be brought into the trial; the jury was not supposed to know about it, and in the years that were to follow you would hear judges and editors and governors and college-presidents and other eminent persons stoutly maintaining that this issue had not entered the case until the defense had brought it in at the second trial. But behold, here was the suave district attorney, questioning the shoe-store proprietor: "Have you ever discussed government theories over there between you? Have you discussed the question of the poor man and the rich man between you?" And later comes Michael Sassi, a gardener, to the stand, and the prosecutor asks, "Have you heard anything of his political beliefs? Have you heard him make any speeches to your friends in the cordage company?" This questioning led by accident to some character testimony—in spite of the effort to bar such testimony. Said the district attorney, "You have dined many times with Vanzetti, haven't you?"

"With Brini, as his guest, I dined many times: Vanzetti boarded with him and sometimes he was present."

"You used to play cards with the defendant?"

"Vanzetti does not play."

"To smoke, didn't you?"

"I do not smoke."

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"How many times have you drank with him?"

"Vanzetti does not drink."

Said Bart, commenting on this evidence: "What a method to find out whether I had been robbing in Bridgewater or delivering fish in Plymouth on the 24th of December, 1919!" Poor Bart, who had to sit in complete silence, watching all this from inside a cage, sternly rebuked on the one occasion when he dared to interrupt! He had to see the rascalities of the prosecution, and the incompetence of the defense—he who, from first to last, understood the case better than any other person interested in it, even the most famous and most expensive of lawyers! He who could read every motive, understand every character, predict every event, and advise, generally in vain, what should be done—he had to sit and watch everything done wrong, and ruin come down upon him like a slow-grinding glacier.

VI

One by one came Italian witnesses, telling the story of Vanzetti's movements through every hour of that fateful day. Vincenzo Brini had come home from night work, got some eels, and chatted with his friend and former boarder. Bastoni, the baker, had refused the horse and wagon—and he knew it was exactly seven-forty-five, because the cordage whistle blew as Bart entered the store, and "that whistle is our bread and butter". And then Beltrando Brini, twelve and a half years old, bright-eyed and eager, speaking very good English, and thoroughly alert to the meaning of this scene. Trando had first been with Bart about seven-thirty and had been sent home to hunt out his rubbers from the attic. He had rejoined Bart just as the latter left the baker's, and told about his disappointment over the horse and wagon, and how he had talked about it every day thereafter. He told how he and Bart had gone from house to house, up one street and down another, delivering their eels, until two-forty that afternoon. He named the streets and the people, described the houses and told of conversations, every detail that lived in his mind.

And Mr. Katzmann took him and spent two hours trying to trap him; making him tell parts of his story over and over, hoping that it would vary; pretending that Trando had said things he hadn't said; trying to mix him up about the number of hours he had been with Bart—because Trando took out the time he was hunting rubbers and the time he went to lunch, and Mr. Katzmann pretended not to understand this. He asked what the basket of eels weighed, and if Trando could carry it the long route he had described. Trando replied that anyone could see that the basket got lighter as he delivered. In the end Katzmann had to give up, and pay Trando the high compliment of calling him such another as Katzmann himself. Turning to the jury he said: "The parents of such an intelligent boy are right to be proud of him, but what he told you from the stand is a lesson learned by heart".

There came a string of Italian housewives, telling how Vanzetti had sold them eels; eight or ten testified, and there were twice as many more, but the lawyers said it would be a mistake, "the jury will be bored with so much eel-talk". If they refused to believe a score of Italian witnesses, would they believe two score or three score? The lawyers insisted that the alibi had been proved. But Bart was not satisfied, he was angry because of the efforts of the prosecution to claim that he had had a "cropped moustache". He pointed to his soft and silky hairs, which could not be got to stand out; there were so few of them, that was why he had always worn his moustaches long; if he had cut them short, there would have been nothing. For eight years he had been going about this town of Plymouth with his walrus moustaches, and everybody knew him; but this jury contained only one Plymouth man, and did not know him. Bart insisted that the truth about his moustache must be proved, and in a passion of indignation he told his lawyers that if they did not do it he would rise up in court and denounce them for treason to their client.

So at the last moment the Italian "runner" went scurrying to find some of Vanzetti's friends who knew that his moustaches had never been trimmed. Also Cornelia and Betty and Joe and the Brinis went hunting—and strange was that experience, painful that discovery about human nature, in this terror-ridden town of Cordage. Policemen who knew Vanzetti and had seen him on the street many times a week for eight years were afraid for their jobs if they testified as to the length of his moustaches! Contractors who had hired him were afraid for their future contracts! Ital-

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ian barbers were afraid for their little shops, and their little bootlegging on the side!

In the end they found two policemen who gave nervous and halting testimony that Vanzetti had always worn his walrus moustaches. They found an Italian cement contractor, Christofore, who had employed Vanzetti, and found him a good workman, and had always known him with his moustaches. The prosecuting attorney browbeat this witness, who knew no English, asking him about the moustaches of this person and that—among them of Beltrando Brini, aged twelve and a half years! He asked about the proprietor of one of Plymouth's big hotels—what kind of a moustache did this gentleman have, and Christofore described it, a small moustache that he was growing. After the noon recess the gentleman was put upon the stand, and exhibited to the jury a completely smooth-shaven face! What was the use of all this moustache-talk, said the district attorney, when they put a moustache on a man who had never had one?

VII

Such was the closing scene of this duel of evidence. The jury listened to the genial Mr. Katzmann become suddenly stern and patriotic. "Dagoes stand together!" he exclaimed—and it was easy for them to draw the conclusion that Americans should profit by their example. Then came Judge Thayer, thin-faced, tight-lipped, sharp-voiced, such a great man as these little men of the jury had been taught to reverence. Nothing of the inferiority complex now, nothing of the restless uneasiness, the vulgar craving for publicity; it was the great actor now, playing the part which had been his life-study. He knew exactly what instructions to give to these Yankee jurymen to appeal to their prejudices without seeming to do so. Did he say to them, "The defendant's ideals are cognate with the crime?" For seven years thereafter Vanzetti declared that he said it, and others declared they had heard the words; but when an effort was made to check the statement, it was discovered that the Commonwealth's transcript of the trial was missing, that the court stenographer's notes had been burned, and that the copy furnished to the defense was strangely lacking in part of the judge's charge.

The jury retired to deliberate, and carried with them the four shot-gun shells which were alleged to have been found upon Vanzetti. They had been identified as ordinary hunting shells, which would not be apt to kill a man. But the jurors decided to investigate further, so they opened them, and behold, they were filled with buckshot, which would surely kill a man!

Now there is no point upon which English and American law is more strict than this, that all evidence in a criminal trial must be produced in the presence of the defendant. Vanzetti was entitled to know about that buckshot and to explain the fact if he could. Maybe he would have taken the stand, maybe Sacco would have done so; maybe they might have wished to ask who had had the keeping of those shells for the past six months, and what the chances were of their having got mixed up with other shells. There were no identifying marks upon them—but Vanzetti never had a chance to point this out. The jury went ahead and brought in a verdict; and next day one of the jurors happened to meet Judge Thayer in a restaurant, and showed him several of the buckshot. Judge Thayer knew at once that if this story leaked out the whole expensive trial would go for nothing. He hurried to Katzmann, who came and got the buckshot from the juror before he left the place. Then Katzmann phoned the other jurors to come to his office, and warned them, and the matter was hushed up.

It was half a year later that the facts got out, and then several of the jurors made affidavits about it. An effort was made to invalidate the trial on this ground, but the matter was never argued. If it had been it would have been argued before Judge Thayer! Whenever during the next seven years the defense discovered new evidence, they would make a motion for a new trial, and under the laws of the august Commonwealth of Massachusetts a decision would be handed down by Judge Thayer! When the defense set up a claim that the judge in the Sacco-Vanzetti case had shown prejudice, they made a motion and it was referred to Judge Thayer, who solemnly listened to arguments, and solemnly handed down a decision to the effect that the judge in the case had not been prejudiced! And this while the judge in the case was going about saying to his clubmates, "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards?"

The indictment charged "attempting to

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rob" and "attempting to kill". The judge in his instructions had directed that the second charge should be ignored, because the evidence showed that the bandits had merely sought to intimidate the guards; they could hardly have missed their targets with a shotgun at such close range. But after the jurors had opened the shells and found the buckshot, they decided to ignore the judge's instructions, and brought in a verdict of guilty on both counts. The judge, in an effort to correct this error, took the liberty of ignoring one-half the jury's verdict and sentencing the prisoner to the maximum penalty of fifteen years in state's prison for attempting to rob.

The scene in the court-room when the verdict was brought in was a heart-rending one. For ten days the friends of Vanzetti had sat in a tension of anxiety, and now their grief was not to be restrained. Cornelia bowed her head in her arms and wept, while Betty sat, white-faced and quivering, clutching Joe's hand. The Italian women became hysterical; they screamed and wailed, and the contagion spread from one to another—it was a scene of utter desperation; never anything to equal it. Vanzetti had to stand up and cry to them, "Coraggio! Coraggio!" His guards permitted that much before they shackled his wrists to their own, led him swiftly out by a side door, put him into a car and whisked him away to the jail.

Next day when Cornelia and Betty went to see him, for the first time they met an utterly broken man. Again and again he said the words with which he had first greeted them, "My enemy have got me!" He told them what the rest would be—he, the clear-sighted one, the thinker, the analyst of class forces. "I am a convicted. Nick is the friend of a convicted, he is a bandit already, he is a dead man. The jury will say, 'One of them is bad, why should other be better?'" And when Cornelia pledged her word that she would move heaven and earth to have this verdict set aside, he told her, "You will try, Nonna, but never will be succeeded. It is not for bandit I am convicted, it is for anarchist. If men do sooch trick like you see in court, what is use for hoping?"

Then it was that he swore, because of that moustache trick which had been played by the hotel proprietor. At that time he did not know about the buckshot. He did not know about the Pinkerton reports, which had been kept hidden by the prosecution. He did not know about the witnesses who had been rejected by the police because they did not describe the bandits according to the police "theory". But he did know about the great cordage company, and the losses he had caused it in the strike; so when Cornelia talked about decent people who would not stand for that "moustache trick", he laughed a bitter laugh. "You will see, Nonna. They will say it is for jury to decide. They will say, musta trust jury, musta stand by court."

VIII

They put Vanzetti in an automobile, and with another car full of armed men in front and a third one bringing up the rear, they drove him to Boston and shut him behind the stone walls of the dingy old Charleston prison—built in 1805, when the population of Massachusetts was one-tenth what it is now. It stands directly across the river from the city, so placed that on certain mornings when the sun rises clear, the shadow of Bunker Hill monument strikes its walls. An odd turn of fate, that this Italian seeker of liberty should have been convicted within sight of Plymouth Rock, and killed on ground over which Paul Revere had ridden.

They weighed him and measured him and scientifically scrutinized him, and dressed him in faded khaki, and put him in a cell containing an iron cot, and a free space eight feet long and one foot and ten inches wide, with light falling from a narrow slit in the ceiling. In that cell he would stay, fifteen and a half hours out of twenty-four, for the next seven years—except for the holidays of another indictment, trial and sentence. Of the remaining hours a day he would spend seven working in a tailor-shop, and forty minutes in a yard, overcrowded, smoky and dusty.

Soon after the beginning of this régime the Catholic chaplain of the prison came to see him. It is a Catholic maxim that "once a Catholic, always a Catholic"; and even an alleged atheist is a human being, and may respond to kindness and sympathy. The good Father Murphy talked to him, not about religion, but about general matters; and then, having got on friendly terms, remarked, quite casually, "Tell me, Vanzetti, who drove the car at South Braintree?" Thereupon the alleged atheist rose

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up with dignity, and asked for the privilege of being alone in his cell, and the consolations of organized, institutionalized and subsidized religion were missing from the remainder of his life.

Instead he sought the consolations of literature. Cornelia received a long letter:

Dear Nonna:

"I was just thinking what I would to do for the past the long days jail: I was saying to myself: Do some work. But what? Write. A gentle motherly figure came to my mind and I rehear the voice: Why don't you write something now? It will be useful to you when you will be free. Just at that time I received your letter.

"Thanks to you from the bottom of my heart for your confidence in my innocence; I am so. I did not spittel a drop of blood, or steal a cent in all my life. A little knowledge of the past; a sorrowful experience of the life itself had gave to me some ideas very different from those of many other umane beings. But I wish to convince my fellow-men that only with virtue and honesty is possible for us to find a little happiness in the world. I preached: I worked. I wished with all my faculties that the social wealth would belong to every umane creatures, so well as it was the fruit of the work of all. But this do not mean robbery for a insurrection.

"The insurrection, the great movements of the soul do not need dollars. It need love, light, spirit of sacrifice, ideas, conscience, instincts. It need more conscience, more hope and more goodness. And all this blassing things can be seeded, awoked, growed up in the heart of man in many ways, but not by robbery and murder for robbery.

"I like you to know that I think to Italy, so speaking. From the universal family, turning to this humble son, I will say that, as far as my needs, wish and aspirations call, I do not need to become a bandit. I like the teaching of Tolstoi, Saint Francesco and Dante. I like the example of Cincinnati and Garibaldi. The epicurean joi do not like to me. A little roof, a field, a few books and food is all what I need. I do not care for money, for leisure, for mondane ambition. And honest, even in this world of lambs and wolves I can have those things. But my father has many field, houses, garden. He deal in wine and fruits and granaries. He wrote to me many times to come back home, and be a business man. Well, this supposed murderer had answered to him that my conscience do not permit to me to be a business man and I will gain my bread by work his field.

"And more: The clearness of mind, the peace of the conscience, the determination and force of will, the intelligence, all, all what make the man feeling to be a part of the life, force and intelligence of the universe, will be brake by a crime. I know that, I see that, I tell that to everybody: Do not violate the law of nature, if you do not want to be a miserable. I remember: it was a night without moon, but starry. I sit alone in the darkness, I was sorry, very sorry. With the face in my hands I began to look at the stars. I feel that my soul want goes away from my body, and I have had to make an effort to keep it in my chest. So, I am the son of Nature, and I am so rich that I do not need any money. And for this they say I am a murderer and condemned me to death. Death? It is nothing. Abbominium is cruel thing.

"Now you advise me to study. Yes, it would be a good thing. But I do not know enough this language to be able to make any study through it. I will like to read Longfellow's, Paine's, Franklin's and Jefferson's works, but I cannot. I would like to study mathematics, physics, history and science, but I have not a sufficient elementary school to begin such studies, especially the two first and I cannot study without work, hard physical work, sunshine and winds; free, blassing wind. There is no flame without the atmospheric gasses; and no light of genius in any soul without they communion with Mother Nature.

"I hope to see you very soon; I will tell you more in the matter. I will write something, a meditation perhaps and name it: Waiting for the Hanger. I have lost the confidence in the justice of man. I mean in what is called so; not of course, of that sentiment which lay in the heart of man, and that no infernal force will be strong enough to soffocate it. Your assistance and the assistance of so many good men and women, had made my cross much more light. I will not forget it.

"I beg your pardon for such a long letter, but I feel so reminiscent to you that hundred pages would not be sufficient to extern my sentiments and feelings. I am sure you will excuse me. Salve.

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"Give to all my best regards and wishes, Your

"Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

IX

Cornelia and Betty and Joe were back in Boston; the first two had been hurriedly summoned for the funeral of Great-aunt Priscilla. It is highly inconvenient, belonging to one of these big families; there are so many funerals, weddings and christenings which it would be unthinkable not to attend.

The funeral had the effect of bringing Cornelia and Betty back into the family, and they heard the latest gossip. Alice Winters was still supporting her "little theater", but very unhappy, because her poet, supposed to be storming Parnassus, was getting drunk every night, and neglecting his muse for a brazen, yellow-headed flapper. Clara Scatterbridge was getting stout, and the best reducing experts could not solve her problem; she concealed the dire truth from these advisers, but not from the Argus eyes of the family — that she kept an assortment of sweets in her boudoir, and nibbled chocolates and candied fruits all day.

Great-uncle Abner was very melancholy now; he was the last of the old generation, he said, and his time would come soon. He could no longer remember the chess moves he had made last week, and his son Quincy was losing games on purpose, in order to keep up the old man's spirits. Abner had gone to stay with the Scatterbridges, because he liked to be with the children; each of the younger ones had a donkey to ride, and Abner had one too, and rode at the head of the procession, all over the estate — a most laughable sight. But everybody had to keep a sober face, because if you laughed at anything whatever the old man would think you were laughing at him and would take ineradicable offense.

Deborah came to the little apartment to have lunch with her mother and daughter; and presently it transpired that the Argus eyes of the family had observed Betty going about town with a young man by the name of Joseph Jefferson Randall. Who was he? A grandson of the actor? Betty said no, he was one of the Randalls of Pakenham Court House, Virginia, and a nephew of Senator Randall, now ambassador to one of the South American countries.

"Don't you think, dear, you had better let your mother meet him?" inquired Deborah, mildly.

"No, Mother, I don't," said the younger generation. "Joe is much less radical than I, but he always says what he thinks, and so he would make you very unhappy."

"Don't you say what you think, my daughter?"

"Practically never, Mother. I bite my tongue off several times every hour."

Deborah said no more, but Betty knew what she would do—and so did Deborah. What are the secret, underground channels of the blue-bloods, by which they find out whatever they wish to know? Do they have indexes and card-files, like the Quaker attorney-general, so that they can telegraph and ascertain who is who, and what are his family scandals? Anyhow, the next time Deborah came to town, she knew that Joe's father was a "drinking man", whose wife had divorced him. Fortunately Deborah hadn't found out that Joe himself was married; but she imagined the worst, because divorces are a matter of heredity, like cancer, she said.

Deborah's hope was to persuade Cornelia and Betty to accompany Betty's older sister to Europe for the rest of the summer—since young Priscilla's wedding had been put off by the death of her great-aunt, whose namesake she was. Failing in that, Deborah's next campaign was to persuade the pair to come out and spend the summer at the Rupert Alvin palace on the North Shore. Deborah was lonely, she said, pathetically; her husband had so many cares just now, owing to the collapse of business. Deborah even went so far as to promise that Cornelia and Betty would be free to believe and say what they pleased, and she would not argue with them—a most remarkable "come-down" for so haughty and stern a lady.

Anything to get Betty away from the companionship of that dangerous young Virginian! To divert her with yachting and tennis and lawn-parties and picnics, in the company of sound and wholesome graduates of the Harvard gold-coast, their blood free from the hereditary virus of divorce! But both Cornelia and Betty were obdurate; they were going to stay cooped up in that hot little apartment all July and August, to consult lawyers and organize committees and raise funds for the defense of two anarchist bandits!

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X

The men of the Thornwell family indeed had their hands full that summer. The expected post-war collapse had come—or rather it had been brought about by those who realized that prices had got too high, and that "deflation" was necessary. Naturally, these men wanted to deflate everybody but themselves, and having the power, they did so. The heads of the great banking groups, of whom Rupert Alvin was one of the most careful and conscientious, had devised what they called the "Federal Reserve system", a chain of banks financed by the government and run by the bankers; its function was to enable the great bankers to save themselves in times of panic, by issuing vast sums of new money, and lending it to the big industries, whose stocks and bonds are the mainstay of banking credit. That meant that when a panic came, it was the little fellows and the outsiders who were "deflated", while the big bankers and their friends sat on a rock and waited for the storm to blow over.

Having this power in their hands, Rupert and his associates in the course of that summer of 1920 had their Federal Reserve banks suddenly raise the discount rates in the farming country; the result of which was to force the dumping of the country's farm produce on the market. Prices collapsed to a point where most of the farmers were bankrupt, and in the Northwest there were whole counties with every single farm sold for taxes. Meantime the big industrialists of the East, having bank-credit, were able to hold their products, and close down their plants and wait.

But if Rupert and his Pilgrim National crowd thought they were going to have a happy time riding that storm, they learned a sad lesson. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" applies to the kings of modern credit as well as to those of Shakespearean drama. It was as if Rupert were the guardian of a huge honey-pot, and had the job of apportioning its contents to all the flies in New England. They swarmed about him, making a quite terrifying buzzing—and it was a fact that many of them had stings, more or less dangerous, and threatened to use them, and sometimes did. Impossible for a great banker to sleep with all that clamor in his ears! Impossible for any member of his family to sleep—because there were lady-flies as well as gentleman, and they too could buzz and sting!

To drop metaphors, it was a fact that a small group of bankers had to decide, during that panic, which industries of the community were to be saved and which were to go to the wall. And needless to say, in a place like Boston, it was not a question of vulgar material efficiency, it would be a question of social status. Who was who, and who was married to whom, and what was the relative blueness of this blood and that? The difference between the attitudes of Boston and New York in this matter are set forth in a story which all financial men delight to tell, about the New York banker who wrote to a Boston friend, saying that he had a position for a capable young man. The Boston banker sent one, with a letter explaining that he was a great-nephew of the late Josiah Quincy Thornwell, a nephew of John Quincy Thornwell and of Rupert Alvin, a cousin of the Cabots, and so on. Whereupon the vulgar New Yorker dismissed the applicant and sent a telegram reading: "I did not want a young man for breeding purposes, I wanted one for banking".

The emergency now was the most desperate the Boston blue-bloods had faced for a long time. It was no mere play question, like belonging to a Sewing Circle, or getting your daughters into Camp Putnam and the Friday dances, or your sons into the "Dickey" and the "Hasty Pudding Club". No, it was a question of your very life-blood, that privilege upon which your family existence was based. So you forgot your good manners, and fought as your ancestors had fought, in the days before they had any manners. You threatened and stormed, and raked up ancient, long-buried family skeletons, and made life miserable for a great banker who had for years been suffering from high blood-pressure, and had been warned by Morrow, eminent authority upon diseases of the rich.

Rupert became morose under the strain. His pink and purple bulges, which had seemed to be radiating geniality, now took on the aspect of a threatened explosion. He fell to grumbling about human nature. Nobody cared about anything but money; friendship, family pride, honor, all were gone. He would carry his burden of sorrow for days, and suddenly it would become too heavy, and he would dump it in some quite unsuitable place. An elderly widow, a friend

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of Cornelia's, sought him as adviser about the purchase of bonds, and the great and busy head of the Pilgrim National Bank kept the astonished lady for half an hour while he impressed upon her the solemn duty of guarding her property. "Hold on to it! You have nothing else—absolutely nothing! When it is gone you will discover that nobody respects you, your friends have no use for you. Nothing counts today but money!" The widow-lady might have had her feelings hurt, but she understood that it was impersonal, a revelation of the banker-soul.

But for the most part Rupert kept his pessimistic thoughts to pour out upon his spouse in the privacy of their chamber, after the lights were out, and they lay in the chaste retirement of their twin beds, under brocaded blue silk counterpanes. He would expatiate upon the abnormal greediness of this one and that, and after he had begun to snore, Deborah would lie still and petition the Lord to soften the hearts of the greedy ones, and spare her good and noble husband, who was sacrificing his very life to preserve sound and conservative banking in New England—which meant, of course, banking under the control of the Pilgrim National group.

XI

There were some whose claims were not to be questioned. Unthinkable that any Thornwell should go to the wall, or anyone who could claim kinship, even by marriage. Those huge Thornwell Mills had to have many millions of credit, to enable them to store their manufactured products, and turn off their operatives to starve. And of course they got it; you have only to imagine the hysterics that Clara Thornwell Scatterbridge would have had in the boudoir of Deborah Thornwell Alvin, if Rupert had dreamed of refusing! John Quincy Thornwell needed a small fortune for a shipping deal he had been putting through on the side; and he got it from Rupert's bank. Rupert also needed a fortune for some of those subsidiary plants which he and Henry Cabot Winters had taken away from Jerry Walker, and had kept all to themselves. Rupert got this money from the Fifth National Bank, of which John Quincy Thornwell was president. So these big fellows shifted millions about from their right-hand pockets to their left-hand pockets, and shrewd lawyers like Henry Cabot Winters were there to tell them exactly how to do it so they need never worry if some spy told on them and caused a government bank-examiner to drop in.

They knew that their rivals had spies on them, because they had spies on their rivals. And when these spies would bring in reports of what was going on, Henry Cabot Winters and the other legal spiders would be called in to consider how to meet the rivals' moves. If it was discovered that some little fellow, having less expensive legal talent, had slipped up somewhere and done something which the law did not allow, the time had come to use your pull with the bank-examiner whom you had caused to be appointed a few years ago, and whom you were going to make into a bank-president in the course of another year or two—after he had completed the job of putting your rivals out of business.

That was the way the blue-bloods kept the banking industry a strictly blue-blood affair. The foreigners, and especially the Jews, had got into everything else. For decades they had been boycotted as department-store owners, but now several of the biggest and most successful stores were in the hands of Jews. They had got clothing and wool and leather; they had the theaters, and were breaking into law and medicine—but they were never going to get the banking-business, not if Rupert Alvin and the rest of the "high hats" could prevent it. And they could!

At this time there was a Jewish banker who had broken into the reserve. Simon Swig was his name—which in itself was enough to demonstrate the impropriety of allowing a Jew to become president of a bank! He had come into the country as a common immigrant, and now had got hold of the Tremont Trust Company, an honorable institution, and was running it on bargain-day principles—paying five and a half percent on savings accounts, and advertising the fact, which was unethical, but brought in the business. He was a rascal, so the blue-bloods said, and doubtless it was true, but you had to remember that in high finance rascality is a question of degree. The respectable bankers were breaking any number of laws, but since the banking authorities were in their clubs they were not punished. Neither were they exposed, because they had the newspapers, and their "news bureaus", run by large stout subsidized "experts"—whose expertness lay in making the public believe

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whatever Rupert Alvin and men of his sort desired.

In the course of that chain of troubles, the state bank-examiners swooped down one morning and tacked a notice on the door of the Tremont Trust Company, to the effect that it was closed and forbidden to do business. And that was all there was to it—the Tremont Trust stayed closed, and it *didn't do any business.* If it had been a "blue-blood" bank, it would have been "tided over"; instead of which it was turned over to a "blue-blood" receiver, and paid its savings depositors a hundred cents on the dollar—which seemed rather to justify the claim of Simon Swig that it had been sound all along!

XII

What started the trouble that summer was the problem of Charles Ponzi. An Italian immigrant who had come to America about the same time as Vanzetti, and with even less money in his pocket, Ponzi, too, had washed dishes for a living; but he had not wasted his time dreaming about "joostice" —no, he was the sort of immigrant America wants, he had dreamed of making a million dollars in a week, and he had done it. He discovered a curious situation in international exchange, so he said; it was possible to buy postal coupons in Vienna, and sell them at a higher rate in Switzerland, and thus you could turn a thousand dollars into twenty-five thousand. It made good advertising copy, and was no more false than what the big bankers were telling the public about their Federal Reserve System. Anyhow, Ponzi opened a dingy little office in School Street, quite in the correct Boston tradition —for many of the big New England corporations had dingy little offices in some of those two-hundred-year-old houses in dark and narrow streets which had been laid out by cows.

Charles Ponzi advertised that he would sell you a forty-five day certificate, which you were free to redeem at any time, but if you would wait till the end of the forty-five days, you would get fifty percent interest. The tidings spread among the million inhabitants of Boston, and all those persons who cherished the dream of getting rich without working came to buy certificates—which meant that Ponzi had approximately a million customers. Such a mob of people tried to get into his dingy office all at once that the police reserves had to be called out to keep them from being crushed to death. In that suffocating room you saw rich ladies in silks and jewels, newsboys, street peddlers, working-women with babies in their arms, scrub-women clutching in their hands the earnings of half a life-time spent on their knees. They all wanted to give it to Ponzi; he took it, and fulfilled the immigrant's dream by buying himself a palace in the country, with the most expensive custom-built limousine in Boston to bring him to town.

Ponzi was imperilling the savings-banks by causing the public to draw out all their money; he was buying into the big trust companies, and in danger of becoming a real banker. Worse yet, he was filling the public mind with unrest, talking recklessly to the newspapers. He kept saying that in making a hundred percent profit in three months he was merely doing what many big bankers were doing—the difference being that he was giving the public fifty percent, whereas the big bankers kept ninety-five percent for themselves. That was true, and therein lay its danger.

So the bank-examiners and district attorneys got busy, and filled the papers with rumors that Ponzi was about to be arrested. It was difficult to take action because the ex-dishwasher was now worth about twelve million dollars, and actually had five millions cash in Boston banks, and nobody so rich had ever been arrested in New England. He paid his lawyer a million dollars before he got through, and would undoubtedly have got off, had not the big bankers been so aroused against him.

As often occurs with financial storms, this one got out of control, and brought down several great institutions: the Cosmopolitan Trust, the Prudential Trust, the Fidelity Trust—it was a roll-call of respectability. It so happened that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts had several hundred thousand dollars in these banks, and several counties had as much. The city of Cambridge, the home of Harvard University, just across the river, was stuck for half a million—the greater part got by a trick played upon the city treasurer a few months before the crash. All this caused a terrific scandal and a long train of consequences most distressing to Rupert Alvin and his friends. For the examinations of the banks disclosed that many of the state legislators had been borrowing

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money on worthless securities, and the public asked what this meant—and learned that it was the dignified and "high hat" way of carrying on the banking business!

Not so long ago the Pilgrim National crowd had driven the Boston Elevated Railway into the financial rocks, and taken it over; then, in order to put it back on its feet, they had jammed through the legislature a so-called Public Control bill, whereby the Commonwealth guaranteed dividends to the Elevated stockholders, which made necessary a ten-cent fare. So here was the blue-blooded and high-hatted and in all ways ineffable Rupert Alvin revealed as paymaster-in-chief to the politicians and legislators of his Commonwealth! The disclosure was half a year in the future, but that only meant the prolonging of Rupert's worry; for of course he knew what was in the records of the banks, and he knew that when the public has lost a lot of money and become furiously angry it is much harder to keep news out of the papers.

XIII

Another trouble looming, if possible even more serious! Jerry Walker had come back from his nervous breakdown, and had found out some details of the intrigue by which Rupert and Henry Cabot Winters had persuaded the other bankers to join in taking his ten-million-dollar properties. Jerry had consulted lawyers, and made a deal with one of them, a bristling little bulldog of a man who had taken many a million away from big bankers on previous occasions. Now, under the law, Jerry had a right to put questions to Rupert as to what Rupert had done to him, and Rupert was compelled to answer, under penalty of being considered to have admitted his guilt! So there would come to the Pilgrim National crowd and their lawyers long letters full of questions, agonizingly direct and to the point; and there would be conferences of great financial and legal personages, and private conferences in Rupert's study late at night, in which Rupert and his brother-in-law would go over what they had done to Jerry, and many times wish they had done it a little differently!

Betty Alvin found out about this, because she ran into Lucile Walker in the lobby of one of the hotels. They had not met since Betty's departure for Europe, more than a year ago; so they rushed into each other's arms, girl fashion, and then adjourned to the tea-room to talk things over. Lucile had solved her financial and other problems in the good old established way; she was now Mrs. Percy G. Townsend, her husband a manufacturer of some kind of electrical equipment. He was young and enthusiastic, and so was his wife; they were going to work hard and build up a business, and then some day one of the big banking groups would take it over.

Betty told a little about her adventures in Hungary and Russia and in Plymouth, Massachusetts; after which there was an embarrassed pause on Lucile's part. Then she asked, "I suppose you know what Papa is doing?" When Betty said she didn't, Lucile told about the suit that was coming; and when Betty said that she was not taking her father's side in his business fights, Lucile told more of the story. It was going to mean a dreadful lot of publicity for all of them, because those big State Street bankers would be put on the witness-stand and questioned about the deals they had made, and how they had divided Mr. Walker's properties. Betty said she had told her mother that she would never touch any of that money; just now she was wrestling with the problem whether she ought to take any money at all from her father. She was able to earn her own living, and wanted to—but also she wanted to give her time to organizing a Sacco-Vanzetti defense, and she couldn't earn a living at that.

Betty went home and told her grandmother; and so when Cornelia happened to meet Henry Cabot Winters, she was able to pose as a woman of the world, in touch with secret news channels. Henry, of course, had no trouble in guessing how she knew, and there developed a curious situation. A couple of years ago he had been indignant at the idea that Jerry Walker might be using Cornelia as a means of getting information from the Thornwell's; but now he wanted to use Cornelia to get information about the plans of Jerry Walker! He went so far as to propose a "swap": If Cornelia would find out all she could from the Walkers, Henry would use his inside connections to help Cornelia's beloved bandits. He would get in touch with the officials, find out what their plans were, and might even be able to find some way to get those rascals off.

Somehow this tickled Cornelia's funny-bone, and she burst into laughter. "You and Rupert must be badly scared," she said;

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and after Henry had made sure that she was not going to talk to the Walkers about it, he admitted that they were. It was not that they had done anything wrong—nobody in Boston ever does that—but it was going to be such a mess to have the letters and telegrams and confidential memoranda of a great banking-project spread out in the newspapers.

"Can't you clean out your files?" asked Cornelia, with a twinkle in her eye. He answered that it wasn't so easy as it sounded, because one document referred to the next, and there were copies in a dozen different banks. If you took out very much, your employees were bound to know it, and that exposed you to spying and blackmail. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!

That summer the radical labor unions of Italy made their long expected coup—moving in and taking possession of the principal steel and machine-plants of the country. But having got in they didn't know what to do next; they could not turn a wheel of the plants without coal, and the coal had to come from England or America, in English or American ships, upon English or American credit. Were English or American coal-men going to extend credit to Italian anarchists, anarcho-syndicalists, communists-anarchists and left-wing socialists? The coal-men of England and America, like all the other big business men of those countries, were going to do what their Rupert Alvins told them; and the Rupert Alvins said thumbs down on Reds. So the Italian workers had to make peace with their masters and give up the plants; and then it was necessary for the masters to organize a counter-revolutionary government to break up the labor unions and kill off the leaders. To do that they had to have the machinery of reaction and slaughter—and where else should they come for it but to America?

So it happened that Rupert Alvin, in the midst of all his troubles with Ponzi, and Simon Swig, and the half-dozen closed banks, and the threatened Elevated Railway scandal, and the hiding of evidence in the Jerry Walker case, and the unhappiness over Betty and Cornelia—with all this nightmare-load riding his shoulders, Rupert Alvin had to interview agents of the banking and manufacturing interests of Italy and listen to plans for the coup d'etat which was to turn that country into a dictatorship of big capital. No possible way to avoid it—unless all the money that had been loaned to Italy during and since the war was to be lost. The bankers of Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Chicago had to get together and do for Italy what they had already done for Hungary and Roumania and Czecho-Slovakia and Finland and Esthonia and Latvia and Lithuania—so many miserable little bonded states that it gave a hundred percent American a headache to learn the names.

And meantime Bartolomeo Vanzetti paced his cell, in the space eight feet by one and a half allotted him for pacing. He knew what was happening, because his friends brought him a few facts, and he could reconstruct the rest, with that clear mind which understood social forces. He knew that it meant the ruin of all his hopes, all chance of freedom for the peasants and wage-slaves of Italy for years, perhaps decades. He knew what the American bankers would do; he foretold how, when the time came to float the loan, they would have the newspapers bought and the propaganda ready, and would carry the mass of Italian-Americans into reaction with them. And meantime they had Vanzetti in jail, where he was safe—and they were going to see to it that he stayed!

CHAPTER TEN

The Legal System

I

ON the 11th of September, 1920, the grand jury of Norfolk County brought indictments against Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, charging them with the murder of the paymaster and guard at South Braintree in the previous April. This county shared with Plymouth the same district attorney; and Nick and Bart were brought before the same Judge Thayer. They pleaded not guilty, and the trial was set for February.

Meantime a little group in Boston set about organizing what they called the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee. In the beginning it consisted entirely of Italians, the foremost among them being Aldino Felicani, anarchist printer, a tall, ascetic-looking young man, soft-voiced and reserved. He would set up type for the circulars, and translate them into Italian. Others would address envelopes, and visit the meeting-places of radicals in neighboring towns, and circulate subscription lists. So would come a few dol-

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lars here and a few dollars there. At the outset there was no office, no secretary, only the volunteer labors of a few comrades.

Joe Randall had finished his book on the "White Terror"; he had lost hope of bringing it up to date, since events happened faster than pen could move. Now he became a volunteer press-agent for the committee; he wrote news stories, and made carbon copies, and went about trying to cajole this editor and that into giving a little publicity. With him came another young journalist, Art Shields, a tireless worker; you could see lights burning and hear typewriters clicking in the office until two or three o'clock in the morning.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee was from the outset a peculiar organization. It consisted largely of a name, and nobody could say just who were its members, or what was their authority. Those Americans who later joined and helped to build it up did so from sympathy with an oppressed group, and they served as a "front"; they were featured in the newspapers, they made speeches, and conferred respectability. But they did not know so much about the case, and naturally they had to defer to the Italians in a crisis.

Among these latter, also, appeared a division; there was an Italian "front": such men as Felicani, the printer, and Felice Guadagni, the journalist whom Cornelia had met when he came down to help in the Plymouth cordage strike; also Rosina Sacco, wife of the prisoner, an alert and intelligent woman, devoted to her husband's cause. These were known; but there were others who stayed in the background, and in a time of crisis would reach out a hand, as it were from behind a curtain, and influence a decision. These were anarchists, intimates of Sacco and Vanzetti, and it was easy enough to understand why they kept hidden; they stood in danger of deportation, and perhaps of being accused of crimes, along with the two in jail. But it made committee-functioning difficult.

There was the element of fear, and of course, the element of suspicion. It was inevitable that the enemy should send spies among the committee—and that these would be persons sufficiently cunning to pose as "good radicals". From first to last the prosecution was fully informed as to everything that went on among the committee, the decisions that were taken as well as the arguments and the quarrels. These spies came and went; and after they were gone, they would joke about how they had collected money for the cause and spent it having a good time in their own fashion. Then you would hear the great ones of Massachusetts, who had employed these spies, solemnly charging that the funds of the committee had been stolen!

II

Among both English and Italian groups there were sharp divisions according to political beliefs. Some insisted that this was a criminal case, and should be handled as such; others thought it was a case of labor persecution, to be featured as an episode in the class struggle. Strange as it might seem, the anarchists for the most part took the former view; they saw clearly that efforts to make anarchist propaganda might not merely bring about a conviction of the two men, but might get their defenders into trouble. But a socialist like Joe Randall was free from such fear, and to him the case was an effort of big business to put two of its dangerous enemies out of the way; he could never write anything about the case that was not disguised propaganda for socialism, and of course he did not like to have his propaganda cut out by non-socialist members of the committee. Young persons like Betty Alvin, who at this stage of her life insisted that she was a communist—such young persons wanted to put in a different kind of propaganda, and their persistence increased as the case grew more conspicuous.

It was a controversy that would never cease, up to the very last hour, and even beyond it—when men and women fought with deadly bitterness over the question of what should be done with the ashes of the victims. You saw the germs of it at the first meeting, when eight or ten ill-assorted enthusiasts fell to discussing what kind of lawyer should be employed for the trial. Should they get a labor man, who would make an appeal to the movement throughout the country? Or should they get a respectable lawyer, who woud confer dignity upon the case, and impress the public and the jury in the good old Boston way? Still another possibility, should they look for a criminal expert, with knowledge of the trickeries of a highly technical game? Joe and Betty united for the first plan, Cornelia urged the second, while the Italians divided between the first and third.

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A powerful factor in the decision was, of course, the two prisoners, who never wavered for a moment; to them it was a class-war case, they were being persecuted because of their threat to the rich of Massachusetts. To Vanzetti the very idea of respectability was an insult, the idea of legal trickery nearly as bad. All such hopes would prove delusive, and only the labor movement could save them. "Unless a million men can be mobilized for our defense, we are lost!"—So he said in the first days, and so he said in the last.

As for Sacco, he was even more extreme; shut up in his half-dark cell in Dedham jail, he was like a rat in a trap, a creature all of steel springs and fury. He brooded incessantly, and ate his heart out, and never let himself be fooled by a hope. "They have got us, they will kill us," he would say; and whenever his enemies came near him, he would throw his revolutionary convictions into their faces. "Viva l'anarchia!" were his last words, and this summed up his attitude at every stage of the seven years' struggle.

III

Cornelia went downtown to have lunch with Henry Cabot Winters, who knew all the lawyers in town. First he would make the protest which family proprieties required; and then he would betray his secret amusement—being in truth rather proud of his runaway mother-in-law, who was telling the world to go to the devil in the aristocratic Boston manner.

But this time Cornelia missed the usual twinkle in Henry's fine dark eyes. In the first place, the great lawyer was worried by some of the things he had learned that Jerry Walker had learned about him. And in the second place, Henry had been horrified by the Wall Street bomb explosion. Ten days after the indictment of Sacco and Vanzetti a wagon-load of explosives had gone off in front of the building of J. P. Morgan and Company in New York, and thirty-three persons had been blown to fragments. The newspapers were certain that this was the work of anarchists, and the Boston *Traveller* had come out with a full page article, to the effect that the crime had been traced to the Galleani group, a vengeance for the arrest of the bandits, Sacco and Vanzetti.

"Mother, that is a horrible thing!" said Henry; and Cornelia said, yes, it was indeed horrible for a newspaper to prejudge the case of two accused men, and make it impossible for them to get a fair jury in the community. Henry, as a lawyer, must know that such an article would have that effect, and under the very strict laws of Massachusetts was contempt of court.

But Henry did not discuss that aspect of the matter. He ordered the lunch; and Cornelia repeated what she had learned from the radical papers, that the explosion had been caused by a load of blasting gelatine, being illegally taken through the city in the daytime; while Henry repeated what he had read in the capitalist papers, that it was an anarchist bomb. He wanted to know, with some irritation, "Do you think that anarchists never use bombs?"

"I have been told they sometimes do."

"Yet you can be certain these two friends of yours never did any such thing?"

"They aren't accused of having done that, Henry."

"I know. But people say—"

"What people, Henry?"

"Well, friends of mine who are in a position to know the inside."

"Will you tell me their names?"

"I can't do that."

"Did you ask who told them?"

"No, but—"

"I am interested to watch the process of rumor. People say this and people say that, and always when you try to get something definite, there is nothing. Can you bring me a single fact, Henry—one that you as a first-class lawyer would respect? I am ready to deal with it honestly; and surely it's worth the family's while to keep me from being led into a trap." Cornelia looked her son-in-law in his fine dark eyes, gravely and steadily; and he said all right, he would try to help her.

IV

The waiter brought oysters, and after he had set down the crackers and the lemons and the paprika and made all the necessary flourishes, he went his way, and Henry returned to the dangerous subject of bombs, which haunted the thoughts of all leisure-class Boston in those desperate days. Despite his pretenses of omniscience, Cornelia represented his only direct contact with the anarchist movement.

"You know, Mother, somebody did make bombs—the ones that went through the mail. You can't dispute that."

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"No, of course not."

"What do your friends say about those?"

"Vanzetti is quite certain it was a frame-up."

"By whom?"

"Some one of the big detective agencies, which are making millions out of this anti-red agitation."

Henry smiled pityingly. "You accept that?"

"I don't accept it as a fact, because I don't know. I certainly accept it as a possibility."

"Believe me, Mother, you'll have to look for a better alibi. Frame-ups don't happen."

Henry saw the pair of brown eyes fixed upon his dark ones. They were soft, and always kind, but they were persistent, and he had learned that they saw deep. "Be careful, and don't commit yourself too completely. You may need an alibi yourself, my son." And that was hardly fair at the beginning of a luncheon; a poor appetizer for a great lawyer who was going to be a defendant, and get large daily doses of his own medicine. His look clouded, and for a while he was less quick to interrupt.

"Five or six years ago, Henry, I'd have agreed with you about the frame-up; I'd have said it was a device of criminals in trouble, and a sign they were hard-pressed. But now I know that the frame-up is a regular weapon in the class-struggle, just as well understood as, for example, jury-fixing, or the buying of labor leaders. Did you ever have William M. Wood for a client?"

"No, Mother, I have never been that fortunate."

"How rich is he?"

"I don't know; pretty rich—ten or fifteen million, maybe."

"Enough to be one of our leading industrialists, the president of our great woollen corporation. You'd think he was big enough not to frame up conspiracies against his workers, wouldn't you? Do you happen to remember what he did in the Lawrence strike, seven or eight years ago? He couldn't see any other way to break the union, so he had dynamite planted in the homes of non-union workers, to be blamed upon the union leaders. He was indicted and tried for it—"

"And acquitted, if I remember correctly."

"Yes, you know what it means for a great mill-owner to be acquitted in his own bailiwick. It is a fact that the men he hired to do the job were convicted; and I leave it for you to suggest that he didn't know what they were doing for him. This much is certain, the story was given out to the newspapers that dynamite had been found by the police in a shoe-box in the union headquarters. The box had been brought there by a detective and somebody slipped up on the time, and the story was in one Boston newspaper two hours before the raid took place and the dynamite was found! That was bad management, at least."

The great lawyer could not help smiling. "I will say that if I had had the matter in charge, it wouldn't have happened that way."

"Well, don't forget that it is a part of American labor history, and graven into the consciousness of all those people you call 'Reds'. So when the great gossip machine starts to grinding, and we hear that 'people say' our friends are guilty, that 'everybody knows it', and that 'frame-ups don't happen', —well, Henry, we fall back on the good old tradition of English and American law, that every man is innocent until he is proved guilty. And in the effort to get him a fair trial we go to a lot of trouble—such as inviting ourselves to lunch with our rich and famous sons-in-law, and asking for the names of lawyers who might possibly care about justice."

V

Henry supplied the names of respectable lawyers, and Cornelia went to interview them, but in vain. Later on, after years of struggle had made a world-issue of the case, there would be those rewards of publicity which great lawyers have to have; but at present there was no man who would burden himself with the defense of two anarchist infidel draft-dodgers accused of banditry and murder.

Also Henry named some of the legal tricksters, and Cornelia had curious experiences interviewing these. There was one uniform objection to all those powerful ones, the amount of money necessary to start their powers into action. Some said fifty thousand, some said seventy-five; and this was a stage in the life of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee when there were discussions as to whether they could afford to rent a post-office box, and whether it would be the part of wisdom to buy a second-hand typewriter.

Later on there would be ladies of wealth

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and fashion interested in the case, and money would be pouring in from labor groups all over the world; but at this stage, when money would really have counted, the only large sum in sight was what Cornelia could raise on her income and lend to the committee.

The problem of a lawyer was settled by the Italians. It happened that Lee Swenson was in New York, recuperating from the labor of saving a bunch of the I. W. W. from jail in Kansas, and swearing to himself by all the gods he disbelieved in that "never again". But Carlo Tresca came to see him, and Swenson knew Carlo from the Ettor-Giovannitti case. Carlo told the pitiful story of two anarchists in jail in Massachusetts, who had the skids under them, all ready to be slid into the electric chair; he told what a fine fellow Bart was, and how he had all but had tears in his eyes because he missed seeing the Statue of Liberty, and now maybe he would never see it; and about Nick's wife and little boy, and the new baby expected in a month or two. Carlo came again and again, and appealed to Lee Swenson's friendship, until finally he said he would go up to Boston and look things over.

Lee Swenson was of Swedish descent, and came originally from Minnesota. He had been in practically every big criminal case which involved labor during the past fifteen or twenty years. As a cub lawyer he had helped to get evidence for Moyer and Haywood in Idaho; he had helped to defend the McNamaras in Los Angeles and Tom Mooney in San Francisco, and several groups of the I. W. W. in Chicago and the midde west. He stood six feet and a couple of unnecessary inches, and was badly put together; he did not know what do with his big hands and feet, nor in fact with any part of himself; he liked to sit on his neck, and his feet liked to get up off the floor. He had a thick shock of yellow hair, and when it was not arranged it looked as if one of those western windstorms had hit it, and when it was arranged it appeared to be done with Vaseline.

Lee Swenson was too intelligent a man not to know the disturbing effect he produced upon the respectable citizens of New England. Was he really rattled by them, as he pretended, or did he enjoy the effect he produced, somewhere back in the deeps where he kept his laughter until it came rumbling forth like thunder from the mountains? After he had been nosing into the case for a couple of weeks, he asked for a conference with Cornelia, and she invited him to her little apartment to dinner, on an evening when Joe and Betty were scheduled for a hearing before the carpenters' union. Before they went into the dining-room, Lee Swenson sank into Cornelia's one Morris-chair, and then slid most of the way out of it, and said, "Will you be shocked if I cross my legs?"—and did it without waiting for an answer.

"Not at all," said Cornelia, hastily.

"Not even when you discover that I wear woollen socks?"

"I know you are making fun of Boston, Mr. Swenson."

"My God," said he. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Thornwell, but this is a terrible place for a man that grew up in a sod hut. I realized when we were defending Ettor and Giovannitti in Salem that I didn't fit, but I never had time to go into details, and never happened to meet the right person. But I believe you are it."

"Is that why you wanted to talk with me?"

"No, but you can do it on the side. Tell me how to avoid shocking judges and juries who talk through their noses."

"Do you really want me to tell?"

"I said it."

"Well, why do you wear a broad-brimmed black felt hat such as nobody ever saw in Boston?"

"But it's what I had when I came to town, and I can't afford another."

"Are you really that hard up?"

"Maybe you don't know how it is with a radical lawyer. Imagine a score or two of cases, each like this one. There is two dollars and fourteen cents in the treasury tonight. They offer to pay me a hundred and fifty a week while the case lasts, but you know how it will be, they'll be seventeen weeks behind in their payments at the end of eighteen weeks, and when I get a check, there'll be some emergency next day that I'll pay out of my own pocket. You see, I'm not really going to be a lawyer—that will be merely incidental; I'm going to be organizer, propagandist, press-agent and promoter; any money I get I've first got to raise, understanding that the committee will begrudge me every cent I take."

"Surely it won't be as bad as that, Mr. Swenson!"

"You are a newcomer, Mrs. Thornwell; but this is my twentieth committee, and be-

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lieve me, I know them. It won't be their fault. They will be sincere and devoted, most of them; but they will be poor, and narrow-minded—not used to spending money with the magnificent abandon of us privileged persons. They won't see what I need with so much, and when the newspapers and the outside public begin to tell how I have got away with one or two hundred thousand on the sly, they will think maybe it's the truth. I tell you this in advance, because, when it's over, my one chance of getting arrears of salary will be by vamping some of the rich ladies, your friends who will be interested in the case. And then I'll get my new hat."

"Meantime," said Cornelia, hastily, "you can at least get a haircut."

But the other replied, "If I did the hat would be bigger than ever, with nothing to hold it but my ears".

VI

After they had dined, and were back in the little living-room, in front of the coal-grate-fire, the lawyer asked if he might close the door. He drew his chair close to Cornelia, slid down into it, and began: "Mrs. Thornwell, I have been digging into this case. I am completely baffled, and don't know what to do. The last time I talked with Vanzetti, he told me that you were the one American he would trust. He admires your grand-daughter, but he's afraid she would be shocked if I talked straight to her".

"He is mistaken," said Cornelia, smiling in spite of herself. "I am far more easily shocked than Betty. The younger generation is taking life into its own hands."

"Well, if you don't mind, I prefer the old ones. You and I have suffered, and we have a deeper foundation under us. Do you mind if I ask for your confidence?"

"Not at all, Mr. Swenson. I will tell you anything I can. But I fear it won't be much."

"First, all you know about these two boys —everything that will help me to judge them."

"Sacco I hardly know at all. I only met him two or three times before the arrest. I have been to see him three times in Dedham, partly because I wanted to make up my mind about him."

"And what are your conclusions?"

"He is a difficult man to know, under the circumstances. He has a primitive mind, I judge. He does very little thinking, he is satisfied with a formula: that the rich exploit the poor, and are the enemies of the poor, and always have a self-seeking motive in relation to them. And of course I don't fit into that formula. Why should a rich woman, who might have everything she wants, burn up gasoline and tires travelling down to Dedham to visit an anarchist in prison? He is instinctively polite, and affectionate to his friends, I am told. He hasn't given me any hint of a suspicion, but he probably fears that I may be another trap the enemy has set for him. You know, of course, they put a spy in the cell next to him soon after his arrest?"

"Yes, he told me that."

"Also they wanted to get one into his home, to try to board with his wife. I'm told the district attorney had that bright idea. I suppose it is too much to expect those gentry to have delicate sensibilities, but you'd think they might have guessed that a woman who was deprived of her husband and was expecting another baby in two or three months would rather have a woman-boarder than a man. Anyhow, the Saccos suspected it, and naturally they are angry, both husband and wife. So I haven't tried to talk about the case with either of them. When I have seen Nick, I have talked about his garden, and the wonderful tomatoes he used to have—those tomatoes were like so many babies to him. I take him a bunch of chrysanthemums—they let him have flowers, though they won't let Bart have any."

"Oh, surely not!"

"It's a regulation at Charlestown. I suppose that a saw or a knife might be hidden in them; or drugs maybe. I get round it by wearing one flower, and when I ask the guard if I may leave it with Bart, he is ashamed to say no."

VII

It took Cornelia a good hour to tell the story of how she had come into the Brini home and what she had seen there. She told about Bart's ideas and dreams, his work and his play and his personal habits. She told about the sick kitten he had refused to have killed, and the rabbits he had brought home in a sack, and kept in pens for several months —until the sorrowful realzation was forced upon him that there was no earthly way to keep those creatures from getting out and gnawing the vegetables of his Catholic neigh-

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bor, Mrs. O'Dowd. She told about the lost purse he had refused to take from the policeman, and the boots he had let the poor laborer keep, and the lessons in hygiene he had given to the "riformista," Compagno Culla—all those incidents which were destined to become Vanzetti legends, and be repeated whenever his Italian friends mentioned his name.

Also, because a lawyer had a right to the whole truth, she told him about the fights; and how the anarchist youths had come armed to the Galleani meeting, vowing to defend their hero to the death; and how Bart had got a gun and declared that he would never let himself be taken and put through the third degree.

"Now you are getting to what I want," said Swenson. "Do you know whether that gun is the same one that he had on when he was arrested?"

"I believe he gave it away," said Cornelia. "From what I know of him, he wouldn't keep any piece of property as long as four years."

"Well, I can't get them to tell me where they got those guns; at least I can't get them to tell me the truth. That's why I'm so up against it. They are afraid of me, afraid of everybody."

"They have reason to be cautious. But won't they take Tresca's word?"

"I suppose if I could get them both together with Carlo, we could come to an understanding; but as it is, they go on repeating the stories they told to the police; and their friends outside do the same. Orciani has been driving me about, looking for evidence, and I've been appealing to him. Do you know him?"

"Only slightly."

"He has the courage of a man with the mind of a child: a simple Italian peasant, picked up off the country-side and dumped into the maelstrom of America. I have managed to win his affection, and he will talk to me frankly about everything in the world but this case. I point out his contradictions, but it doesn't make any difference. It is a peculiarity of Italian anarchists that I have observed, they can go on insisting that black is white longer than any other human beings I have ever seen. But somehow it has got to be put across to them that they can't go before a Yankee jury with those stories—it will be throwing away their lives."

"What stories, Mr. Swenson?"

"Well, the one about what they did on the night they were arrested. I can't get a single one of those fellows to admit to me that they were in front of the Johnson place that night; yet it's a physical fact that any jury will see—there's a swampy meadow on both sides of the road, and no other way for Sacco and Vanzetti to have got from the place where they admit they got off the street-car to the place where they got on again. If we're going to save them, we've simply got to make a story that a jury will believe."

There was a pause; Lee Swenson got up and went to the door that led into the dining-room, and opened it, to make sure the Negro maid was not listening. Then he came back, and when he spoke again, it was in a lower voice. "Mrs. Thornwell, I know enough about Boston to understand that you will be startled to hear me discuss the 'making' of stories to be presented to a jury."

"You use what I might call an optimistic phrase, Mr. Swenson."

"Every professoinal man does that when he deals with the shady parts of his job."

"But I thought that in this case, if we are dealing with men who are innocent—"

"You thought we might trust to the truth?"

"I admit I was that naïve."

"Well, Mrs. Thornwell, I can only tell you—in my experience with labor frame-ups in a dozen states, I have always found it necessary to fight the devil with his own fire."

VIII

Cornelia's little round face wore an anxious look, and her soft brown eyes were wide open, staring at the man in front of her. She saw a big, rough-hewn face, marked by small-pox; with a lower jaw which had a way of thrusting itself up, making a deep crease on each side of the mouth. The eyes were set under shaggy yellow brows—in short it was the face of a fighting man, no product of a Back Bay drawing-room.

But somehow Lee Swenson had learned how people felt in drawing-rooms—possibly from Henry James, whom he read incessantly. "You are saying to yourself that I grew up in the wild and woolly west, Mrs. Thornwell, and things are different in Massachusetts. But I assure you it is one system, from Maine to California, when some radical is accused of violence. The authorities are sure that the man is guilty, if not of this crime, then of others just as bad, and

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so to 'make' a case against him is a worthy work. When the trial begins, you will see on the stand police officers who know that it is part of their job to swear to whatever the chief tells them; and maybe an ex-convict, who knows that the prosecution has something on him, and testifies as a condition of getting off; and a prostitute, who carries on her ancient profession at the discretion of the police. In this case there will be several workers from that shoe-factory, semi-morons, incapable of knowing the difference between right and wrong, but knowing what a reward is, and having rehearsed a lesson until they can say it in their sleep. It will be simple and easy—'Yes, I saw the bandits, I saw them shoot, I am positive these are the men'.

These witnesses will sit with Sacco and Vanzetti in front of them, and when they are asked to describe the bandits, they will describe the men in front of them, and what could be more convincing?"

"I attended the Plymouth trial," said Cornelia. "I was shocked by its unfairness, but I hated to believe it was a deliberate frame-up."

Said Lee Swenson: "My knowledge of your Massachusetts procedure was got at the Ettor-Giovannitti trial, seven years ago, as perfect a frame-up as ever came under my eyes. The men were no more guilty of murder than I was; every particle of the testimony was 'made', and the whole case prepared and the indictments drawn up in the offices of the woollen-mills. The victims were Italians, I. W. W. leaders, efficient and dangerous—the more so because one of them was a fine poet. And how did we save their lives, Mrs. Thornwell? Was it by trusting to the truth? As a matter of fact, we had seventeen eye-witnesses of the shooting of Anna La Piza, and they absolutely insisted that it was done by a police-officer, and they identified the officer; but because they were all Italians, and there were so many of them, we didn't dare use their story for fear the jury would think it was a frame-up! That's how far the truth gets you in Massachusetts!"

Lee Swenson waited for Cornelia's comment; but what could she say?

"Some day," continued the lawyer, "I will tell you the whole of that story—as weird a tangle of plot and counter-plot as you could want for a crime-romance. The district attorney was carrying on a political fight against William M. Wood, the head of the woollen trust, and so we were able to get hold of the checks which Wood had paid to have dynamite planted, in a frame-up against the union leaders. With that evidence in hand we practically blackmailed the executives of the woollen-mills and made them take the stand one after another to testify that the speeches of the strike-leaders had been opposed to violence. I could name several laws of your great Commonwealth we broke in putting that job across—and if we hadn't done it, the world would never have read 'Arrows in the Gale', by Arturo Giovannitti."

Cornelia sat staring before her, pondering this strange moral dilemma. At last she said, "I have always been taught, Mr. Swenson, that one gets a certain moral backing from telling the truth".

"I know—I also have read Emerson; but how would it work in our courts of law? Consider Vanzetti's trial in Plymouth. There was an alibi, as good as anyone could want. The crime occurred on the day before Christmas, and everybody had something to remember—the eels. Did you accept that alibi?"

"I was absolutely convinced by it. I have been all over North Plymouth with Trando, and he showed me the places; every spot is alive to him with association with Bart, whom he adored."

"All right—but where does that leave your argument? You trusted to the truth with that Plymouth jury—and it got you nowhere! No, Mrs. Thornwell, we must fight the prosecution with its own weapons. We have to do the reverse of what they have done—convince ourselves that the boys are innocent, and that whatever we do to get them off is a worthy work. And then take a joy in the performance—learn to build a good alibi with the same pleasure that a novelist gets from constructing a detective story."

"Is that really what you want me to believe about your profession, Mr. Swenson?"

"In strict confidence, you understand, Mrs. Thornwell!"

"Oh, of course."

"I want you to believe there is no other way to be a successful criminal lawyer in America; I have never heard of any man who has done it, and I do not believe it can be done. That is the game, and you either play it, or you play some other game."

"It sounds as if it would be hard on the nerves."

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"This is America, and you know our motto, 'It's a great life if you don't weaken'. You play for high stakes, and every time it is 'doubles or quits', if you understand the slang of the gambler. Win the big case and you're on top of the heap; lose it, and you're a dead one! That's why it's so foolish of me to take a case like this. There is no way to win except to make a big public splurge; and then, if I don't make good, it is back to the sticks for me. That is the real moral problem that confronts a radical lawyer, Mrs. Thornwell—can he afford to have a heart? Can he feel sorry for someone like your Bart, who has apparently got into a jam not of his own making? It's a decision I have to make, and naturally it depends very largely upon Bart's friends."

There was a pause. "Just what is it you want me to say, Mr. Swenson?"

"For the present, nothing in particular. That may come later. What I want is for you to know the situation—what a murder trial is, and how it has to be fought—so that later on, when you find out about this detail and that, you won't be horrified and disgusted with me, and draw out and leave me alone with the Italians."

IX

Lee Swenson had said his say, and it was up to Cornelia. She sat with her two hands locked together, and her eyes closed, and only the trembling of the lids to tell what was going on within. When at last she spoke, her voice was weak, and so were her words. "I never had anything like that put up to me in my life, Mr. Swenson."

"I can believe that. Your life has been lived among people who are not accused of crimes. And you have your strict moral code—which doesn't allow for perjury!" Then, seeing a trace of tears in the old lady's eyes, he added quickly, "I fear that I misunderstood you in one way, Mrs. Thornwell—I thought you knew more about your great moral city than apparently you do. You went to consult Larry Shay about this case, didn't you?"

"How did you know that?"

"Well, I have sources of information. How did you come to go to him?"

"My son-in-law, Henry Cabot Winters, named him."

"Why did he name him?"

"He said he would be the best man to get the boys off."

"And what happened when you went to see him?"

"He wanted fifty thousand dollars, and I told him we didn't have it."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he pointed out that it was a capital case, and would mean a lot of hard work."

"What did you understand by that?"

"Wasn't it obvious? It will take a lot of time to prepare the case, and it may be a long trial."

Lee Swenson laughed, one of those polite laughs which he kept inside him, out of consideration for Boston. "You are much too good, my dear Nonna! I think I will call you by Bart's name, if you don't mind, because it is friendly, and at the same time respectful."

"I don't mind," said Cornelia.

"Out west," said the other, "they call me Lee, and they don't wait a whole life-time, as they do in Boston. But now let me explain about Larry Shay: if he had taken the case, there wasn't going to be any trial."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that Larry is the official 'fixer' for the political ring which governs Boston and its environs. If you have committed a crime, and got caught, your friends go to him to find out what it will cost to have the case dropped."

"Oh, Mr.—Lee!"

"You, lovely and naïve blue-blood lady, carried to this legal shark a proposition to bribe some of the prosecuting officials of your state, and he made you an offer, and you didn't even know what it was about!"

"Do you really know all that?"

"Everybody knows it that knows about the insides of this town. Worse than that—they 'make' the cases, for the purpose of collecting blackmail. I could tell you quite a number of stories, only they are not fit for a lady's ears—having to do with women and road-houses."

There was a pause, while Cornelia thought hard. "You mean, Lee Swenson, that if I raise fifty thousand dollars and pay it to these politicians, I can have the case against our two boys dropped?"

"I mean exactly that. And there's another moral problem for a blue-blood lady who has lived a sheltered life, and listened to her husband, the governor, make fine speeches about their noble Commonwealth!"

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X

The telephone rang; Betty calling. She and Joe had had a successful time at the carpenters' union, had got a twenty-five dollar contribution. Now Betty was going somewhere else. She could not explain over the telephone, but she would be late, and Grannie was not to wait up for her. She hung up, and Lee Swenson took his departure, saying that he had put enough burdens upon her mind for one evening. He would not ask anything definite, she would need time to think matters over. Cornelia thanked him.

She did not go to sleep, but sat in the Morris-chair which the lawyer had vacated; moral whirlwinds seized her thoughts and flung them this way and that. She, Cornelia Thornwell, widow of the sternest governor that Massachusetts had had for a century, the most ruthless punisher of law-breakers and corruptionists—she had sat in this room and listened to a proposition that she should conspire to commit perjury!

Punishment for Cornelia Thornwell, feminist and suffragist! Now she knew what the wise men had meant when they told her that woman's place was the home! Woman's place was the Sewing Circle, where they made long flannel petticoats which the poor would not wear! Woman's place was the Parish House of Trinity Church in the City of Boston, where perfect ladies gathered to arrange for visiting the sick and the care of widows and orphans! If a lady insisted on going out into the harsh and wicked world, this was what she ran into—perjury, subornation of perjury, conspiracy to commit perjury! Cornelia saw these awful phrases in the headlines of all the newspapers of Boston.

The soul of Bartolomeo Vanzetti came to keep watch with her, and share her worries. Bart did not sleep soundly in his prison cell; he lay awake and brooded over the case, and thought of letters to write, and suggestions to make to friends and lawyers. So now he came in spirit, and Cornelia asked him all those questions she would never ask in the flesh. What did he want her to do? What would best serve his cause, the "joostice" for which he lived?

She questioned her own soul. What was right, what was wrong? To stand by the stern moral code of Puritan Boston—which all of them preached, and some of them practised? Say that the law was sacred, and an oath was binding before God, and it was better for men to die than to break God's law? Easy to say that, when it concerned yourself; something in you would take pleasure in dying for a code. But when it was some other man's life, did you have the right to force your code upon him?

Vanzetti had proved that he did not subscribe to that code, because he had told lies to the police. But then, he faced the same problem as Cornelia; it wasn't for himself that he lied, but for others. Some time previously Cornelia had put to him a very grave question. There appeared to be much more evidence against Sacco than against Bart, so it might be wise to demand separate trials and save at least one of them. But Bart had turned the idea down without a moment's hesitation. "Save Nick; he got the wife and kids!" That was his attitude, from first to last.

Something easy to understand—to lie for a wife and kids!

Cornelia thought over Lee Swenson's statement, that her life had been lived among people who were not accused of crimes. A careful and lawyer-like phrase! Not those who did not commit crimes, but those who were not accused! Cornelia searched her memory, and forced herself to face reality. Did her sort of people really refuse to lie? The case of Jerry Walker leaped to her mind, because she had just been talking to her son-in-law about it. Had Rupert and Henry lied to Jerry Walker, in order to get his property away from him? Of course they had! Henry had even lied to Cornelia, and treated it as a matter of course. They had lied to their associates, and their associates were now accusing them of it—so Cornelia had learned from family gossip.

Sooner or later Rupert and Henry were going upon the witness-stand, to be cross-questioned as to what they had done. Were they going to admit their conspiracy to take ten million dollars worth of property from Jerry Walker? Were they going to say that the law was sacred, and that an oath was binding before God? Of course they were not! What they were going to do was to follow the Lee Swenson formula—sit down with their lawyers and frame up an elaborate story, learn every detail of it by heart, and go upon the witness-stand and lie like troopers—or, in the modern equivalent, like policemen who know that it is part of their

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job to swear to whatever the chief tells them! Rupert and Henry would do that, and all State Street would know they were doing it and take it as a good joke, nothing worse.

XI

A world of lies, a world run on the basis of lies, so that when you talked about truth-telling you were a Utopian and a dreamer; worse yet, a traitor to your friends, to your business associates, your family, your class! A fastidious person, an ivory-tower esthete, preferring your own peace of mind to the rights of those who had taken you into their confidence, assuming that you would play the game as everybody else played it, for your profit and comfort as well as their own!

Lies! Lies! It was the autumn of the year 1920, and a great political campaign was at its climax; America had ceased to be a republic, it was an absolute monarchy, its ruler the Prince of Lies! That little man, "Silent Cal", whom Cornelia knew so well as governor of the Commonwealth, was being elected Vice-President of the United States by a lie! He who had run away from the police-strike was being rewarded for breaking the police-strike! His backers had managed to suppress the report of the citizens' committee, which had worked so hard to avoid a strike, and had told the whole truth; instead, they had made a nursery-legend, such as the pious Parson Weems had invented about George Washington and the cherry-tree!

And worse yet, look at the man they were making president! Cornelia's mind was a witch's caldron, with the tales Joe Randall brought home; for Joe knew the newspaper men, and picked up the gossip which could not be printed, and used it to spice the meals he ate in the little apartment. Joe's mind had turned rancid, after four months' contact with American morals and American justice; he found his pleasure in believing the most shocking things about the great and noble persons of the land. This Senator Harding, who was to be the next president, had been picked out by the oil-men, who were planning to loot the oil-reserves of the nation; he was handsome and dignified, a magnificent statesman, when you read about him in the capitalist newspapers—but Joe called him an old booze-fighter, a small-town rake, whose idea of entertainment was to sit in his shirt-sleeves and chew tobacco and play poker all night with his cronies, "the Ohio gang". His managers had had to get a newspaper man to write his speeches for him, because, when he was turned loose for himself, he used polysyllables like a Negro preacher, with no idea what they meant.

And worse yet, he travelled round the country with a young girl who was his mistress! He stayed in rooms in the most expensive hotels with her, and when the house-detectives ventured to object, he would present them with his card! It was something entirely new in American history.

XII

A cruel, cruel world! Impossible to live in a place where such wickedness was done! A sudden weariness seized Cornelia, a failing of the heart; it was time for her to quit, to move on and leave the world to a new generation, which had stronger nerves and could face such issues. The runaway grandmother would run back to shelter.

The fire in the grate had burned nearly out, and the room was growing cold, the chill creeping into the bones of the old woman sitting in the chair. She looked at the clock; it was after two in the morning, and suddenly she realized that Betty had not come home. What could the child be doing at that hour?

Lee Swenson had asked her not to tell Betty about these problems. But that was hardly fair. Betty had come to be her mainstay—she realized it all of a sudden. Betty was young; Betty was not afraid, Betty could face any facts there were! To try to hide anything from her would be one more deception, in a world which seemed to be made of nothing else.

There was a sound in the hall, and Cornelia turned her head. A key in the latch, and the door opened. There was Betty, rosy, shining from a walk in the chill night air. "Why, Grannie! You waited up for me! You shouldn't have done that!" She closed the door, and came to Cornelia, brimming over with affection and concern. "You poor dear, you let the fire die down; you are cold!"

Betty herself was warm; the blood flooded her cheeks and throat, it came and went, like northern lights in the winter sky, a lovely thing to watch. Her eyes shone—something must have happened tonight, they were so much alive. Such an eager face, a smile with two rows of white teeth, even and smooth, almost translucent. So delicate, so quick

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and sensitive—and she knew about this wickedness, she could face it and not quail from it, not feel old and chilly, ready to die!

"Grannie dear, what is it? You're worried about something!" She could read Cornelia's mind as if she entered it. "What is bothering you? Has Lee Swenson been telling you something discouraging?" Then quickly. "Don't let him frighten you, old dear! We're going to get those boys off! Is he afraid about them?"

"No, dear—"

"Then what did he say? Tell me, what?"

"We talked about many things, this case and others. It is a terrible world, Betty dear."

"Yes, they frame people; and then sometimes, people have done something, too! It's hard to tell which is which, and your poor dear head is addled with trying to know it all! Is that it?"

"Mr. Swenson didn't want me to talk—"

Betty laughed gaily. "The old rascal! He thinks he's going to keep secrets from Joe and me! I know, it's very dangerous, and we mustn't whisper. But you tell him I know what's in your head before you do, and he can't run this case without Joe and me. This is a young folk's job, believe me!"

Betty shed her coat, and the little brown bowl of a hat trimmed with fur, and knelt down and put her warm cheek against her grandmother's cold one. "The idea of worrying a nice old Victorian lady with secrets and mysteries! I suppose he told you that government witnesses don't always tell the truth, and defense lawyers sometimes fight the devil with fire. Is that what you're worried over?"

"Where were you so late, dear?" countered Cornelia—the only evasion she could think of in a hurry.

"Never you mind—that's more secrets and mysteries; I'll tell you in the morning. Now you go to bed, before our bones turn to ice." She led Cornelia into her bed-room, and turned down the covers, and brought her a glass of hot milk, and describing her as "seecka kitten", from the days when Cornelia had been worn out with the work in the cordage plant, and Bart had nursed her so tenderly. When she had drunk the milk, Betty tucked her in like a baby, kissed her goodnight. Then she raised the window, put out the light, and said, "Now be a good child, and in the morning you shall hear some nice gossip!"

XIII

Bright sunlight; the Negro maid building the fire, and Cornelia in her dressing-gown in the big chair before the grate, drinking her coffee and nibbling her toast. Betty sat by her in a blue silk kimono, and when she was through eating, took the tray and set it one side, remarking, "So you won't upset it or anything in your excitement". Then she closed the door, and took a seat close to her grandmother, and pushed her bobbed hair back from her forehead, and said, "Now, bless your old dear heart, get yourself together and don't faint dead away—Joe and I are married."

Cornelia's hands went limp in her lap. "Married!"

"Yes, dear."

"But Joe has a wife!"

"Yes, that's an old story."

"But then—but—you can't marry a man who is already married."

"We can, Grannie dear, we arranged it; you see, we married ourselves."

Something inside Cornelia quit working for a moment—heart, or lungs, or solar plexus which controlled them both—and her voice failed her altogether. Betty's voice was steady, but one of those waves of color flooded her neck and face, right up to the bobbed brown hair. "You see, Grannie, since the law won't be sensible, we took matters into our own hands. Joe's wife is in Reno, but it takes a lot of time, one can't be sure how long; and it was too silly that we who love each other should sit around waiting for some politician to give us permission to live our lives."

There was a pause. Cornelia's voice had not yet come back.

"You must be a good sensible soul," Betty continued, "and tell yourself that Joe and I are married before God and you and when he comes in you are to kiss him on both cheeks and welcome him as your grandson-in-law. Because, you see, he's quite embarrassed about it, knowing how eminently respectable you are. Indeed, he's that way himself, coming from Virginia—he's almost as bad as Roger Lowell, and I had to take matters into my own hands, and do all the marrying, so to speak. But now it's done, and I want you to feel comfortable and happy about it, so that we can be comfortable and happy too. The sensible thing is for you to chaperone us, and let us meet

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here, because it's very disagreeable having to go to third-rate hotels, and besides, it's dangerous, because the politicians in this pious Puritan city are preying on the free lovers—those who happen to be rich and prominent. Joe says they have a regular blackmail ring, they catch some man in a hotel-room with a woman, and it costs him anywhere from twenty to two hundred thousand dollars—that is, of course, unless he can show the card of a United States senator and presidential candidate!"

There was a pause. "That's all, Grannie." Then another pause.

"You are putting a heavy responsibility on me, dear."

"One more secret to keep!" Betty stood up, looking like a new-risen sun with laughter and joy and health. "Bless her dear old frightened soul!" She stooped and put a kiss on each of Cornelia's cheeks, and one on her forehead; then, laughing again, "You don't have to carry the burden if it's too heavy. I'll take it all off your blessed shoulders."

"How, dear?"

"Say the word, and I'll move into an apartment with Joe, and write a note to Mother, telling her all about it. What do you say?"

This time there was no pause. Cornelia said instantly, "No! No!"

XIV

"Bring me good choosing book," wrote Bart. "I will get the fundament which I have so long needing." So whenever Cornelia went for a visit, she would take two or three volumes from her little library: Benjamin Franklin's autobiography and Paine's "Rights of Man", the letters and speeches of Jefferson, Thoreau's "Walden" and Emerson's essays, a life of Garrison and one of John Brown. She thought he ought to know that New England in which he was to fight for his life, and he agreed with her in this. He had the most intense interest in history, and the lives of men who had played a part in it, especially in the cause of liberty and "joostice".

The old Charlestown prison is built in the form of a cross, and in the center is a large airy room in which the prisoners are permitted to see visitors. Cornelia would come, with her books and her one flower. She would have to wait while he washed his hands and face—because he was shovelling coal now, and wheeling it in a barrow for the prison furnaces; he would apologize for the condition of his clothes, which he could not help. Cornelia had interceded with the warden and got him this job, instead of the work in the tailor-shop, which fitted him ill. Outdoor labor was what he had been used to during his ten years in America, and it kept him in physical condition.

He was a model prisoner, except that he would not stand indignities from his keepers. Once when Cornelia came she was told that she could not see him, he was in "solitary" upon bread and water, because he had refused to do his work. There followed sessions with the warden, and it transpired that Bart considered that the guard had addressed him in a way injurious to his dignity. It took tact on Cornelia's part to patch up this situation; for the American prison system does not allow for dignity, and it is not easy to persuade authorities that an anarchist has a soul. But they could understand that it was unwise to exasperate a man who received visits from ladies of high social station, and who might cause a fuss in the newspapers.

Also Cornelia visited Mrs. Sacco, in the village of South Stoughton. The new baby had arrived, a lovely little girl. Cornelia and Betty took this news to the prisoner in the county jail at Dedham, and received a warm welcome. Poor Nick required a great deal of cheering, because he was a man who had lived by physical activity, and could not read and study and think like Bart. He had to learn to spend about twenty-two hours a day in a cell, with nothing whatever to do, and he did not want to wait for a trial, he did not want lawyers to fool with his case and waste the money of the anarchist movement—he wanted to be killed and have it over with. Cornelia and Betty would argue with him, in patient half-English and half-Italian, finding ways to appeal to his pride, reminding him of revolutionary heroes who had managed to endure prison. Why not work out a régime for himself—do gymnastics, of both body and soul? Why not study English, so as to do better work for the cause if he got out, and to write his message to the world if he failed?

The next time they came, they would find that he had shaved himself meticulously, and wore one of the flowers they had brought him. He was practicing walking about the cell on his hands, and counting the number of times he could "chin" himself on his cell-door—he had got up to forty-something,

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which was remarkable for any man. He was proud of that, and when they told him about the lovely eyes of the baby, his spirit bounded as high as previously it had sunk low. Two races comprise the Italian nation: those of the north who are descended from Teutons and Gauls, and are capable of reflection, like Vanzetti; and those of the south, descendants of Greeks and Carthaginians and Moors, brown and excitable people, who live their lives outside, and utter extremes of emotion with many words and gestures. An odd turn of fate that so many of these should have come to Massachusetts, to annoy the stern and forbidding ghosts of Puritans!

XV

Lee Swenson had decided that he would take the case. He said no more to Cornelia, but evidently there had been some understanding with Betty and Joe, for the young couple sat in at long conferences, and covered half the state in Betty's runabout, interviewing witnesses and tracing clues. Cornelia succeeded in raising five thousand dollars by pledging one-half her income—which meant that a money-lender was willing to gamble that she would live more than two years, in spite of all her worries and labors. She brought in this money, after which the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee had an office, and a post-office box, and no less than two second-hand typewriters clicking away on envelopes. There was a pamphlet telling about the case, mailed out to lists of radicals all over the country. Articles appeared in socialist and labor papers, both in America and Europe; for Joe and Betty wrote long letters to Pierre Leon, and he would translate them into French and publish them in his paper. So the readers of anarchist and communist and socialist papers all over Europe began to hear about two Italians who had fallen victims to the White Terror, in what had once been the sweet land of liberty, but was now the banking-headquarters of reaction for the whole world.

Also Cornelia's labors among the blue-bloods were not without fruit. Many of these people knew the corruption of their political parties, and the alliance between the politicians and the exploiting interests. They had heard of the Ettor-Giovannitti frame-up, and had watched another strike in Lawrence, a little more than a year ago, with several near-murders committed by thugs in the mill-owners' employ. They had seen the "Reds" paraded down State Street in chains, and had seen the government forced to turn most of them loose, having not even a pretense of evidence against them. So a few well-to-do persons began to take an interest in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. This gave an air of prosperity—and brought a new development, highly characteristic of the great Puritan city. One afternoon Lee Swenson called Cornelia on the phone. "How are you today? Nerves fairly strong?"

"What has happened?"—for Cornelia knew his way of teasing her.

"Do you remember the talk we had in your apartment, when I told you there might be a way to put our boys on the street?"

"I remember."

"Well, can I drop in for tea and tell you about it? Send the maid out if you can—it's a time for being alone!"

The lawyer came, and this is what he had to report. Felice Guadagni, journalist, who was one of the mainstays of the committee, had had several visits from an Italian woman named De Falco an interpreter for the district court at Dedham, in Norfolk County. She claimed to come from the district-attorney, and made an offer that the men would be released at the price of sixty thousand dollars.

"You think it's really genuine, Lee?"

"All the lawyers tell me it's a common procedure. The woman undertakes to give us satisfactory assurances."

"What would they be?"

"She has already given Felicani the names of other cases she has settled in the same way, and we can investigate them. But first we have to decide the question—do we want to buy the boys off, or do we want to trap the rascal politicians and get something on them?"

Said Cornelia: "It seems to me it all depends on whether we are sure our boys are innocent. I believe they are. Do you, Lee?"

He answered: "What other possible motive could I have for going into this case?"

But that was not the only point. Even though innocent, the two might be convicted; and so the problem was whether they were willing to risk their lives for some propaganda? The lawyer would be allowed to see his clients in the evening, so he said that he would run out to Charlestown and ask Bart about it. "I'll make my guess," he added, "if no ladies are present, he'll say tell them to go to hell." And he did!

(To be continued next month)

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

OSBERT, of the invincible Sitwells, has made a somewhat unearthly gesture towards the earth. In *England Reclaimed* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), the first of a trilogy, he is concerned with preserving the fine shadows of the old English country-life —"an imaginative and poetic portraiture", to quote his own words, "by a synthesis of which [he] aims at recording a broad panorama, essentially English, but which seems now, by force of circumstances, to be slipping away from us into the past". That he does precisely this, and does it with considerable skill, is true; but Osbert Sitwell is a somewhat better country-observer than a countryman. He is concerned more with noting the little foibles, tricks, idiocyncrasies of character, with etching them in exquisite word-imagery, than with the greater issues that stand behind the personality and make it what it is. He seems to care somewhat more for the delicate tracery of trees than for the restless soul of earth. His brilliant eyes, beholding the quiet fields, are the eyes of a cosmopolitan. Still, his portraits are finely memorable. One cannot easily forget Mr. Hague, the artist in flowers whose hot-house was his studio, and Mrs. Nutch, "harsh enemy of every cobweb, mouse and Roman Catholic". Yes, his portraiture is perfect, his word-choosing exquisite, this man who sees and hears

". . . . nightingales, that with a diamond tongue
Cut glassy darkness."

Later Years of the Saturday Club, by M. A. De Wolfe Howe (Houghton, Mifflin, $10.00) is a volume calling for explicit statement in a few words, or for extended treatment that would run to many thousands of words. It reflects Boston in the most august of Boston's aspects and attitudes. Here are portraits of Olympians, by the hands of other Olympians. Established in the middle of the last century the Saturday Club has always been an undomiciled body, holding its meetings first for many years in the old Parker House, and later in the house of a larger club of Boston. But no matter what the immediate environment, the distinction of its membership has been such that there is always the suggestion of the toga and the forensic utterance. Mr. Howe's book supplements Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson's "Early Years of the Saturday Club", published in 1918. For the discriminating reader it is a mine rich in anecdote, an illuminating picture of the social life of a group of intellectual aristocrats that contributed largely to the molding of the finer ideals of the Republic.

The New Persia, by Vincent Sheean (Century, $2.50), is a frank, uncompromising, and extraordinarily intelligent account of events so contemporary as to be meaningless and chaotic to the average newspaper reader. Mr. Sheean analyzes the internal affairs of Persia—the new Persia, that is, which dates from the rise of Reza Shah Pahlavi—with great clarity and courageous lack of tact. His account is packed with the stuff of which history is made, to a remarkable degree in view of his personal contact with the situation of which he treats.

Mr. Sheean finds Persia in a position of peculiar uncertainty, the unfortunate object of the interest of two great encroaching powers—Soviet Russia on the north, with its eye on the oil fields and the Caspian Sea fisheries, Great Britain on the south controlling the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and interested in the exploitation of the petroleum fields of Khuzistan. Mr. Sheean does not see a deliberately sinister policy of aggression behind the economic hegemony of Great Britain, but he does see the country of Persia precariously balanced between two great interests, which may be precipitated into political aggression by an accident.

Such an accident in the unsettled country has so far been prevented by two important factors—the American financial administra-

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tion under the able, diplomatic direction of Dr. A. C. Millspaugh, and the dramatic career of Reza Khan, an officer of a Cossack division, who became first Minister of War, then dictator, and finally, with the assent of British interests, "King of Kings".

From an analysis of the work of the American Finance Commission, a disinterested attempt to organize the revenues and expenditures of the Persian Government, Mr. Sheean proceeds to the discussion of the internal problems of the harassed nation, its social, religious, and educational position. His conclusions are not optimistic. He views Persia as the inevitable theater of a disastrous warfare, either of arms or diplomacy.

Life is short and Boswell very long. Consequently, those who cannot spare the time for more intimate acquaintance might do worse than to read *Dr. Johnson and Company,* by Robert Lynd (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which introduces one easily and gracefully to the uncouth old autocrat and his companions. The book is a skillful piece of impressionism, and though it relies largely upon its immortal source, it recreates freshly the strange appeal of Dr. Johnson's contradictory character, which was compounded equally of tragedy and comedy. Moreover, as Mr. Lynd points out, Boswell was something less than just to Johnson's associates —to Garrick, Burke, and Goldsmith, as well as to the more obscure men such as Taylor, Bennett Langton, and Beauclerk. The obsequious and unflagging biographer was too preoccupied with his subject, and perhaps too biassed, to spare more pains than were necessary on the members of Dr. Johnson's circle and it is this defect which Mr. Lynd has tried to rectify. Slight as it is, his book manages to give a fairer and rounder picture than Boswell's of the men who listened to that marvelous flow of talk and of the queer scraps of humanity who accepted Johnson's generous hospitality. Mr. Lynd has obviously plumbed all the contemporary sources and when he says, for example, that Boswell was grossly unfair to Tetty, one admits that he has a right to be heard. He has produced a delightful synthesis of old material.

Black Majesty, by John W. Vandercook (Harper, $2.50), is a biography of that most extraordinary of monarchs, King Henry Christophe of Haiti. Born in the sweating slave-corral of an island plantation, Christophe worked in San Domingue as a stable-boy and a waiter—the slave of another negro. He grew into a sullen, fierce-hearted manhood sharing the growing discontent of the vast negro population with the rule of their French masters, until at the age of twenty-six he joined the rebellion under Toussaint L'Ouverture. By the time Toussaint and Dessalines had been ushered out of the picture, Christophe was a general and governor of Cap Haïtien. He mobilized the army and made himself, first president-director, then king of the new nation. It was a colorful decade of kingship. Christophe was tortured by the necessity for haste—there was so much to be done, and he had so little time. He must show the French, he must bring into being a negro nation which should equal in wealth and achievement the great white nations of Europe. He built palaces, endowed colleges, and established international trade relations. On the summit of a mountain he erected a fortress, more massive than the Tower of London. But in the end his splendid, barbaric vision failed. Mr. Vandercook's style is beautifully adapted to the telling of such a story as Christophe's. On the surface it is simple, clipped and sparing of gesture. But it has an intensity of mood which allows the accumulation of a vast dramatic effect, without a wearisome recourse to authority in the controversial issues.

In *Queens and Crickets,* by Mildred Whitney Stillman (Duffield, $1.25), are the poems of one who finds in Nature a reflection of human moods and events. To the author such flowers as peonies and honeysuckle mean character, while lavender means every-day insipidity—she sees romance in the fall of the first leaf of autumn and can almost understand the mysteries of life when in the silence of the woods. With the exception of a few commonplace verses and "Saranac", which suffers from indefiniteness of imagery and emotion, "Queens and Crickets" is delicate and musical. Especially lovely are the

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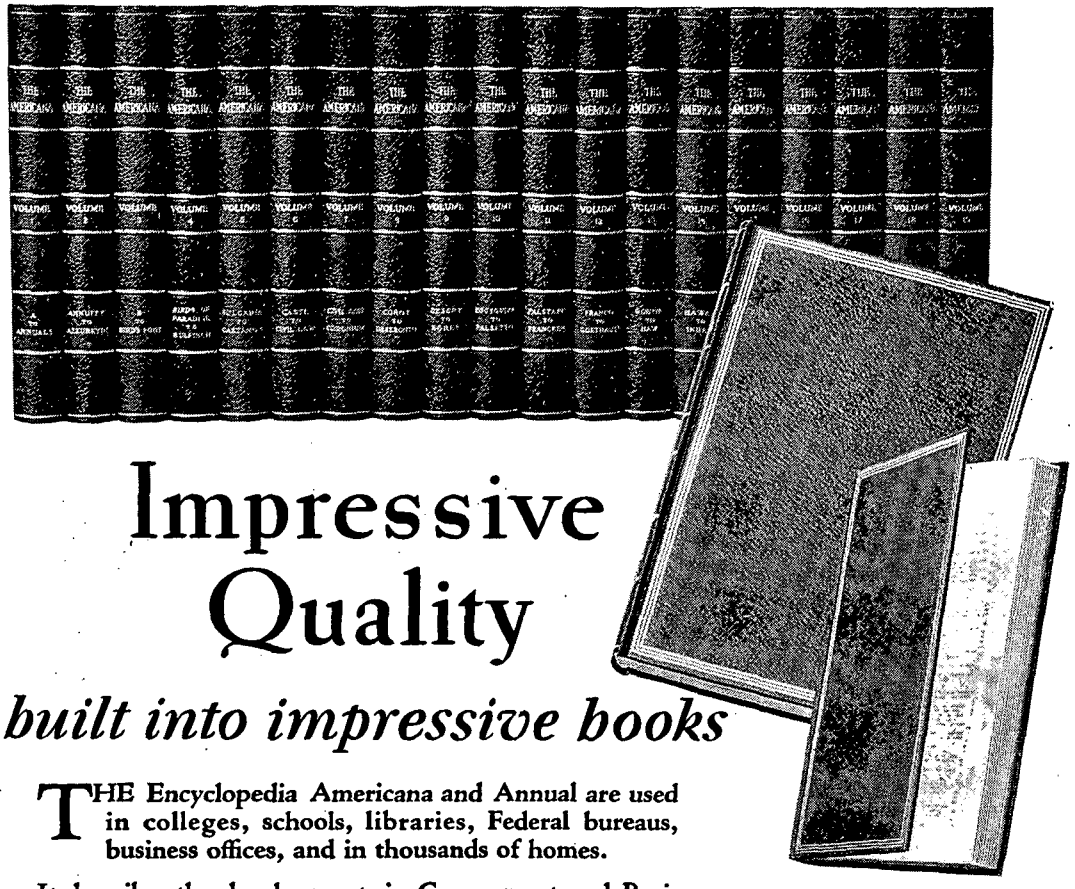

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Here is a book which combines the thrill of fiction with the authority of truth. *The Legion of the Damned,* by Bennett J. Doty (Century, $3.00), is a first-hand account of life in the French Foreign Legion—that extraordinary army composed of adventurers, fugitives from justice, deserters, and lost and broken men from all parts of the world. Mr. Doty, an American by birth, and sometime private in the famous *Vingt-neuvième Compagnie de March,* entered the Legion at an especially interesting moment. Morocco was in turmoil and Abd-el-Krim threatened the French colonial administration. Syria was flaming with revolt, and the French arms had suffered serious losses at the hands of the Druse tribesmen. After months of participation in savage warfare, Mr. Doty, or "Gilbert Clare" as he called himself in the Legion, emerged a hardened Legionaire with the *croix de guerre* for bravery under fire. But peace, even the temporary and local peace which settled over Suweida, palled on him. He deserted and headed southward to British territory, only to be recaptured and sentenced by the *Conseil de Guerre* to eight years imprisonment. Mr. Doty writes crudely, but with conviction, and his account of his life in the Legion is a temperate and authentic performance.

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, now reaching in life the mellowness and the peace of evening, has reminiscently settled in his armchair to converse pleasantly about his career in *Memoirs and Notes* (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00). With something of the literary charm of his cousin, Kenneth Grahame, he recalls memories and dream-days of a frequently golden age. Many details of his earlier life at Marlborough and Oxford may often be uninteresting to others than himself, but his book improves as it progresses; for as Sir Anthony became more entangled in his three professions of law, politics, and lit-

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erature, so did his acquaintance with distinguished personages of England become more extensive. Deciding finally upon literature as his vocation he set himself doggedly to writing with a well-regulated energy which he feels sure "must have convinced many young people that regular habits and a simple life, apart from their obvious moral value, may produce a constant and stable output of readable fiction". The general impression gleaned from these confidences is that Sir Anthony, for all his cordial geniality, is a little too reconciled with the position of second-rate novelist that critics have awarded him. Are we to applaud a most becoming modesty, or should we feel just a bit sorry for a writer of popular romances who, without the melancholy but with all the wistfulness of an Eeyore, never really got in on things as much as he would have liked?

George N. Shuster, associate editor of *The Commonweal* and one of the most prominent of the lay-Catholic spokesmen, continues his attempt to clarify the present religious situation in *The Catholic Spirit in America* (Dial Press, $3.00). This latest effort leads him into a complex and occasionally incoherent analysis of "the journey of the American mind". It contains a good deal of matter which does not contribute to the development of the subject, and which leads the author instead into a fruitless and not very reasonable diatribe against "confident disillusionment, sublimated naturalism, and intelligence sterilized by the scientific method". This philippic is largely directed, one gathers, against the school of thought fathered by H. L. Mencken.

Once Mencken is off his mind, Mr. Shuster's survey is characterized by fairness and moderation. He attempts quite worthily to determine the technical status of the Catholic citizen of the United States. His solution of the apparent conflict between the Catholic's allegiance to the Constitution and to a power which is external to the American Government is especially timely. The larger implications of his theme are more nebulous. Roughly they may be said to be an effort to estimate the influence that Catholics may exert upon American culture,

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as well as those modifications of specifically Catholic culture which may be effected by the American environment.

Mr. Shuster's conclusions represent, in the main, a departure from the attempt at compromise which might have been anticipated. Some compromise with contemporary secular thought inheres in the mere undertaking of this work. But its spirit is rock-bound and indomitable. "When you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourselves with the world."

If an amazing succession of ingenious, tiresome puns could double for the sounder virtues of wit and observation, Edward Hope's *Alice in the Delighted States* (Dial Press, $2.50), might attain as permanent an audience as its famous archetype. However, many readers of this present Alice are likely to find the Solon and the Lobbyist pretty thin substitutes for the Walrus and the Carpenter. The daughter of Lewis Carroll's Alice follows the white rabbit down the stem of the drinking glass into North Hysterica, and enters the Delighted States by way of Jealous Island. She encounters all the noisy and [1] most obvious phases of Hysterican life in bewildering order—the "infant industries", Babbit and the Rotarians, the Uncivil Service, Mencken and Nathan are introduced to her as Twaddle-dum and Twiddle-dee. She is brought to a trial, with tabloid newspapers, alienists, and half-witted jurors; and, under the title "the Making of Hystery", she participates in a presidential election. There is a little good verse in the book, almost in the manner of Lewis Carroll, and Rea Irvin's illustrations are cleverly reminiscent of Tenniel. But the total result is ponderous as only humor which miscarries can be.

Although the essay has somewhat declined as a literary form, and although few of our modern essayists have developed the inimitable personal flavor of a Lamb or a Hazlitt, there is a heartening variety and crispness in *Contemporary Essays,* edited by William T. Hastings (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75). This compilation from the works of English and American writers contains elements as diverse as the charming inconsequentialities of

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Beerbohm, Don Marquis, and Heywood Broun, the literary criticism of Paul Elmer More and Stuart P. Sherman, the semi-philosophic musings of Hilaire Belloc, H. L. Mencken, Maurice Hewlett, and Havelock Ellis. Few of these men are in the direct tradition of Elia, and there is a disproportionate number of critical pieces which cannot legitimately be called essays, but these well chosen pieces demonstrate the existence of a sophisticated literary tradition allied to significant content, and a mastery of prose form not always equally apparent in the fiction of today.

In writing it is not advisable to start out with one idea later to turn the work into something not at first contemplated. This seems to be what Selwyn Brinton has done in *The Gonzaga—Lords of Mantua* (Brentano's, $5.00). Led to write a book through his enthusiastic admiration of the splendid works of art still to be seen in this rich old city, he was carried away by his material into the very serious labor of writing a romantic history of the Gonzaga family. And unfortunately, inexperienced in the exactness of method required by the historian, he has, in a sense, lost himself. Fitfully he reproduces scenes and espisodes with the scent of faded romances. But this volume shows too many weak spots for symmetry, too many amateurish efforts at moulding, to command real esteem.

Christian IV, by John A. Gade (Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00), is more valuable as a social than as a biographic study. Christian IV, one of the most famous and probably the best-beloved of the King of Denmark and Norway, is not a very fruitful subject for biography. He was neither a strong ruler, nor a ruler whose weakness was of an order to upset the fate of nations. He might have been a very great and enlightened private gentlemen, but destiny had thrust him into a situation to which his talents were unequal. The political condition of Europe in the early seventeenth century was beyond his grasp. He bickered childishly with Charles IX of Sweden, and suspiciously rejected Gustavus Adolphus's wise proposals of alliance. Himself a seaman of parts,

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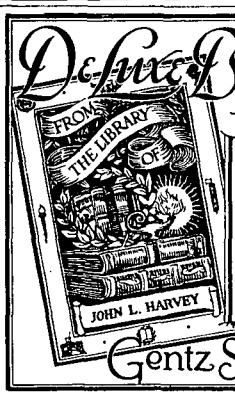

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Christian strengthened the Danish navy enormously, and lost control of the Baltic by his misconduct of it. Mr. Gade has given a splendid rendition of his life and character, but one cannot help feeling that it was a great labor wasted upon an unworthy subject. His research has been gigantic, and has unearthed much matter of no conceivable historic moment.

Otis Skinner has delved into the history of the stage and in *Mad Folk of the Theatre* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) he retells the stories of its most amusing personalities. Before the reader parade Nell Gwynn, one of the most famous and lovable of king's mistresses, George Ann Bellamy of picaresque career, Dora Jordan, whose "incessant motherhood" added ten illegitimate children of royal blood to England's peerage. Respectable Betterton, Kean and the elder Booth—both eccentric if not insane—are carefully considered. Some good descriptions of the early stage and the hardships of the strolling players, add to the entertaining sketches.

Mr. Skinner is permeated with the atmosphere of his art. He is sincerely interested in the people he depicts, but he writes in the spirit of romance. One feels him at all times identifying himself with his characters, yet he tends at the same time to an artificial pathos. Experienced in technique of the stage he ends his sketches with a dramatic climax, a poignant or striking contrast. Chatty and readable, his style leans toward the florid. Not for him the reserved portrayal on stage or in book, but the rhetorical devices of the older school.

Maxwell Bodenheim, bad boy of poetry, continues his practice of invective in *The King of Spain, And Other Poems* (Boni & Liveright, $2.00). Despite the disconcerting notes above and below some of the poems, the poems are good—brittle and glittering—and reveal that their author continues to write unhackneyed verses vibrant with imagery. Mr. Bodenheim, despite the general theory that his best work was published years ago in "Minna and Myself" and in "Advice", has here a number of poems which are among his very best. In the admirable title-poem is all the material of a good short story; it is concise, breathless, dealing with a king, a woman who is his mistress but who is about to betray him into the hands of conspirators, and six villains who lie in waiting in the royal garden. Though one may doubt that such a conversation ever took place between any man and a woman, regardless of their station, the talk they carry on in the garden is superb dialogue, full of poetry.

For all this, it is difficult to appraise Mr. Bodenheim justly in the confines of a single review of one of his books. At one time in the very vanguard of the movement that regenerated American poetry and infused vitality and magic into the pedantic tradition, he is one of the few men in contemporary letters worthy of respect. One may be amused by, or one may violently dislike, the personal animosities which he fastens like labels to his poems, but none can say the poems are unworthy.

The authors of *How to Identify Oriental Rugs* (Harper, $5.00), frida Wolfe and A. T. Wolfe, are so steeped in rug lore and terminology that they forget that "the amateur, the general reader, and the busy man who wants a reference in a hurry" (for whom they purport to be writing) have no such acquaintance with technicalities of weaving and design. The tyro who has never heard of Ghiordes and Sehna knots—much less understood the important difference between them—would appreciate a paragraph of explanation; just as he would like to be enlightened as to the distinguishing motifs of the "familiar" Shah Abbas pattern. To anyone who has already familiarized himself with the general aspects of the subject through reading such a work as, say, J. K. Mumford's "Oriental Rugs", this new volume—remarkably complete despite its brevity, and including silk rugs and Chinese rugs, which some writers omit—will be welcome as a handy compendium. "How to Know Oriental Rugs" can be relied on to take the student many steps further in a field which is fascinatingly limitless.

(Continued on page XXX)

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In all cases two clippings of each story should be sent, with the date it appeared, the name of the newspaper in which it appeared, and the reporter's name plainly indicated. In cases where there has been collaboration, the name of the collaborator should also be given and the extent of his work indicated. In such cases the award will be shared by the collaborators in a manner specified by the juror.

One juror is sole arbiter for one month, another juror the next month, and so on. Stories are not to be sent to any individual juror direct, but addressed to:

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The BOOK MART

NOW that the book auction season in this country is over, and the later London season is drawing to a close, dealers and collectors alike are looking around and questioning "Where are we?" The sensational event of the season, the sale of the original manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" for $77,000 to Dr. Rosenbach, the greatest of book buyers, has not yet ceased to be a topic of conversation wherever bookmen meet. The next question is, "Where is the limit to prices that dealers and collectors will pay for rare books and manuscripts?" And the only answer seems to be, "The sky". Certainly there is a constant upward trend to prices of literary and historical material, with no signs of abatement. Some things, of course, which appear about every so often in the auction room, like—well, let's say Combe's "Life of Napoleon"—appear to have a fairly definite value, varying at different auctions and according to the condition of the copy offered for sale. There is not the constant rise in value which shows whenever a copy of the first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane" appears. "Tamerlane" is much rarer than Combe's "Napoleon", and there are more people who want it than there ever will be copies in the auction room. Railing against high prices has been a favorite diversion of some collectors ever since collecting began, and the man who said in 1864 that a First Folio Shakespeare would sell for ten times the 682 guineas paid for the Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Daniel copy has since been shown to have considerably understated the case. Nevertheless such prices make us wonder. A. Edward Newton tells how he went into a Philadelphia bookstore recently and was offered a presentation Hardy for $1,200 and was assured that it was cheap. "It may be," said Mr. Newton, "but I have a presentation Hardy which I bought for $12.50."

The overwhelming importance of the sale of the "Alice in Wonderland" manuscript made people overlook other purchases made by Dr. Rosenbach which would have caused talk under other circumstances, but which were not even noticed by American newspapers. The last lot in that sale, the "Ward Diary", was bought for $52,500. This was the diary of John Ward, vicar and physician of Stratford-on-Avon, who lived from 1629 to 1681.

The diaries covered the period from 1648 to 1679. While Ward was not a contemporary of Shakespeare, he had the privilege of knowing men and women of Stratford who were contemporaries, and from them he gathered bits of gossip and Shakespearean lore which he put into his journals. One of these entries reads: "Shakespear, Drayton and Ben Johnson, had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted". Such a bit of information of course would be seized upon by the ardent prohibitionist as a warning against drink, but it might be pointed out that Shakespeare did not cease writing his immortal plays until he quit drinking. There is another interesting entry from which the prohibitionist could gain no aid and comfort. This follows a visit to Ward's old college, Christ Church: "I hear that Law the organist of Ch. Ch. is mad and Parson Thurman saies yt a Musition if hee bee not a great drinker must of necessitie grow madd".

Dr. Ward was a man of education and standing. He knew Hobbes and mentions frequently the scientific experiments of Boyle, Harvey, Wren and Sir Kenelm Digby. He was an insatiable antiquary and genealogist; he was interested in literature and painting, as well as in medicine and theology, and on his visits to London met such men as Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Faithorne, the engraver. While a country parson could not have the daily contacts with men and events which such diarists as Evelyn and Pepys did, he had tireless energy and observation, and living for twenty years at Shakespeare's home, on familiar terms with

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Sir Edward Walker, who bought New Place, his diaries form one of the earliest of contacts with Shakespeare and his times which has come to us in documentary form.

It is not unlikely that the Ward Diaries will find their way into the matchless collection of Shakespeariana of Henry C. Folger, which is to be housed in a building to be erected for it adjoining the Library of Congress, where it will be made available to scholars. The Folger collection is one which can never be duplicated, no matter how much time and money one might spend for that purpose. This sounds large, but there are such unique things in the Folger library and so many of them that, however much one might gather, he could not get such copies as are there. Of all the copies of the First Folio of Shakespeare in the world Mr. Folger is said to own one-fourth, and these include the only known copy of the first collected edition, in quarto; the Burdett-Coutts copy which has long been considered one of the three finest in existence and the unique Sibthorp or Vincent copy, uncut and in original binding and probably one of the very first copies printed. There is the only known copy of the first edition of the quarto of "Titus Andronicus", Shakespeare's first printed play, and the rarest of editions of all the other quartos, some of which are the only copies known, while of others the only other known copies are in the British Museum or the Bodleian Library. The Sibthorp copy was discovered in a coach house at Carwick Hall, England, the seat of Coningsby C. Sibthorpe, by a member of the London firm of Sotheran & Co., who had gone to weed out worthless items and catalogue the rest. The Folio lay on top of a case of books, and as the assistant handed it down he said, "No good, sir, only old poetry". Mr. Railton, of Sotheran, saw at once what it was. But it was not because it is the tallest copy known,

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uncut and in original binding that this First Folio holds a premier place in Mr. Folger's affections. On the title page it bears an inscription, "Ex dono Willi Jaggard, Typographi, ad 1623". Jaggard was blind at this time and this was penned by the recipient, Augustine Vincent, Herald of Windsor. Vincent had had a struggle in the College of heralds to supply Shakespeare with a coat of arms. Raphe Brooke, of the York Heralds, had opposed Vincent, even in print, and referred to Jaggard, the printer of the First Folio, as a "rascally printer". Vincent won, in 1622, and the next year the First Folio was completed. Vincent had defended Jaggard's reputation as a printer, and the latter's gratefulness manifested itself in this presentation copy, which there is no reason to doubt was one of the first bound. The book was made the subject of a monograph by Mr. Folger, and this is only one of the romances surrounding the books in the Folger library.

The close of the book auction season in this country brought under the auctioneer's hammer two remarkable autograph collections. One consisted of letters to Sidney Colvin and Lady Colvin, from practically all the literary lights of England—Ruskin and Meredith down to the young writers of the present day. The Stevenson letters were dispersed long ago and these were winnowed carefully by E. V. K. Lucas, Sir Sidney Colvin's literary executor. A series of letters from Joseph Conrad extended over twenty years, only a few of them having been published in Jean-Aubrey's work.

At the American Art Galleries the last great sale was that of the Edward Garnett collection of books and autograph letters of Joseph Conrad and William H. Hudson. Garnett did more than any other man to make Conrad an author, and he put Hudson on the highroad to fame. An unpublished Conrad autobiography in the third

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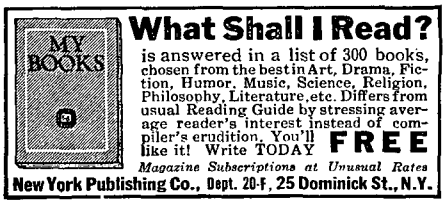

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person, about 400 words written in 1900, brought $650. The original typescript of "Under Western Eyes" with the author's corrections and twenty-eight pages in his autograph went for $2,200. The gem of the sale was a copy of "The Nigger of the Narcissus", one of seven printed by Heinemann in 1897 for copyright purposes. This was an autographed copy which Conrad sent to Garnett, struck off from the types of the *New Review* where the novel appeared in serial form, August-December, 1897. The first edition in book form did not appear in England until 1898. The copy, the first to appear at auction, brought $4,900.

(Continued from page XXIV)

According to Leon Underwood, who has written and illustrated *The Siamese Cat* (Brentano, $2.00), Sam was not an ordinary cat. He arrived in England in the SS. Seem which carried a cargo of stamps, Siamese cats and Siamese twins. The author hovers subtly on the tenuous border between irony, light philosophy and pure spoofing.

He flings a whimsical sentence or paragraph at Gladstone, abstract ideas, parliaments, evolution, modern art and artists, sheep and human beings, inventors, and their reception by governmental agencies, cattish and human language, reformers or Einstein. Utterly preposterous dialogue and nonsensical verse intersperse the narrative—if the book can be said to narrate anything. The illustrations by the author are not only luminously expressive of the spirit of the book, but give body to it.

Heavenly Bodies, a book of poems, by Oliver Jenkins (Covici, $2.00), contains a number of good short satirical pieces. For the rest, its sentimental love poetry and sea-poetry wins distinction only by the echoes from other poets which a perusal of the lines reveals. It is to be deplored that a book purporting to be a collection of poems should bear such a smirking dedication.

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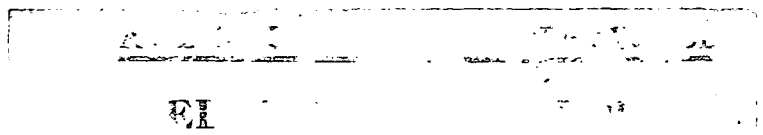

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